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MODERN AMERICA SERIES OF ENGLISH TEXTS

HOMER A. WATT, EDITOR

Professor of English, Washington Square College, New York University

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ESSAYS TOWARD LIVING

A Book for College Students

By

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OF ENGLISH TEXTS
HOMER A. WATT, *Editor*

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PREFACE

The present collection of essays has been prepared at the invitation of Professor Homer A. Watt, General Editor of the series of which it forms a part. It has been the aim of the editors not merely to add one more to the existing number of similar collections, but to present a book that in several respects is different from any of its predecessors.

The first group of essays in the volume deals with such matters as the aim of college, various aspects of life on the campus, and the extent to which colleges today are fulfilling their function. The essays in group two discuss the right use of leisure, show the maturity and sanity that come from cultured leisure, consider the theatre and sports in their proper perspective, and, in general, urge the wisdom of dignified and cultivated living as over against the mere unintelligent spending of money. As a part of the problem of leisure, group three considers books and their uses. Group four considers some of the aspects of our complex and fascinating civilization and makes soundings in its many currents and cross-currents. The essays in the final section look toward the formation of a philosophy of life by considering some of the faiths and ideals by which men live. All the essays in the volume deal intimately and convincingly with the art of living in a new and rapidly changing America.

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A. C. B.
N. E. M.

Philadelphia, Pa.,
December 5, 1929.

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ESSAYS TOWARD LIVING

THE APPRECIATION OF HUMAN WORTH *

By EVERETT DEAN MARTIN

I HAVE a number of neighbors whose sons and daughters are at present suffering the agony of preparation for college. What a nightmare it is possible to make of education! Three or four years of attendance at expensive private schools where the sole aim seems to be to get the student through his college entrance examinations with a passing grade. Students terrified, parents anxiously awaiting reports of work done or not done, teachers tired out, one student fails in his Latin, another in algebra, a third is sent home because of loss of interest in study, and there are tears, family conferences, special tutors, reviews and memory drills in vacation time, until finally the student "gets through" and drops the subject, his interest in it dead.

I am not one of those who believe that education may be achieved without effort. But study is not work only, it is also a form of enjoyment. There are many things which it is a delight to know, not because such knowledge is useful or is required for a passing grade, but because it is an aid to the appreciation of value. It is fun.

There are people who attend concerts from a sense of duty, striving thereby to improve their souls, but it is possible to listen to music with no other motive than the wish to enjoy it. It is the person who enjoys music who in the end becomes the discriminating listener. The same is true of the reading of books. William James once said the classics are necessary to education because knowledge of them makes

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us "connoisseurs of human excellence." Literature has a charm which is often lost when it is made "required reading."

An intelligent boy of seventeen who was having difficulty with his school work recently said to me, "I think it is because I really am not interested, and the things I wish to know they do not teach in our school because the colleges will not give credit for them." When I asked him what study would interest him, he replied that he thought he would like to try philosophy and requested me to suggest a good book for a beginner, declaring that he intended to take up this study in addition to his school work.

I have no doubt that had he made this request of one of his instructors he would have been told that he had better spend his time preparing his lessons. But I took a chance that his interest might be genuine, and told him that I thought he would find Plato's *Republic* a good introduction to philosophy, and suggested that he read the first four books. During the previous semester he had been permitted to drop one of his courses because reading was "too great a strain upon his eyes." When I next saw the boy I inquired how he had got on with the *Republic*. He said, "Why, I found it so exciting that I did not stop at the end of the first four books, but read all ten." When I asked him what he found interesting in the dialogues, he said, "I do not understand many of the conclusions they reached, but I enjoyed listening in on those conversations. They are so logical, and I liked the way Socrates leads the others along, springs surprises on them, and makes them see what they mean by what they say. I begin to see what the difference is between thinking and just talking—and many passages were beautiful also." For the first time in his life, he had realized that the pursuit of knowledge could be an interesting adventure. Moreover, his parents told me that he had shown improvement in his regular studies.

When the ancients said that knowledge is knowledge of the good, they meant in part that with the increase of knowledge comes better discrimination. If education is *for* anything it is that we learn to choose the good. By the "good" I do not mean good in general, or good as an abstraction of philosophical discourse, nor the conventionally good. I mean any excellence whatsoever. In order to see and appreciate excellence, you must yourself have struggled for it. He who has never striven to surpass himself, surrounds himself with the shoddy, the second-rate, the cheap. In matters of taste, of sentiment, of good workmanship, he cannot distinguish between that which is genuine and that which is imitation. In matters of taste there is much that is purely arbitrary and conventional, so that what is good *taste* in one age may be bad taste in another. Nevertheless, there is a psychological soundness in our use of the word taste to designate certain judgments of worth. It implies some degree of self-restraint, a sensitiveness to subtle stimuli which comes with the habit of giving attention to minute differences of quality. In contrast, animals which gulp down their food hastily and in great quantities do not pause to taste it. Similarly, the mind which has not disciplined itself "swallows things whole," as we say. It is not disturbed by the incongruous or the hideous. It is sensitive only to coarser stimuli; it prefers the hackneyed, the raucous, the loud and flashy.

I once knew a church in a small town which worshiped in a plain rectangular old building with colonial windows. When a rival denomination erected a monstrous building with a huge, circular, stained-glass window facing the street, the group which worshiped in the old structure became dissatisfied. After much difficulty in securing the money, a committee was sent to a near-by city and purchased a quantity of gaudily-colored translucent paper similar to that one used occasionally to see on the front door of a saloon. This

paper the congregation proudly pasted on its colonial window panes.

The architecture of the average church in this country and the hymns the people sing are much better indications of the level of their spiritual life than are the creeds they profess. The general cultural level of the population is revealed by the style of houses men build, the kind of furniture with which they surround themselves, the type of motion picture which becomes popular, the magazines on the news stands, the character of the journals which have the largest circulation, the "song hits" of the day, the programs which are broadcast for the radio. These things all have spiritual significance, they indicate a prevailing type of reaction toward all the values of experience.

The public is curiously indifferent to the lack of genuineness of sentiment; "hokum" and bathos; deliberate and obvious counterfeits of emotional reactions characterize practically every appeal to the general public. Think of the popularity of a play like *Abie's Irish Rose,* or that, a generation ago, of a song like "After the Ball," or of a book like *The Man Nobody Knows*. Think of the typical Chautauqua lecture or political address. Think of the notorious insincerity of the motion pictures. People ask, "What is the matter with the movies?" The answer is, the audience. Half-educated people do not seem to be sensitive to the difference either between good and bad workmanship or between artistic sincerity and insincerity. Standards of value, in all the older forms of art, have been set by the knowing ones. The artist was obliged to submit his creation to the criticism of persons who had some background of tradition and general knowledge. With the quantity-production methods of the motion pictures, it becomes possible for the first time to make the man on the street the critic, on whose judgment depends survival, and as the New Testament

says, "By what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged." In selecting our preferences we pass judgment on ourselves.

The multitude dupes itself with its desire to get something for nothing; hence its love of the miraculous. All appeals to it are thus overcapitalized, and made to appear grand and glorious. Shirking the effort necessary for real achievement leads to the preference for quackery. There is a story that a physician who had yielded to the temptation to make easy money by advertising himself as the discoverer of a magic remedy for disease, received a call from a former friend and colleague who disapproved of the practice. When the visitor sought to persuade him that such methods would not pay, the other stepped to the window and said, "Come now, look with me at the faces of the people passing along the street; how many of them do you think would become your patients and how many mine?" I am told by a professor of biology who gives a pre-medical course in a Western university that less than a third of the cases of sickness in the country are treated by reputable members of the medical profession.

I have been somewhat interested in the popularization of psychology. On the occasion of a visit to a great public library, I was assured by the librarian that there was a tremendous popular demand for books which deal with the subject of psychology. I was shown a section in which these books were kept so that they would be easily accessible. The greater number were written by persons who had no knowledge of the subject. They were utterly misleading. Psychology was commonly presented as a wonderful, easily practiced device for performing miracles, a system of secret formulæ for curing disease, for getting into harmony with the divine source of all being, for manipulating the "subconscious" in ways that assured peace, prosperity, self-mastery, and power over others. I think it is a conservative statement to say that nine-tenths of the stuff that bears

the name "Psychology" in popular magazines devoted to the subject, in widely advertised books, in lectures and correspondence courses in self-improvement, is pure charlatanism and sleight-of-hand arranged for those who wish to indulge themselves in systematic self-deception. It is not mere lack of information which causes people to prefer the cheap. With respect to the things of the mind, people have various standards of living.

A teacher of economics says that by a person's standard of living we mean to designate those things which he insists upon having even if it is necessary to give up marriage and parenthood to possess them. However much people may desire and strive for comfort and abundance, from the standpoint of economics, those who marry and beget children in poverty have a low standard of living. Hence the standard is not directly a function of the amount of per capita wealth, but is psychologically determined. And the standard often applies to other things besides material possessions. Persons who have a high standard are often poor. They might easily turn their efforts to the acquiring of wealth, but they will deprive themselves and postpone marriage for the sake of some cultural interest, education, a scholarly or literary career. They will go without a motor car in order to have money to buy books. It would be interesting to make a comparative study of the families of college professors and certain groups of artisans, who have about the same income as that of the average professor, in order to see which type had the greater number of children, and which sent the greater number of their young people to college, also which possessed the greater number of automobiles or radios. Thus the standard of living applies not to what one wishes to possess, but to what one is willing to pay for a certain kind of living. It has to do with quality, not mere quantity. This principle applies to

intellectual standards of value. People are content with the second-rate because it is easier.

With learning there comes a new reverence. Perhaps I might speak of it as the educated man's faith. Respect for the excellent is possible only to a mind which has learned to recognize distinctions of worth. An undiscriminating multitude clings to its idols or substitutes new idolatries for old precisely because it is blind to those differences of value which constitute the meaning of existence for mankind. People seek something "given" to believe in, some universal formula of salvation, because they are unable to distinguish the relative worth of concrete experiences actual or possible. Those who shrink from the responsibility of their own yes or no take refuge in an imaginary *cosmic* yes and no. But ground your faith in the difference between the better and the worse, and you have a faith which grows stronger with the increase of knowledge. All other "faiths" grow weaker because they are substitutes and evasions, futile attempts to possess value without the exercise of discrimination.

If existence as a whole has a purpose or a universal meaning, I do not see how our minds could know it, or what use it could ever be to the mind that grasped it. I have tried to show that our thoughts and beliefs are *human ways,* that our thinking is partial. As James said, all meanings depend upon the fact that we are "interested spectators" and prefer some things to others. Aside from our human interests and preferences, everything, being so far as we can see equally inevitable, has the same degree of existence, or right to be, and all is equally important. Nothing then has any special importance. And if nothing is important, nothing has any meaning. It might be said that each thing has meaning for the whole. But since the whole lies beyond our ken, such a statement does not help us much. The world of meanings and of truths, therefore, does not have an independent exist-

ence but is related to our preferences and is a human creation. I am not, however, at present concerned with the problem of the meaning of truth. Truth is itself a value. I am trying to state a simple creed by which a man may best order his life and discover that which an intelligent mind may reverence. It is, "I believe in the distinction of worth."

The loss of belief in distinction turns both society and the world of values upside down. It is symptomatic of the dominance of mediocrity. With the degradation of power there is a corresponding degradation of value. The power which rules the modern world is the power of numbers. Many will say it is the power of money. This too is a numerical force, having nothing to do with quality or the discrimination of value; the possession of money does not as such lift the possessor out of the mass. There is much talk about the conflict of the masses with the capitalists, but since on both sides the struggle is one for economic advantage rather than for spiritual value, it may be regarded merely as the conflict between successful and unsuccessful mass units over a common interest. Money power and the power of numbers are not really a confrontation of contrasting valuations of the possibilities of experience. On both sides the conflict is waged on about the same level and for identical ends. Capitalism is not really the foe of democracy, it is democracy's first-born child. The self-made successful business man is the "success" in democratic society, its ideal. He is what the mass as a whole strives to become. Some people think this is individualism. Infrequently it is, usually it is not. Dollars still are numbered, and money power is the power of numbers. Its power is the same as concentrated mass power, since it is this same order. We speak of "amassing" money. The mass idea and the ideals of the mass prevail all round. Capitalism holds sway by virtue of its mass appeal, and by virtue of the fact that the capitalist is the realization of the average man's am-

bition. The mass, because it is powerful and can grant or withhold favors, lords it over the realm of values. Emphasis is laid upon that which produces an identical type of reaction in a maximum number of people. The commonplace is rated high because it is the average.

The rare, the unique, the excellent, cannot be syndicated and drops out of consideration. The standards which prevail are those of undifferentiated men. Mass appeal asserts the equal importance of all individuals, as if a man's worth consisted in his mere "number-oneness." This is the democratic dogma of equality. Critics of the dogma frequently say that it represents the foolish attempt to declare all men equal in all respects. I doubt this. It seems to me that this dogma is perfectly correct so far as it goes. It declares all men to be equal *before the law.* And law is no respecter of persons, hence all men are equal before that which does not respect their personalities. Which is to say that all men are equal in one respect—that each is a numerical unit when he is considered as a member of the mass. It is not denied that men may be unequal in other respects. The point is that these "other respects" do not get a hearing. But the only recognition of the individual that amounts to anything is that which recognizes the difference of one from another.

When we emphasize excellence, good workmanship, sincerity, ability, virtue, wisdom, we have in mind matters concerning which the differences among men are the differences between superiority and inferiority. Hence discrimination of value is recognition of distinctions of worth among men. Lose sight of distinctions of worth—of the very desirability of distinction as a social good—and all values decline to the level of mediocrity.

In the supremacy of man as mass the mediocre man, he who in all things corresponds to type, and is most reducible to average, is King. For him books and journals are pub-

lished; clergymen and editors speak for him and say what they think he believes; laws are made in his interest. Programs for the radio and motion pictures are made to please him. His dilemmas are held up as the dilemmas of every one. His goods become the standards to which all are expected to conform. He has purchasing powers and he has votes. He can make and unmake heroes. He determines the direction of the course of events in his day and generation. Society moves in the direction of the type of man about whom there is most general concern, the man whose preferences set the pace.

The goal set by "modern ideas" would seem to be not the attainment of a higher level of values, not greater personal worth among men, but the more complete supremacy of man as mass. Recognition of personal worth is discouraged, for it necessitates the admission that some persons are by nature, or as a result of effort, superior to others. Such an admission is contrary to the idealization of the mass, which is the worship of the power of numbers. Personal distinction is frowned upon and discounted. Differences of superiority or inferiority, are, if grudgingly admitted, said to be the result not of difference in native endowment or of individual achievement, but mere products of environment. Hence human excellence is an accident.

There is a wide-spread tendency to minimize and deny the significance of personality. An advanced school of psychology holds that belief in the existence of personality is a superstition. Personality is simply the way the nervous organization works and is similar to the running of a gas engine. Any hereditary differences of capacity or of teachableness are negligible. All individual traits are reducible to conditioned reflexes which are what they are because of the coincidence of certain stimuli. I am what I am because somebody coöperating with the environment conditioned me in this way. I have absolutely nothing to do with the matter.

Consciousness, interest, attention, will, have no place in this psychology. The same may be said of all attempts to explain the phenomena of life in mechanistic terms. Historic movements are explained as if individuals had nothing to do with them. Social change is said to be the product of impersonal economic forces, and progress the result of mass action. Thus the Great Man at best only represents the mass tendencies of his times. Even for discoveries in science and creative achievement in the arts, the mass is given credit although it may have resisted these things when they were new.

I believe that such attempts to *depersonalize* humanity are consciously or unconsciously motivated by the wish to avoid the recognition of the possibility of superiority in an age when the values of civilization are largely committed to the tender custody of man acting as mass in the struggle for power. Whether distinctions of worth are recognized or not, deny that they may exist, deny that men may have greater or less worth in themselves, and human achievement becomes merely the attainment of bodily comfort, or social power, or satisfaction of egoistic desires. There are many who would hold that such is the case. But our existence is not measured by what we can get or what we can do, but by what with our getting and doing we may *become.* Mankind differs from other animals not merely in getting and doing; man is himself different, and is more than they. It is in this that his evolution is seen. The same is true of the individuals in the mass; some are more in themselves than others. So obvious a truth would never require statement except in a standardized, crowd-manipulating age in which there is much that encourages the inferior to abound.

I am not suggesting that we devise some plan for picking out all the superior individuals for preferment and honor, or that we weed out the inferior ones by some

process of elimination, or that the educated man should or could pose as a superior person. He who must make an effort to exhibit any excellence has attained little of it. If the world is spiritually right side up, people will be selected by the standards of value that prevail. When you buy a newspaper, vote a party ticket, go to the theater, listen to a lecture, read a book, express a moral sentiment or show any preference whatever, you are doing more than just that thing. Our daily choices determine what we ourselves become, and they do something else also; the total of them has survival value for some particular type of man. We are thus daily deciding whose dilemmas shall determine the quality of living, and what kind of human life is to be lived on this planet, and who shall thrive and who shall perish.

Human progress is not something we achieve directly by joining a movement and forcing our convictions upon others. It is something we help determine every day in the choices we make. The elements of it come like the variations which appear in the structure of plants and animals. And, as Darwin said, it is the function of the environment, in causing modifications of species, to select certain variants for survival and to eliminate others; so also in the progress of civilization do our daily preferences operate. Natural selection and primitive custom operate blindly and automatically and without reason. It is because education improves judgment and the appreciation of value that Thomas Davidson spoke of it as "conscious evolution."

The education of a people at any time is its answer to the riddle of life. This answer is more than giving an account of the processes of nature; it is the opening and closing of doors upon the possibilities of experience—and upon various human types. Thus education is selective. It is the sifting out of the relative worth of men. It finds the significance of living to be the struggle for excellence. Its goal

is a higher type of living man and woman. Its great task therefore, in the modern world, is the reassertion of the *inequalities* which mass appeal ignores, the rediscovery for the modern spirit of the distinction between superiority and inferiority. It is impossible to lift any mind from a lower to a higher plane when that which distinguishes one plane from another is obliterated by placing all on a level. Appreciation of distinctions of worth is an essential of a liberal education, as it is of the whole spiritual life of man.

WHAT DOES THE COLLEGE PREPARE FOR?*

By Alexander Meiklejohn

College education, like all other genuine education, is of course practical. It is preparation. Its underlying principle is very simple. Young people are to be called upon later to carry on certain activities. The purpose of the preparation is to bring it about that those activities will be better done than they would have been if the preparation had not been given. If in any case it can be shown that a student is not thus made ready for better doing, if it appears that the graduates of a school are not more successful than they would have been had they not attended the school, then study and school are alike condemned and should be discarded. School and college are both to be judged by practical standards.

But what are the activities in which students may be expected to engage, for which they should be prepared? In relation to the goods, the possessions of life, they fall into three groups. If our education prepares properly for each of these then it is socially justified.

The classification suggested above is obvious enough. First, men are making goods, making things which they want. Second, they are distributing these goods, are assigning to each man his share of them. And third, they are using goods, each man the share which falls to his lot.

For example, men take the forces, the stuff of the material world and of human nature, and by processes of cultivation and of manufacture, make out of these books, trees,

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fruits, sermons, songs, boats, shoes, railways, tennis racquets —all the multitudinous things which taken together become the common stock of human possessions. Again, men build up ways of distributing these possessions, of determining to whom each bit of value shall go to be kept as his own. Thus we have the customs of rent and wages and property and courts and inheritance and taxes and all the rest of our machinery of social justice. And finally each man in his own way uses what he has for such purposes as he thinks best. He reads books, or puts them up for decoration; he listens to sermons, sails a boat, travels in a train, swings a tennis racquet, lies under the shade of a tree, sips the juice of a fruit, in general makes of what he has what he wants in the way of experience.

Now it is these three sets of activities for which our schools and colleges are making young people ready. We want manufacturing and growing better done; we want distributing better done; we want using better done. If these ends be accomplished then our teaching plays its proper part in social and individual living; if not, it fails to play its part.

As a teacher surveys these three sets of activities with which his work is concerned, two observations will readily occur to him—two judgments of comparison. He may ask first as to the relative importance of the three tasks assigned, and second, as to their relative difficulty. In both cases he will find, I think, an ascending scale running from manufacture, through distribution, to use, an ascending scale of importance and of difficulty.

The comparison as to importance is rather hard to put into a form which will stand the test of criticism. To ask whether the making or the distributing or the using of wealth is the most important is dangerously like inquiring whether chickens precede eggs, or eggs chickens. Obviously enough, all three activities are essential. There is not much to be gained by making things if they are not to be given

to any one, nor much gained by giving them if they are not used. But they cannot be used unless they are given, nor can they be given unless they are made. To distinguish relative values in this realm seems like comparing white and black crows in the dark. And yet there is a certain sense in which the using of value is more fundamental than either making or distributing it. In a very real sense, using is human life itself, it is the human experience for the sake of which the other activities are carried on. To use what we have is the very process of living; to that end all other acts are merely contributory; they are its instruments and machinery.

The differences as to difficulty are much more readily perceived. Relatively, manufacture, the production of goods, is an easy task for men. It is easy in the sense that we master it with ease. This does not mean that we are not called by it to strenuous endeavors. It does mean that our endeavors are successful. What we do in this field pays quickly and surely in terms of results. The last century has seen such a developing control of the processes of manufacture and growth that our wealth has increased by leaps and bounds. The technical processes which have been devised by the application of natural science to the accomplishment of human purposes have so enlarged our productive power that as compared with our fathers and grandfathers we roll in wealth and in the assurance of greater wealth in the future. Relatively speaking, we have the processes of the production of wealth in hand.

In the distribution of wealth we are not so successful. The world is torn with conflicting theories as to how this should be done. Men are quarreling as to the possession of goods. Nations quarrel with nations, individuals with individuals, and we do not easily find a basis for the settlement of these quarrels.

In a country driven mad by injustice and tyranny, men

have escaped from their bonds and are wildly seeking to formulate and to put into action principles of distribution subversive of all that men in other countries have counted secure and essential. In safer countries where the pressure is not so severe, men are in dread lest it may become so and are forming into parties which view each other with hostile eye and with stealthy suspicion. Here we find the men who believe that whatever has been is right. They hold to the view that to their grandfathers a scheme of social justice was revealed by splendid intuition and that he who would depart from this is a traitor and a thief. To such men the cries of the madmen in the country which has found release are so dreadful that they must stop their ears, nay, must stop the ears of their fellow-countrymen as well. These two groups are the extremists with respect to social justice—the men who would break our present scheme to pieces and start anew and those who hold that scheme so sacred that the suggestion of changing it is not simply false but also vicious and sacrilegious. Between these two are most of us, men who try to have patience and common sense, but who are sadly puzzled and perplexed just now. One thing we know, namely, that the way is not clear, old procedures are not surely right, old answers cannot be accepted without question. The world is seeking wisdom as to social justice in distribution, and that wisdom is hard to get.

But more difficult yet than the distributing of values is the human task of using them. And the most serious aspect of the difficulty is that we do not feel it. We may be baffled by the problems of social justice but at least we are interested in them. In a college community, as well as in a public forum, men can be stirred to eager and desperate activity by the perception that other men are not being fairly treated, that human beings are being robbed of a fair chance at the opportunities of living. We may not know what to do but our impulse is generous and our will resolute to do

something, if only the mind would tell us what it is. But in the realm of use, in apprehension of the necessity of taste and insight and appreciation of value, we are hardly conscious of difficulty at all. We have a certain blind faith that if only the opportunities of life are given they will be taken and human lives will be in general what they ought to be. Nothing could be more obvious than the falseness of such a faith as this. Wealth has not very generally brought to those who have it the fineness of taste and the niceness of discrimination which the use of it demands. Quite as often it has brought coarseness of feeling and dulness of appreciation. Our civilization does not very clearly become more fine as it becomes more rich. We are in danger of having the world in our hands and losing it because our fingers slip. What shall we do with the world which is given us? That is, I think, the hardest lesson which the teacher has to learn and teach.

Here then, are the three tasks of the teacher. How do they bear upon the work of the liberal college? In a broad general way it is true that the teaching of the production of value rests with the technical and professional schools. They are engaged in devising ways of making goods. And again may we say that relatively speaking their task is an easy one. The liberal schools, on the other hand, are concerned with both the second and the third endeavors. They are expected to inform our people as to how the goods of life should be shared and how they should be used. These are the two fundamental aims of liberal teaching.

In the remainder of this paper I should like to press upon the college the claims of the third of these tasks as against a constant over-emphasis of the second. And may I protest that this is not because one loves the second less but rather because one loves the third more. It would perhaps be truer to say that the second without the third is nothing and that therefore love for it demands that we leave it

no longer bereft of its fellow. If only we can show that the notion of social justice is not a complete account of life, that it needs the supplementation of this third conception, then perhaps in homes and churches and schools and colleges we may get a wiser and saner teaching of life than is now given. Let us then condemn and vilify the ideal of social justice in order to bring its adherents to their senses.

The point at issue was brought to clear formulation in a public discussion in which the writer of this paper took part a few years ago. The first of two speakers said, "I would not give a snap of my finger for a scheme of education which does not find its final term of value in Service." To which the second speaker replied, "I would not give a snap of my finger for a scheme of education which does find its final term of value in Service." Such statements as these have all the exaggeration of public controversy, but carefully considered they define an issue which demands the attention of the liberal teacher.

Strictly speaking, it seems to me clear that the second of the above statements is right. Service, as such, is not a term of value at all. To give to another is valuable only in a secondary and derivative sense, never in a final one. It is the thing given which is of value. There is nothing gained by giving to another something which is not worth giving. To serve one's fellows is to give to them what they need, what they enjoy, what is worth while. And if one is in search of the final term by which all our activities and all our teachings are to be justified we must find it among those things the having of which is good and the lack of which robs human living of its value. To serve is to give something and service is good only in so far as that something given is good.

At the risk of seeming flippant and unfair I should like to press this point home by a number of statements which though they are only half-truths are yet needed because

the other half is so constantly torn away from its fellow and kept before our students as if it were the total and the sufficient truth.

Much of the teaching and preaching which our students hear is far too self-centered in its emphasis upon social justice and upon the duty of service. After all, the essential thing is not that we should make the world right, but that it should be right. One often feels that some of our youthful enthusiasts are haunted by the dreadful fear that there may be no sinners for them to save, no broken lives for them to put together again. As against this, one must protest that in the last analysis the receiving of value does as much for human living as does the giving of it. If for no other reason, this is true because after all no one can give unless there is some one who will take his gift. And if the taking be not good, then the giving, whose final justification lies within it, cannot be good either. Clearly enough, in the grand total of human experience, giving cannot have more value than the taking and using of the thing given. If it be not good to use then it is not good to give the thing used.

And from another point of view, the determination to serve one's fellows needs to be kept clear in mind so that it may be successful. It is well enough for youthful enthusiasts to go out with the determination to make a hundred men happy, to make a hundred lives worth while. But simple arithmetical calculation assures us that such expectations will not be realized. On the average one man cannot make more than one life worth while, for the obvious reason that somebody must have the life which is so practiced upon. If we base our calculation upon "welfares" as the term of measurement, and say that each man would like to make as many welfares as possible, the hard fact remains that on the average we cannot each make more than one of them. There is danger that our young people miscon-

strue their task, state it to themselves in exaggerated sentimental terms and so doom themselves to the disappointment and sense of futility which come when idle dreams collapse.

From still another point of view, one is here protesting against the externalism of our social teaching. We teach too much about the machinery of life and far too little about life itself. We tell too much about the things which may be done and too little about what they are done for. As a people we have immense admiration for a man who builds a great library and profound disdain for a man who sits down quietly in the library to read a book. What is he doing there, we ask. Of what use is the reading of the book? What will it enable him to do? And if one answers that he reads because reading a good book is a good human experience and that therefore it may be done not for the sake of something else but for its own sake, practical men think that we have gone mad. But again, let us protest that if reading is not good then the building of the library was not good, and our benefactor is not good and nothing has been accomplished by all that he has given and done. If there are not values in life then doing has no value and the builder and the dreamer go down together in a common crash.

The same principle holds on other sides of our life. We admire men who can write books and men who can paint pictures. Such men seem to us to have succeeded—if someone else tells us that their work is highly regarded. But we as a people are robbing both writers and painters of their proper success because we do not give them readers and seers who can appreciate, who can take the meaning, the beauty which they give. It is true that we pay them money for their efforts, but it is also true that we say "Ah" in the wrong place, that we are thrilled by the vulgar and stupid thing and left cold by the beauty into which the spirit of the artist has poured itself. There is no surer way of killing

artists and writers than to be stupid and dull in the presence of what they have created. For such murders a wealthy crass civilization has a heavy burden of guilt to bear.

What then shall the liberal teacher teach as the representation of the learning which seeks to know what life may be? Shall he forbid men to serve their fellows? We have not said that. To say that in colleges men preach service badly is not to say that in human society we have too much generous friendship. We have far too little of it. By every means in our power we must build it up so that in the sharing of the goods of life men may act toward one another like friends and fellows rather than like competing beasts, each struggling for the plunder which strength and cunning will enable him to take from other men. College students, like other men, must learn how values should be shared and then must pledge themselves to see to it that justice is done, nay rather must be as eager that other men shall have the values which they crave as that the goods they wish should come to them.

But still the point holds good that all such eagerness as this will come to little unless the man who gives and he who takes have taste for life. There is the final test of value. There is the point where all our strivings succeed or fail.

Can college teachers teach that lesson? Perhaps they can if they have learned it. But they will find a hundred other teaching powers outside the college fighting against them. What shall they do? It seems to me that first they should remain apart from the machinery of life, refusing to be busy with it. And second they should with very steady eyes survey the goods which life affords, should try to see what life may be in terms of its experiences, should make a list of books, and trees, and songs, and friends, and games, and arguments, and all the other splendid things that men can use. And third they should be sensitive themselves, discerning what is fine and true and generous and permanent, and

cutting it off with sharp, clear-cut avoidance from the vulgar, false, selfish, and transitory things that cheapen life. And finally, having some taste and insight, they should teach them to their pupils, in whatever ways teaching may be done.

There is no one in all our social scheme more ambitious than is the teacher. He is making the mind of his pupil so that it may be fitted to the world in which he lives. Knowledge and skill must be developed for the making of wealth; wisdom and fairness must be established for the distributing and sharing of wealth. But above all, and as the end of all, taste and sensitiveness and fineness and intensity of appreciation must be built up, so that our wealth may be worth giving and worth having.

WHAT'S RIGHT WITH THE COLLEGES *

By Arthur Hobson Quinn

If we are to judge by the amount of criticism printed in the last few years, the colleges and universities of this country are in a bad way. Much of this criticism has the peculiarly fresh and spirited quality which proceeds from the writer's complete detachment from his subject. One efficiency engineer with a delightful disregard of ventilation complains that the class-rooms are not used continuously; and another critic, with more justice, fulminates over the "unit system" which is the root of all evil. But most insistent is the cry that goes up from those who paint the halls of learning as centers of corruption, which must be passed only at the dire peril of the boy who wishes to be exposed for a time to education. According to these critics the college student, like a certain family who did not have the advantages of higher education, learns nothing and forgets nothing. Meanwhile some of the colleges, and all of the universities, are crowded to the doors.

It is not to be supposed that the influx is due to the lurid pictures of college life, or to the destructive criticism so freely offered. There has never been a lack of such destructive criticism. Emerson, who was a product of a régime at Harvard which apparently was free from some of our modern problems, was rather bitter about the matter. "The Good Spirit," he says, "never cared for the colleges." Earlier still, Cooper felt called upon to express himself about Yale, which had expelled him; and still earlier, Franklin was stirred to write an essay upon the results, disappointing to

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him, of his trusteeship at Pennsylvania. But cannot we proceed from another point of view? Let us acknowledge that things are not perfect by any means, but instead of inveighing against conditions which are apparent even to educational "experts" or to reporters for a newspaper, writing with an eye to sensation, let us see what qualities in the American college are fine and permanent. Then let us attempt to strengthen the forces which have made and preserved these qualities, for one constructive effort is worth a hundred wails over the by-products of college education. We may find that the material is already at hand, needing reshaping rather than destruction.

If there are influences which hinder the full development of these qualities, or if mistakes have been made which must be remedied, let us proceed with a view to fundamentals, and with a conviction that the college is essentially sound. For if it is not essentially sound, it is not worth preserving. And to its worth there is one universal testimony. I have taught for thirty-four years in one liberal arts college, and for ten years as dean of the college was in a position to talk to hundreds of alumni and students. I have lectured also at the summer sessions of other institutions. In all these contacts, I have never heard one graduate of a course in Arts regret that he had spent four years in college.

In the first place, contrary to the view expressed so vociferously, the alumnus feels that he received quite a generous amount of education. If he has any coherent criticism of the system under which he studied, it is usually a regret that he was allowed to choose so freely for himself. Now this criticism never comes from the alumnus of the 'seventies or 'eighties, before the devastating effect of President Eliot's free elective system had become fully apparent throughout the American colleges. In those days the student was taught a group of studies arranged by a number of teachers who knew what was good for him, or thought they did, and more

important, who taught him their individual subjects with the knowledge of what he was studying in the other classrooms, subjects with which they were familiar. This homogeneity, this interrelation of subjects, was the strength of the old-fashioned curriculum, and not the particular subjects which made it up.

This complete homogeneity of the old college course is gone beyond recall. Too many new subjects have forced their way into the curriculum for one student to take them all, and the languages and mathematics have given up the fight for their old preëminence. But how can we restore the great object of the old-fashioned college, which was not the teaching of Latin and Greek and mathematics, but the *removing of ignorance upon those subjects whose mastery was the touchstone of the education of a gentleman?* Its secondary object, as Marion Crawford has so well put it, was that *thoroughness* in a few subjects which has been at the root of social superiority in all ages. Greek went long ago because it became quite possible for a man to pass through his life and never be confronted with a situation in which ignorance of that language would be an embarrassment. But an ignorance of Latin is a different matter, and the advocates of the "classics" would have been better advised if they had put their strength into saving the one language and had let the other go.

How then are we to remove in four years the greatest amount of ignorance? By charting out the great fields of human knowledge and seeing that the boy or girl does not leave college without having been required to have at least a speaking acquaintance with all of them. First, he must know the language and literature of his native tongue, and must learn to express himself clearly in English. The undergraduates do not object to this requirement, if the English Department is alive to the wisdom of providing guidance in modern British and American literature, espe-

cially in the drama. For the undergraduates do talk about books and go to see plays, and many of them are hungry for advice about them. Second, he must have some knowledge of the exact sciences—mathematics, physics, and chemistry. Time is too short to force him into all of them, but he must learn the salutary lesson that two and two always make four. He will accept this group with some hesitancy, but he will become reconciled. Third, he must know something of that other group of subjects, history, philosophy, politics, and economics, in which human relations are made clear to him. Here again, he cannot perhaps be forced into all of them, but there is less objection on his part for he realizes that he cannot take his place among educated men unless he knows at least the vocabulary of these subjects. Fourth, he should be led into the group of the biological sciences, zoölogy, botany, and psychology, where he will learn another important truth, that two and two do not always make four, but sometimes three or five. Fifth, he must be required to continue his study of one ancient language and one modern tongue. But some of you will say, "This is all obvious. Of course he must take these things." *How many American colleges make him take them?* At least, how many make him take them in such correlated groupings as to call to his attention the process through which he is going? How often is it called to his attention that there are these great fields of knowledge and that he cannot afford to be entirely ignorant of any one of them? The ideal would be to make him take all these subjects, but that is impossible—in four years. But he can have a look in at the groups at least, and there is time left for teaching him enough of some one subject to give him a fairly thorough knowledge of it, and still a few hours left for free electives in other fields. Boys and girls will object to some features of this program, but they will send their sons and daughters back to the college that made them take it.

One great advantage of such a curriculum, with about two-thirds of the student's course required, is that an A.B. can be given for it without blushing, and the absurd compromises of the B.S. and Ph.B. can be quietly dropped by faculties which invented them to meet a supposed demand that really never existed. For the undergraduate respects a curriculum that is given with confidence and based upon experience, especially if he sees on the same campus a school of applied science or a school of commerce in which the course is prescribed.

The point that needs emphasis is that all these subjects are taught now, but that there is still in many quarters an opinion that the undergraduate is competent to select his course for himself. The "arts colleges" have lost prestige because their faculties have not made full use of the material at their disposal, not only in itself but in its interrelations.

The curriculum, of course, is only the framework. What other elements of the American college have filled it with life? Ask any alumnus what he remembers best and he will either recall the names of certain teachers or tell you about the good time he had. There is a difference between the attitude toward the faculty in an alumnus of the 'eighties and one of the new century. The older men speak of their teachers with more affection; the younger, with more respect. It is not only because the increasing numbers have prevented that personal intercourse which made for affection; it is really because, on the whole, there is more efficient teaching. Part of the time in the 'eighties or 'nineties was spent in keeping order. The undergraduate may have loved his preceptors more dearly, but he certainly made life miserable for some of them. Now disorder in the class-room is a thing of the past. The teacher can devote his entire energy to presenting his subject in a proper manner. That he often, owing to large classes, has to make it a dramatic spectacle

is true; but in order to do that, he must prepare it more carefully than his predecessor did. Every minute of the hour he is alive, giving his best, fixing his eye on the least interested student and determined to capture him, knowing that if he does so, he has given the rest something worth while. I prefer to have my son share the teaching of such a man with one or two hundred other students rather than to have him brought into "personal contact" with a less stimulating teacher in a small college with a class of twenty!

That this nice adjustment of a course of study, leading from the more elementary or basic subjects to those which demand more maturity, requires at least four years, should be apparent. The menace of the "junior college" is threatening the very essence of the American college of liberal arts. I wish the glib "experts" who advocate this separation of the lower and upper two years could listen to the conversations that go on in the deans' offices all over this country as that much criticized functionary labors to help the boy who has the disease known as "arts indigestion." It usually comes in the sophomore year, and it makes him wonder what this education is all about. If he meets a sympathetic adviser, he is saved, and he is saved because he has two more years in the same place with a continuity that is priceless and which the junior college would destroy.

It is just that continuity which is so vitally needed for the cementing of those friendships which are the second great gift of the college to America. Every college man or woman knows what they are worth, that is, if he or she is worth anything. They are formed in days before distrust becomes a duty, and time or separation can only deepen their hold. When President Coolidge wished to have as his representative in Mexico a man whom he could absolutely trust, he chose his classmate at Amherst. It was not long ago that one of the foremost scholars in America died under circumstances of peculiar distress. He had taught in the East,

in the Middle West and in the far West, but among all his friends, those who stood around his coffin and comforted his widow were exclusively members of his class.

Unfortunately, as numbers grow, the class is disappearing as a unit in education or in friendship. The fraternity or social club has virtually taken its place in the larger universities, but the result is much the same. Where from fifteen to forty men are initiated into a fraternity at one time, the class delegation within the fraternity takes the place of the small class of the 'eighties, in the knitting of friendships. The training in responsibility, which was one of the fine things in the earlier college, survives in these later relations. One concrete instance is worth a hundred generalizations. The most difficult problem in fraternity house management is, of course, the question of liquor. All the great national fraternities forbid their members from bringing it into their houses. But the irresponsible alumni bring it in just the same, especially after football games. At one of the houses at a large Eastern university, several of these alumni continued this practice after warnings from the graduate board of trustees of the fraternity chapter which held title to the property. Before the board could act, the undergraduate seniors met and assumed responsibility for putting their house in order. The offending alumni were notified that they could not enter the house again and two of them, who were lodging there, were given one week to leave. Of course the board of trustees supported the boys in their action, but it need hardly be emphasized that the importance of the occurrence lay not so much in the prohibition of liquor as it did in the assumption of responsibility by a group of seniors. The American college has given us nothing more precious than the cultivation of the *esprit de corps,* and it must be preserved by close coöperation between the college authorities and every undergraduate or-

ganization that stands for solidarity and for the natural instinct that leads men to form associations. That such coöperation is in active operation is known to every college administrator; but that fraternities, which thirty years ago were indifferent to the scholastic standing of their members, watch now with great care over it, may be news to those who clamor for their abolition.

Is it not time that the public conception of so-called "college life" should begin to square with the facts? The old idea that a boy went to an isolated spot for four years and then "commenced life" persists still in the minds of those unacquainted with the changes that have been brought about in American education. The boy who enters a university has been already in close contact with life and he remains in even more vital relation to it during his residence. Parents are gradually awaking to the fact that the best way to prevent their sons from dissipating is to provide them with something else to occupy their minds. The automobile has placed the country college and the city university pretty much on the same basis, as far as opportunity to waste time or spend it profitably is concerned. The undergraduate, of course, is under none of the delusions which agitate the critics of the colleges. He knows he is like any other boy from eighteen to twenty-two except that he is being furnished with standards that are higher than those of his brother who proceeds earlier to the practical atmosphere of a bank or an insurance company. He is usually kept too busy by his course of study to neglect it, for the room is needed urgently for those who will work. Notwithstanding the current delusion, he does not seek "snap courses," because they are usually hard to find. What he absolutely refuses to suffer is boredom, even at the price of ease. In short he is a keen young person, who is eager for the right kind of guidance, and while he overemphasizes his "activ-

ities" and his various societies and "hats" and "keys"—that is only human.

Education—friendship—and the devotion to something beside himself. These are what the American college has given and will continue to give if the "expert" is not allowed to crush its first two formative years back into the precocious maturity of the high school and drag its last two, even more precious in their development, up into the professional atmosphere of the graduate school. It may be an illusion that we have been educating men to a point where they can think clearly, can see into the heart of a problem, can preserve the distinction between what is important and what is unimportant, and who can be liberal to all sincere opinions, whether these agree with their own or not. If this be a dream, it is at least a noble dream.

But it is not a dream—it is a practical reality. The essential qualities of the four-year college were not built upon the shifting sands of mere temporary utility, nor has it proceeded along the by-roads of pedagogical science, whose paths are marked by the milestones of mistake. Its progress has been upon the broad highroad of the human understanding, reaching back, as it always has done, to the fountains of knowledge, and leading forward, as it must continue to do, into the realities of life. We believe in this form of education not only because we see the minds of boys and girls kindle every day as they are brought into contact with the mental and spiritual inheritance of the race, but also because the graduates in unending procession tell us of their successes, won with the weapons the college has given them. And we believe in it most heartily because we know that when the days come in which a man is his own best companion, he will realize how priceless are those resources which no one can take from him but himself.

It is for us never to lose courage no matter how closely

the college seems to be invested by its enemies, for if we can hold the citadel long enough, we shall win at last. Or if we do not survive to witness the return of sanity to educational discussion, at least the victors we have trained will find our bodies by the wall.

THE COMEDY OF LEADERSHIP *

By Christian Gauss

In history, certain misleading phrases, like certain misguided individuals, have done incalculable harm. "The king can do no wrong" was such a phrase. The notion of natural rights as typified in "The world owes me a living" belongs in the same dismal category. They forestall investigation. Man's indolent habit grants such phrases long life. You do not need to pursue a tantalizing line of thought farther after you have found one. Once such a phrase has clicked into the receptive mind, it is hard to dislodge it. An aphorism may be untrue, but it is always labor-saving. It economizes effort, for it is difficult with legitimate arguments to convince a persistent, hard-headed opponent, while it is easy, especially in the presence of a crowd, to knock him down with a slogan. It is worth our while in this connection to examine some of these catchwords which have recently become popular in our discussions of higher education.

Not very long ago one of our largest American universities sent out a questionnaire to about 150 colleges in an effort to determine what qualifications, if any, besides previous intellectual training, they were demanding of candidates for entrance. Most of these colleges were not attempting to restrict enrollment, yet fifty of them replied that men were admitted not only on the basis of their knowledge of so-called entrance subjects but that qualities of leadership also were required.

When an American professor is called upon to recommend a candidate for one of the Rhodes scholarships at

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Oxford, he is requested to testify not only to the candidate's scholarship and to his manly qualities but also to his possession of these same qualities of leadership. I confess I have always been somewhat embarrassed by this opposition which is being set up in the colleges between their good scholars and their leaders. It used to be assumed that a man who stood at the head of his class was a leader. Thirty or forty years ago we did not embarrass a lad by calling him this big name, but we expected most from the men who, in college, had learned most about physics or chemistry or Latin or mathematics or medicine or law. If a student had done this, we thought he was qualified to take his place in the world. Now we expect something quite different, and in addition to or in default of scholarly aptitude the colleges are accepting something else as just as good, or possibly a little better.

It is quite proper that we should require of candidates for higher education something more than mere book learning. President Little, of the University of Michigan, made it plain not very long ago that in his opinion the man who had received an education from the state owed something to the state in return. Public education, an education obtained at the expense of the public, like public office, is a public trust. No criminal is so dangerous as an educated criminal. It is for this reason that from time immemorial colleges have demanded of candidates for admission a certificate of good character. In these piping times of ours we are, however, setting up another hurdle. We are requiring in addition evidence of leadership.

There is an initial difficulty about all this, but then the course of true education never did run smooth. When the prospective freshman knocks at the gate it is a simple matter for the college to discover whether he knows any Latin or algebra or English or history. The college sets him an examination and reads the answers. In most cases they tell the

story. A certificate from the principal of the school from which the boy comes will on this score also provide reliable testimony. Character and leadership are, however, more difficult to discover. It is an open secret to all college officials that every candidate has a character. He can in any case bring a written one. Everybody's son, when his parent is seeking admission for him, has a good character. Almost every school graduate, according to his head master or principal, has at least a passable one, or else of course the school would not have granted him its diploma.

Character is something which you must discover after the applicant has entered college. What the director of admissions does not know will not hurt the candidate. It is occasionally regrettable that the college did not know in time how unformed the character of their applicant was. They might have done something to improve it instead of later having to dismiss him as hopeless. I have never yet found a college reprobate who had to be dismissed for serious delinquency who had not been able to bring a thoroughly creditable certificate of character—often one signed by a clergyman.

Now no one will deny that qualities of leadership also are an asset. They are, however, at sixteen or eighteen equally difficult to discover. You cannot ask an applicant point-blank, "Are you a leader?" He is usually a modest chap and would be embarrassed. His parents, when forced to testify, feel no such embarrassment. They often answer the question even if it is not put to them, and they all answer it in precisely the same way. Every mother's son is a leader. Where the applicant is called upon to give references, he almost never names his own friends and school classmates who know him well, but older friends of his parents who do not. They know only the family. Usually it is a minister, a prominent business man, or an alumnus.

After reading thousands of such testimonials, directors

of admission and entrance committees have on almost unanimous testimony sadly reached the conclusion that the son of everybody's friend is also a leader. This is gratifying to our American pride, but hardly useful in a selective process. Where the writer of such a letter leaves any possibility of doubt, it is usually because he admits—by implication—that he does not know the applicant. In such cases he concentrates upon the candidate's father and leaves no doubt that the father is a leader in his community.

The attempt to determine aptitude for college on the basis of qualities of leadership has, on the whole, not been a success. Leaders at the age of sixteen have become altogether too common. They are a drug on the academic market. But many of the colleges are unwilling to let well enough alone, and they are insisting not only that their youthful candidates be leaders when they enter college but they have been telling these same young men that it is the primary purpose of the college to develop these qualities of leadership still farther and so make them irresistible.

A revolt which took place in one of the smaller colleges of the East is still fresh in the minds of many. Some of the undergraduates went out on strike. They were insisting that certain restraints be removed and that responsibilities which had always rested upon the faculty be devolved upon the students. There was even talk of their deciding what subjects should be taught and who should teach them. When, some time after the hubbub, I met the very able president of this college I was astonished to find how coolly he took all this.

"You know," he explained, rather in sorrow than in anger, "it is all our own fault. We have brought this upon ourselves. We have been telling young men and boys for so many years, at every high school and college commencement, 'You are the hope of the future, the leaders of the nation,' that they are beginning to take us at our word.

They wish to exercise those talents for leadership which we have so excessively attributed to them."

A comparison of the statements made by the founders of some of our oldest American colleges with the statements of some of their recent successors will indicate quite clearly the change which has come over this country in its attitude toward the function of higher education. The preamble to the charter of Harvard College, bearing the date May 31, 1650, reads:

> Whereas, through the good hand of God, many well-devoted persons have been, and daily are, moved and stirred up to give and bestow sundry gifts . . . for the advancement of all good literature, arts, and sciences in Harvard College . . . and all other necessary provisions that may conduce to the education of the English and Indian youth of this country in knowledge and godliness.

Yale was founded in 1701, when the general assembly of the colony granted a charter for the foundation of a collegiate school whose purpose was to prepare young men for service "in Church & Civil State."

At William and Mary the same ends were in view. Princeton had been founded, so the old document of 1748 tells us, "for the Benefit of the Inhabitants of the said province" and because "of the great Necessity of coming into some Method for encouraging and promoting a learned Education of our Youth in New Jersey."

The Dartmouth charter of 1769 makes it plain that the founders were concerned

> For the education and instruction of youths of the Indian tribes in this land in reading, writing, and all parts of learning, which shall appear necessary and expedient, for civilizing and christianizing the children of pagans, as well as in all liberal arts and sciences, and also of English youths, and any others.

It will be found that the word "leadership" is strikingly absent from these sober, old-fashioned documents; yet in

those days the percentage of the population that went to the colleges was severely restricted by the conditions of pioneer life. I do not believe that the phrase will be found in the acts creating the older state universities. It is different in many of the colleges of recent foundation. All must now have a college training. The prospectus of a women's college in the South tells us:

> In order to meet the needs of the present day every young woman should, if possible, receive a thorough education.

A struggling college in the Central South prints the following statement of its educational ideals:

> We therefore favor the policy of selecting carefully all students, this selection to be made on the basis of moral character, intellectual fitness and preparation, qualities of leadership.

A statement by the president of a recently founded college in the far Northwest carries us into the heart of the new dispensation:

> The study of many catalogs will reveal the fact that certain courses and requirements are considered fundamental to the accomplishment of the task of higher education in preparing leadership.

In a Central Western college catalogue we find:

> A great educational program is necessary for any people who would contribute their part in leadership and power.

In the Middle West also this rich promise is held out, and a college there not only "offers a most unique opportunity for the development of community leadership" but it conducts seminar courses in "Christian leadership" as well. It would be monotonous to multiply such quotations which would merely ring in the changes on this newfangled word now heard on all sides in academic circles.

At an educational convention not very long ago I enjoyed the privilege of sitting beside a man long recognized as a

distinguished figure in higher education in this country. The word "leadership" had been used in some of the discussions. He was profoundly discouraged and I tried feebly to cheer him, but he closed the conversation with the remark: "We have inflated higher education in this country to such a point that it is an almost worthless currency. The first thing we must do is to deflate it and put it back upon a sound-money basis."

My elderly friend dated from an earlier time and he evidently had been unable to adjust himself to present conditions. It is probable that he was more pessimistic than the situation warrants. But it is only fair to him to say that he was not thinking primarily of the wastage of hard-earned dollars and cents.

The sums of money involved in higher education are, to be sure, considerable. The endowments contributed for this purpose in the United States amount to $1,000,000,000, and the physical plants of the universities are worth as much more. Outside of what is paid for board and room, the annual cost of conducting these institutions amounts to $300,000,000. It is perfectly proper, therefore, to ask the question: "Are we getting our money's worth?" And men in the business of education should be prepared to answer it.

Personally, I do not believe that the sums spent for higher education in this country are too large. They are not too large, for instance, if we use as a basis of comparison the sums spent annually for naval or military purposes. I believe all reasonable men, however, are convinced that all these sums are not spent as wisely as might be. However that may stand, before the process of financial deflation and readjustment can begin we must eliminate from contemporary discussion of higher education some of these bulging phrases.

First of all, we should recognize frankly that the per-

centage of our population to which we are attempting to give higher education is immensely larger than it is in the most highly civilized and educationally best organized European countries. In 1925, Great Britain, with a population of 43,000,000, had about 46,000 men enrolled in its institutions of higher learning. Germany, with 63,000,000, had 68,000 such students. France, with 40,000,000 in 1924, had 53,000 aspirants to higher education. At the same time in the United States, with 117,000,000, we had 664,266; that is, with a population twice that of Germany, which has always been keenly interested in scholarship, we in this country had ten times as many college students.

It is true that as compared with Europe we are exceedingly prosperous. Financially speaking, more of our young men and women can afford to spend four years in college. But the financial status of a young man or of his family should not be the only condition which determines his matriculation. In a democracy it should be possible for any boy to go to college no matter how poor or how rich. Whether poor or rich, he should be allowed to go, however, only in case higher education of this type will be good for him and good for the community at large.

Two years ago a distinguished European scientist and professor spent some months in our country making a survey of our colleges and universities. He was deeply impressed. Before he left he stated his conclusions on American higher education as follows:

> In your country you teach everything, even those things which involve almost no theory and are largely matters of experience and practice. In some of your colleges I found that you teach cement mixing, the packing of eggs and fruit, ice-cream making, sewing and dressmaking. You even teach teaching, and have great schools of education or pedagogy. You have the best equipped and most magnificent newspaper offices in the world. From my personal experience, I know

also that you have the most enterprising newspaper men, yet you teach journalism in the colleges.

In one respect, I cannot understand the logic of your position. Here in America you had developed in the school of experience and without formal courses the ablest business men and captains of industry in the world. You were not satisfied. Now you have added to your colleges great schools of business and commerce. You are more idealistic than we are. You have a more naïve faith in education than we have in Europe.

For the time being let us merely note that here again a distinguished European observer has tagged us with the adjective "idealistic." He did not necessarily intend it as a compliment. Shall we take it as such?

What our European critic told us about our educating for business is probably true also of our newer notion of education for leadership. We were blessed by excellent leaders in this country before the colleges ever dreamed of making it their business to prepare them. Washington was such a leader, and so was Lincoln. The majority of our great American artists—painters like George Inness and Winslow Homer—had not enjoyed the possibly doubtful benefit, in their case, of academic training. It has been possible for men like Mark Twain, Walt Whitman, and Sherwood Anderson to succeed even in literature without it, just as it has been possible for the Wright brothers, for Henry Ford and Edison, to achieve a quite reasonable degree of success in invention and industry. In the days of our prosperity, however, we are trying to make an essentially difficult process easier, and we enregiment our young men for leadership by enrolling them in the colleges.

"Come to us," the college says to the eager lad, "and we will make you a leader. You will have four years of college life thrown in."

Is it any wonder that more than 700,000 of them are now in the colleges and that too large a percentage are

disappointed and unhappy failures? We have overdone it. We have made it all too easy and promising. President Angell, of Yale, put the case very forcibly before the superintendents of schools in his address before the National Education Association at its recent meeting in Boston:

> The whole political-educational conception under which we are working is too largely that a college or university education is open at little or no cost to any one of moderate capacity and still more moderate powers of application. There is little or no sense of privilege about it and practically no sense of obligation. Merely to multiply the number of college-trained youths who go back into the community with no vivid feeling of duty to capitalize for the benefit of the commonwealth the training they have received is quite as likely to prove a curse as a blessing for the state.

In the meantime the movement to found more and more junior colleges proceeds unabated, while the older institutions attempt to stem the tide by processes of selective admission. To ask for qualities of leadership does not, however, seem to have helped. The colleges which have tried it are beginning to develop a healthy skepticism.

Some months ago I stopped in to visit a friend who is the dean of a college which several years ago was forced to restrict its enrollment rather drastically. It, too, had insisted that its youthful applicants possess qualities of leadership. It was plain to me that I was intruding upon one of his busier days. The benches in front of his office were crowded with unhappy young men. A number of them were particularly well set up—good football or crew material. Some of them would have made excellent cowboys, ranchers, or mounted policemen, but their disconsolate faces were those of the academically damned. All hope had left them.

My friend apologized for being so busy and explained that the college had just ended its mid-year examinations a week before.

"You see, I am calling in my failures. I am dismissing my leaders." He smiled sadly when he said this. I smiled, too, though I believe I was not expected to, for he continued earnestly: "You know, it is no laughing matter. Some of our greatest leaders are our poorest students."

The significance of this remark will be evident to any one who ponders the question: Who are the leaders at the age of sixteen? It will be even plainer if he will begin a little lower in the scale and ask: Who are the leaders at five and six?

One of the directors of a great educational foundation threw an unexpected light on this subject for me in a recent conversation. During the summer months he had been living in a cottage on the seashore and commuting to his office. Every morning and evening he met the daughter of his neighbor. She was a blue-eyed, bright-faced child still so young that her hair had not yet been bobbed, but hung loose above her shoulders. One night on his return he met her with her hair plaited into two hard straw-colored, blue-ribboned little pigtails. She apparently expected some comment, and he complimented her upon her grown-up appearance.

"Yes," she answered proudly, "I'm five years old. My brother's seven, and what's more, he wears suspenders."

Evidently to age five an added two years, with their necessary accouterments, means a great deal.

A boy's perspective changes, to be sure, as he passes into his teens; but to the lad of fourteen his classmate of sixteen still possesses a very considerable advantage, particularly if he is big and strong and proficient in athletics. The older boys in school are for this reason most likely to be the leaders.

Now these oldest members of any class are very often those least proficient in their studies. That is why they have fallen behind. But in a community of American youth, the

boy who carries himself well, who is a good pitcher, fullback, or hurdler, will be more looked up to by his fellows than the younger student who spends most of his time over his books and leads his class in Latin or algebra.

I believe it is fair to say that the class officers in freshman classes in college are chosen in overwhelming majority from the members of the football squad. This is neither vicious nor unnatural, but it results often in the situation to which my unhappy colleague had called attention. Even if we did succeed in obtaining those regarded as leaders in the high schools, we should not necessarily be getting the candidates best suited to profit by higher education.

I am not attempting to lay down here what the proper qualifications for admission to college should be. I do not believe that they should be exclusively scholastic. There should be evidence, if a man is to be educated at the expense of others, that such education will redound to the benefit of his fellows. What I wish to show here is that the colleges at present are suffering from an overemphasis upon the idea of leadership, and that a man of twenty-two who goes back to his community with an exaggerated confidence in his ability as a leader will be of very little use to himself and of none to the community.

I believe that some of the problems in the colleges today are the result of this overemphasis. Youth has ever been eager and enthusiastic, and therefore restless. They have always found it difficult even in the very good old times to be entirely at ease and happy under the instruction of their elders in the cage of a college. This restlessness has increased with the promulgation of the notion of leadership by the colleges themselves. Occasionally it results in unhappiness. I am sure many college officials have been nonplused by amusing if regrettable misunderstandings like one in which I became involved not many weeks ago.

An undergraduate, a junior in college, a fair but not a

brilliant student, hard-working, possibly a shade too solemn for one so young, used to drop in to see me in the late afternoons. He had discussed with me previously college problems in general and some of his own difficulties with his work. He came in to see me the other day, and I thought this visit would be somewhat on the same order.

He threw me off completely by asking me point-blank, "Do you think a father should send his son to college?"

That was where I lost him. I did not catch his drift, and so I spoiled it all by asking, "Whose son are you thinking of?"

"Of course," he answered, in a hurt but matter-of-fact way, "I was thinking of my own son—when I have one."

My mistake lay in forgetting that nowadays, with all this pressure, a lad of eighteen is often no longer a boy. At the pace we are going he has sometimes already become an expectant parent. My young friend was really in deep trouble. Sensitive, shy, serious, he was really excellent college material, yet he was beginning to be convinced that he was a failure. With only a year and a half still to go, his rigorous honesty would not allow him to believe that he was in any sense a leader.

As is often the case with the troubles of boys in college, his difficulty came from his home. He had been made to feel his responsibilities too heavily ever to be a good fellow or popular. His mother was forever inquiring as to whether he had been elected to this or that. It was not enough for her that he was behaving himself admirably and spending more time than usual upon his work. She had wanted him to make a good club. I am sure she would have increased his allowance if he had been elected manager of the band or member of the banjo club or the Nightriders. She wanted him to be a leader. He knew he was not, and under the pressure of scant recognition from more buoyantly spirited undergraduates and the continuing disappoint-

ments and implied reproaches at home, he wished to throw up the academic sponge and hand in his resignation.

Fortunately, however, most undergraduates of the present are thicker-skinned. Upon such the everlasting talk of leadership at high-school and college commencements makes little impression. There is so much nonsense in the air nowadays that they have established a toleration to it. They can resist a good deal of it, even where it comes, as in this case, from above. They often have more common sense than their elders. They know that a leader is one who has followers. The 2,000, 5,000, or 10,000 men in any one college cannot all be leaders. Only the straggling faculty would be left to follow them. Even this country, which has less than 30,000 names in *Who's Who,* cannot make a place for the 700,000 reputed leaders now in the colleges, and where would we be if all these leaders ever started to march in different directions?

At a critical period in the history of higher education in America, when we were not quite certain of what the aim of the college should be, we invented the labor-saving but mischievous phrase "education for leadership." It is, of course, of the highest importance that in a democracy there should be men of sterling character to whom their fellows will look for guidance, but such character and such leadership are and must always be the by-products of useful and devoted lives.

A boy who gives himself whole-heartedly to the round of his daily duties with the idea of performing them as well as he possibly can will develop those qualities of manliness, persistence, and loyalty which are the basis of character. On the other hand, a boy who is too much concerned with developing his talents for leadership often regards his humdrum work in college or later in the office as secondary, and neglects the immediate and sometimes uninviting task before him. The young man in college who, regardless of

what his fellows may think of him, devotes himself to the study of chemistry with the intention of penetrating the mysteries of Nature will, after very many long years, perhaps when he is fifty, be recognized by other chemists as a leader. He may become a leader only if he forgets all about leadership and tries merely to make of himself a good chemist. So it will be with any man who earnestly studies English or mathematics or medicine, or any other subject for its own sake.

With regard to leadership, it is strikingly true that he who loses his life shall save it. We have put the cart before the horse and must unhitch and start over again. We must begin the necessary process of deflating higher education. One of the first steps if we are to get back upon a sound-money basis, will be to get rid of this unfortunate and often pernicious nonsense about leadership.

TIRED BUSINESS MEN OF THE CAMPUS *

By MAX MCCONN

THE Greek language has very nearly passed out of our American colleges, except for the alphabet. But the alphabet flourishes exceedingly. Every freshman learns his letters in that ancient tongue—learns them from handsome brass plates which adorn magnificent mansions, and from resplendent jeweled pins on the waistcoats of magnificent young men who issue forth from the mansions to rule the college scene.

The fraternities, in whose nomenclature the alphabet of Plato survives among us, have long been a subject of controversy. Their members—those fine young men with the jeweled pins—will tell you they are temples of a mystical brotherhood. But there are others who whisper—or sometimes shout—that they are rather schools of snobbishness and parking space for lounge lizards. What is the truth?

And, further, what is the significance of this impressive institution, the fraternity, with respect to the colleges in whose shadow it has grown up and prospered so mightily? Within recent years the college itself has become nearly as controversial a topic as the fraternity. Is there any connection between the two controversies?

In my opinion the connection is fundamental, so that the two subjects can most profitably be discussed together.

Fundamentally, the local chapters of the Greek letter fraternities are what college officers call "living groups." As such they are classified with the college dormitories. In effect, indeed, the chapter houses constitute important ad-

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ditions to the dormitory facilities. From one-third to two-thirds of the total enrollment may be housed in this way. These houses constitute one of the gifts which these modern Greeks have brought to the colleges.

But the fraternities differ from other living groups in that membership is attainable only by invitation, and it may be worth while to consider the criteria by which certain freshmen are selected for the privileges of fraternity membership, while the rest are relegated to the outer darkness of dormitories and other rented rooms.

In "rushing" a freshman, fraternities take account of four principal points: money; family; the preparatory school which the "rushee" has attended; and personal qualities.

I have listed these points in climactic order. Money is the least considered of the four; the possession of sufficient funds is essential, but beyond that unimportant. The boy with the largest roll and the handsomest motor car in the whole class may be left out. Family is somewhat more heavily weighted; if a boy's father is a man of mark in his home town, and his mother a social leader there, his chances are good. As to the preparatory school, please let no one suppose that scholastic standards are weighed. The point in question is exclusively the social reputation of the school; this third criterion is merely supplemental to that of family.

But the most interesting criterion is the fourth: personal qualities. These are of two kinds. One kind relates to "personality." If a lad has an agreeable exterior, a winning smile, and a pleasing manner, if he is a "slick dresser" and a "smooth talker," and if he is duly accredited as to purse, progenitors, and preparatory school, he is sure to be taken. Nay, if his "slickness" and "smoothness" are exactly right, he will get in despite serious deficiencies in one or more of the other items. On the other hand, if he is notably deficient in "personality," notorious millions and Mayflower ancestry and New England's most famous Eton all combined

may fail to land him safely. The second kind of personal qualifications consists of capacities, reported or displayed, for distinction in outside activities—athletics, the glee club, the annual comic opera, or even college journalism. Where any such capacity is definitely present, many other things may be overlooked.

From the foregoing account it will be seen that fraternities consist of very agreeable, personable young men, living together most comfortably, and devoting themselves chiefly to athletics and other outside activities—with, of course, some incidental attention to studies.

I have kept away from the subject of studies as long as possible, but one cannot (as yet) avoid it entirely in discussing the life of college students. So I find myself face to face with the problem of explaining as fairly as I can the attitude of the fraternities and of most fraternity men toward studies and scholarship.

Fraternities are officially interested in this matter to the extent of seeing to it that their members "stay in college," and also that they "keep off probation" (because a student "placed on probation" is usually debarred from participation in athletics and other outside activities). To this end most chapters enforce a rule requiring their freshmen to "stay in" for four nights each week. And even a sophomore or an upperclassman who is notoriously delinquent in his studies may be labored with by the head of the house, especially if he is prominent in athletics or some other activity —in an effort, of course, to keep him eligible to remain in residence and to continue his contribution to the glory of the chapter through his extracurricular achievements.

Beyond this point one cannot truthfully say that the fraternities in general concern themselves with scholastic matters. Occasionally there is a group which strives to win the scholarship cup or other trophy which is often offered to the fraternity having the highest scholarship average. But it

is the consensus of opinion among the fraternities that such distinction is pale and of little real importance to the chapter which attains it. At every college, to be sure, there are regularly a few fine scholars in the fraternity group—to whom their chapters, when reminded of this aspect of collegiate life, will point with pride. But these men are in fraternities almost in spite of, certainly not on account of, their intellectual abilities and attainments. In every fraternity house I ever visited the whole atmosphere and spirit is definitely non-intellectual. The recognized, accepted topics of conversation in these houses are invariably athletics, other outside activities, and girls, and any theme which could by any stretch of language be classified as intellectual or "high-brow" is taboo—socially incorrect.

Is not this fact a curious and interesting one to be predicated of specially selected groups of young men who are supposed to be devoting their lives for the time being to the higher learning?

Some may suppose that the foregoing exposition is intended as an "indictment" of fraternities, that the facts presented support the charges of idleness and frivolity which are sometimes made, the lounge lizard view. But that view is entirely erroneous. The fraternities do harbor a few lounge lizards, but not many, and they do not want them. The occasional lounge lizard is no more typical than the sporadic Phi Bete.

Fraternity men in general are exceedingly industrious. Most of them work night and day, week in and week out. They have their classes to go to and their lessons to be got (after a fashion), as the necessary price of continuance in college, and these things take quite a lot of time, at least during certain weeks immediately preceding quizzes and final examinations. And then, over and above this, they have their all-important outside activities to keep up. They have to play on teams, to practice for the glee club and the

band, to get up theatricals, to publish various periodicals, to organize meetings, to give dances and banquets, to sit on numberless boards and committees, and so on, almost without end. Idle? Believe me, it is rather "the strenuous life."

Moreover, these multiform outside activities are educational in a very high degree. The students themselves realize this fact and insist upon it, with an almost pathetic insistence, to the usually deaf ears of deans and professors. Indeed these students maintain that their own activities are more important educationally than their studies—that they, in their own phrase, "get more out of them," more training of mind and character than their books afford.

We may say, of course, that these young undergraduates are not competent to judge the comparative educational values of activities and book-learning. But as alumni later, having tested their training in the hard post-graduate school of business life, they express no regrets and no change of view. They still maintain, years afterward, that in giving preference while in college to activities rather than studies they chose the better part. And the acid test of their sincerity in such expressions comes when they send sons to college and are openly more concerned that the boy should "make" a fraternity and a team, should become a "student leader," than that he should pay any particular attention to books.

In short, the great majority of fraternity men—though they give only the compulsory minimum of attention to those aspects of higher education which are represented by the faculty and the curriculum—are neither idle nor frivolous. They are earnestly at work on another course of training, devised and developed by themselves, which they select for its superior educational advantages.

Personally, I have become convinced that they are right, that their claims are sound, that their choice is justified—

for themselves and the very large number of present-day collegians whom they represent.

Obviously, however, these students with their self-devised course of training, consisting of outside activities, stand for a conception of higher education quite different from the traditional idea with which the curriculum and the labors of professors are associated.

The older type of higher education relied almost exclusively on one instrumentality, namely, learning—book-learning. It assumed that young men who came to college desired this thing called learning and had some use for it; that they had the capacity for getting out of books not only facts but general ideas, conceptions, points of view, attitudes of mind, even emotions; that, consequently, they could be trained by this instrument of book-learning, their minds developed, their characters molded; that they could be taught a critical analysis of ideas, logical reasoning, æsthetic appreciation, ethical evaluation, and the like.

This assumption was probably true of most of the students who went to our American colleges a hundred years ago; and we must not overlook the fact that it is true today of a considerable number of our present students. But within the last forty years our colleges have been invaded by the whole populace, as it were. They have come to enroll practically all the sons (and daughters) of those numerous citizens who in this prosperous land are able to purchase bachelor's degrees for their children. The number of these children registered in our colleges today runs to something like eight hundred thousand. Clearly, no such enormous group of young people can be capable of profiting by the old type of higher education. It is quite inconceivable—and very likely it would be undesirable—that any such proportion of the total youthful population should be bookishly inclined to the degree that the old instrument—book-learning—demands.

There are really a great many, to be sure, whom the old education does fit, who do have the necessary aptitudes. Let me insist on this; for I do not wish to be pessimistic or cynical. They come—these *bona fide* young intellectuals —from all walks of life and all grades of society. Never before or elsewhere have the treasures and pleasures of the higher learning been dispensed to so large a proportion of those young citizens who have intellectual propensities.

But the great majority of the new hordes are simply nonplused and bewildered by the higher learning—and intolerably bored. They can read, of course. They can learn facts and parrot them back to professors in recitations and quizzes, but as for getting any real understanding or appreciation of literature, history, mathematics, or science—it just is not in them. They simply are not "intellectuals"—not "high-brows." In fact, they would repel such epithets with scorn. But to get any real education from the old instrument—the higher learning—you need to be an "intellectual" and a "highbrow." There is no training of either intelligence or character to be got from books or studies unless you love these things, unless they absorb you, move you, carry you away.

If anyone had foreseen the intolerable situation in which the majority of the new collegians would find themselves, he might have wondered, with some anxiety, what they would do. They might have sunk into mere apathetic idleness and loafing. A considerable number did and do; these constitute the most difficult "cases" a college officer encounters. Or they might have sought the distractions of vice. Some did and do. But the great majority did and do neither of these things. They are energetic—tremendously so; they are, on the whole, clean and wholesome; and, while they are distinctly not "intellectual," they are intelligent enough in their own way, that is, in "practical" matters, in running around and doing things. So they seized upon the rudimentary outside

activities which were to be found in the colleges forty years ago and have developed them to the tremendous proportions which they bear on every campus today. And the fraternities, though not solely responsible for this development, became in fact—because they were such convenient organized centers to work from—their most efficient promoters and deserve the greater part of the credit.

In the beginning, the fraternity men and others were merely turning in desperation to something which they could do with some self-felt interest. They did not, of course, deliberately set out to create a new instrument of education. But that is what they have achieved—as they themselves now perceive and maintain.

Let us consider the nature and results of this new brand of higher education. It cannot be asserted that it seeks or attains quite the same goals as the older instrument, learning. Among the older objectives I have previously mentioned the critical analysis of ideas, logical reasoning, æsthetic appreciation, and ethical evaluation. The young men here in question are not capable of these things. What they admire and wish to emulate are those qualities of character and mind which make for practical "success" in the adult world of business and organizations: such moral qualities as the fighting spirit, the will-to-win, initiative, and energy; and such intellectual capacities as are involved in meeting and dealing with other people and planning and organizing. They perceive clearly enough that these are the qualities and capacities which will bring jobs and promotion. And they perceive also that in the mimic business world of college activities, with its politics and intrigues, its tremendous setting up of machinery and organization, its multiplicity of practical things to be done, they have an almost perfect school for the "go-getter"—which is exactly what they aspire to become.

As I said before, they are quite right. They have found a new instrument of education, admirably adapted to their purposes and capacities; and with all the energy of ambitious youth they proceed to train themselves therewith, disregarding so far as practicable the obstructive curriculum still sponsored by the faculties but designed for other purposes and capacities than theirs.

In short, our colleges are no longer homogeneous as to constituency or as to the kind of education they afford, but are serving two quite different groups: a minority who are intellectually gifted and carry on the older collegiate tradition, working with the faculties at intellectual tasks, towards intellectual and spiritual goals; and a large majority who are avowedly non-intellectual, for whom the old objectives are impossible and the old methods meaningless, but who are eagerly pursuing a new kind of training splendidly adapted to their own purposes and abilities.

The fraternities have become the stronghold and chief agency of the new majority education. This new pedagogical instrument is their great and significant gift to the colleges.

It is true, of course, that this major gift may be regarded as dangerous from the standpoint of the older tradition. The social dominance of the fraternities on every campus, combined with their natural disregard for book-learning, as a thing merely incidental, or even antagonistic, to their own purposes and efforts, tends to weaken that older tradition even in the minds of those students who are capable of profiting by it. But doubtless this scarcely avoidable injury to the minority is more than compensated by the great benefits afforded to the majority.

Finally, this exposition should set at rest the charges so frequently made that the fraternities are "undemocratic." The fact is that the fraternities are the refuge of what we may call the intellectual proletariat. It is largely through

their efforts that our colleges are now devoted predominantly to the democratic object of training practical business men, rather than to the mere advancement of learning and what used to be called "culture" among a selected few who happen to be intellectually gifted.

QUACK-DOCTORING THE COLLEGES *

By William Bennett Munro

Many things are wrong with our colleges. I have it on the highest and the lowest authority—that is, on the authority of Nicholas Murray Butler and Upton Sinclair. It has also been intimated to me by athletic coaches and college presidents, who may be said to represent the alpha and the omega of reliability on such matters. As I happen to be both a college professor and a college trustee, I get the bombardment on both flanks. I have positive information that the colleges are no longer educating anybody, and I have equally emphatic assurance that they are educating a lot of youngsters who ought to be left illiterate for the benefit of the unskilled labor market. I hear that the colleges have completely lost the confidence of the business world, and I read in the editorial columns that more business men are sending their sons to college than ever before. I learn from presidents' reports that the colleges have big deficits every year, and from the treasurers' reports that their assets are steadily growing larger. In my spare moments (of which every college professor has an abundance) I have answered no end of questionnaires and participated in at least a dozen educational surveys, each one of which has been able to demonstrate that the methods of instruction used in colleges, although widely diverse in character, are alike in being wrong.

This recalls to mind one of the maxims of equity: to wit, that "there is no wrong without a remedy." In the case of the colleges the remedies far outnumber the wrongs. They

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are literally uncountable, like the twinklers in the new heavens. Indeed, there is no species of quackery so popular to-day as the educational brand of hocus-pocus. The land is swarming with educational prestidigitators—and no wonder, for to qualify as an educational expert one needs only to be a glib fellow away from home. Every one of these intellectual Æsculapians has his own favorite prescription. He believes it applicable to all institutions, big or little, without discrimination as to age or sex. The college of to-day, unhappily, is like a patient upon whom the allopaths, homeopaths, osteopaths, chiropractors, mental healers, and sun-bath zealots all demand the right to operate simultaneously. It is in a worse position, being beset by medicine-men who are ready to diagnose, prescribe, and cure without license or fee.

I

Out of this welter let us pick a few of the remedial tonics which are being most assiduously peddled at the present time. Number one may be called the Job-Analysis Serum. It is designed to lower the high fever of those colleges which are excitedly doing a lot of things without knowing what they are doing or why. In the language of the educational technician, the colleges have not "clarified their objectives." It may seem strange that, although some of our older institutions have been on the job for more than two hundred years, they have never thought to stop and "analyze it"; yet such appears to be the case. Of course it is an unpardonable omission. The job-analysis treatment should be applied at once. First, count the patient's pulse—that is to say, begin with a questionnaire. Every survey that aims to be both scientific and sociological (queer combination!) must begin that way. Send the questionnaire to all the professors asking them why they teach. Send it to all the stu-

dents asking them why they allow themselves to be taught. Send it to the alumni with a demand for information of similar irrelevance. Then, when the replies come in, tabulate the data, find the median and the mode, figure out the coefficient of correlation, and the result will give you an atypical conspectus of the pattern of valuation, which is the true collegiate objective reduced to a conventionalized significance. (Not being a psychologist, I cannot be sure of my terminology, but that is the formula as I remember it.)

Having found its true objective, at any rate, the college can then go full-steam ahead. The job analysis will indicate a solution for each and all of its problems—of finance, housing, instruction, athletics, and the social distractions. It will tell you how undergraduate mental vacuity can be transformed into genius as by the touch of a magic wand. There is no other serum like unto this one in its claim to curative accomplishment.

II

Then there is the Orientation Ointment, which has had a brisk sale during the past ten years. Its vendors begin by assuring us that the job-analysts have made a false diagnosis. The colleges know what they are trying to do, but the students don't. Every autumn some thousands of freshmen come thronging through the academic gates and are helplessly whirled into the vortex of an elective curriculum. These young men and women should be promptly "oriented." To that end they should be bidden to arrive for a "freshman week" before the college opens. During this preview performance they can be told, in abbreviated form, all that they would ordinarily learn during the entire four years of a college course.

It is all very simple. They listen to speeches and they stand in line. They are addressed by the president on what

they ought to do, and by the dean on what they ought not to do. The chairman of the faculty warns them in the morning that they came to the college to get an education, and in the afternoon the football coach confides to the mass meeting that an education is the last thing any red-blooded young man comes to college for.

The freshman should also be provided with advisers, both from the faculty and from the senior class. These advisers make the most of their opportunities, hence advice is the last thing that any freshman lacks when this curtain-raiser week comes to a close. If he assimilated one-tenth of it—which he does not—he would have enough to last him to the end of his days. It is my observation that among all forms of counsel the kind which is given by the senior student-advisers impresses the average freshman as the most interesting and the most useful. For it is from them that the neophyte finds out what courses in the curriculum are "snap courses," where the college bootlegger resides, how to get bids to the sorority dances, and whether the dean is hard-boiled to the alibi of an alarm clock that did not go off in time for a nine-o'clock class. To the newcomer this information is obviously more utilitarian than the assurance of his faculty mentor "that he must seek adjustment to his highest potential, respond to his creative urge, seek to integrate what he learns into a universal harmony of knowledge, and strive to live the abundant life."

Not all the orientation ointment can be applied during freshman week, even with the most vigorous rubbing. Accordingly, this process should have a follow-up in the way of an orientation course given as part of the regular curriculum and counting towards a degree. This course should aim to be an outline of everything. It should begin with the origin of the cosmos and come down to the election of Al Smith, one lecture a week for ten weeks or thereabouts. To do this, it must cover six centuries per hour,

although a little slowing up for the last three or four centuries is permissible in view of the fact that these are somewhat more crowded with happenings. It is said that light travels around the earth in one-seventh of a second; but even at that it is no match for the speed of the orientation lecturer. He flashes through the Eocene, the Miocene, and the Pliocene ages, right down to the Obscene—which is the contemporary era. The greatness and decline of Rome are master-stroked in seven minutes, the Darwinian theory is elucidated in four, and the industrial revolution gets by while the lecturer pauses for breath.

The title of this course should be both dignified and designatory. It may be called, "The Story of Civilization," or "The Universe and Mankind," or perhaps just "Life and Its Problems." But the official title does not much matter, for the undergraduate will soon endow it with a nickname. He calls it "Seeing Civilization," or "The Educational Rubberneck Bus," or, in due tribute to the high spots of the course, he labels it alliteratively as "Drink, Drainage, Divorce, and Democracy."

The orientation course, as given in various institutions which have fallen for this pick-me-up, has developed into a companionate miscegenation of history, politics, economics, pietisms, and sex hygiene. It has length and breadth without the third dimension. This means that the instructor must be a sociologist, in other words, someone who has spent his life learning less and less about more and more until he has become intellectually unbuttoned. As a preparation for serious work in college or elsewhere these orientation courses have a value that accountants would express in red ink.

III

Then there is Nostrum Number Three, the abolition of the lecture system and the substitution of active participa-

tion by the student in the classroom exercises. The usual academic lecture, we are asked to believe, is a process by which things pass from the notebook of the professor to the notebook of the student without going through the head of either. So let it be amputated from the curriculum. Anyhow, the lecture is a survival of scholasticism, a medieval hangover quite out of keeping with the genius of the twentieth-century American youth. In its place let us have creative participation by the student—creative participation, that is the newest phrase, and it has an alluring sound without meaning much.

No more shall some *ex cathedra* dogmatist deliver his pontifical discourses from the rostrum with no opportunity for the benches to hit back; but teacher and pupil will exchange ideas, like Socrates and Plato. Encourage the freshman to assume a "challenging attitude" towards everything which the instructor may say, be it an assertion that the earth is a sphere, or that the poles are colder than the equator, or that the Dutch have captured Amsterdam. Develop his spirit of criticism, his propensity to disagree. If this does not make the undergraduate a more intelligent citizen, it will at least qualify him as a municipal reformer.

Everyone who is not himself a teacher likes to scold about the kind of teaching his sons and daughters are getting. It makes them work too hard, or not hard enough. It is too meticulous, or too superficial. It discourages thought by making the subject too simple, or it dampens enthusiasm by making it too complex. It is too old-fashioned, or it exemplifies some transient fad. Pedagogy is like politics in that anyone can tell you how to do things better than they are being done. Ideas about teaching, like those concerning government, are all created free and equal.

But teaching is an art, and a true art can never be enslaved to formal rules. Teaching is an intensely personal thing; it cannot be standardized any more than leadership

can. To teach is to lead, to inspire, to create disciples. Every good teacher has his own way of doing it. Some subjects lend themselves to the lecture method while others do not. Many poor lectures are delivered in college classrooms, no doubt; but I have a suspicion that poor sermons are also delivered from church pulpits at times. Why not abolish all sermons, therefore, and just leave the text to be discussed for an hour by the more garrulous members of the congregation? That would be "creative participation" in a service of worship—and it would empty the churches.

There is no best method of instruction, whether in the home, the school, or the college. Education does not succeed or fail on the issue of methodology but on the capacity and the personality of the teacher himself. That ought to be commonplace, but it is not. Otherwise we should hardly have these perennial announcements from Rollins or Ripon, from Tucson or Tuscaloosa, that someone has discovered in the two-hour conference, or the pro-seminar, or the socialized recitation, a new educational alchemy which enables the undergraduate to get educated without exertion, no matter what kind of faculty the college employs.

IV

Then there is the Antioch Antidote. It consists of hard work outside the college, given in regular doses to offset the lethargic habits that the student acquires within. The undergraduates attend classes for a stretch; then for an equal interlude they go out and earn their living as best they can. This alternation is continued from entrance to graduation, which covers six years instead of the usual four. The process, in a way, is reminiscent of the Scotch farmer who fed and starved his hogs on alternate days so that the bacon would be of prime quality, a streak of fat and a streak of lean. It aims at the intermingling of the manual

and the mental in equal proportions. The hands go to work while the brain lays off; then the intellect is oiled up for another run.

There are some cynics who would argue, of course, that the boy who is both able and willing to do college work ought to spend all his time at it until the job is finished. And as for the boy who needs the spur of alternate months at gainful employment in order to make him appreciate his academic opportunities—well, it is questionable whether he ought to be in college at all, even half the time. Half earning, half studying may be justified in the case of those whose straitened circumstances make it the only way to acquire a college degree. For others, it is a hybrid which sacrifices the highest values of academic training on the one hand and of industrial training on the other by the vain effort to combine them both.

There has been too much deification of the boy who works his way through college. It is natural, in a democracy, that this should be the case. A few fellows derive benefit from the experience of having to earn their way, but the vast majority do nothing of the sort. To them it simply means that these plastic years of young manhood are clouded by financial anxieties which haunt the soul and depress the spirit. It involves a denial of leisure moments at a time when these would be of the highest value. It compels the student to cut corners, to forego many cultural advantages which the college environment provides, and sometimes to undermine his health as well. Many a man does not learn the real cost of working his way through college until he has passed into the fifties. Then he finds that there are prematurely frayed-out nerves to be entered on the debit side of the account. It is my conviction, after having taught more than ten thousand college students during the past quarter of a century, that nine-tenths of those who had to earn their way to a bachelor's degree would have been far better off without any

such handicap. A strange doctrine it is, therefore, that young men and women whose parents can afford to educate them should, nevertheless, interrupt their studies for the sake of the "experience." They will get quite enough of it after college days are over.

V

And so one might go on through the long category of reforms which the colleges are being urged to inaugurate. Fraternities should be abolished. The students should not be taught but tutored. They should be separated into sections on the basis of ability. They should study subjects and not merely take courses. They should devote a whole year, indeed, to a single subject like the civilization of ancient Athens, instead of rustling about in a mosaic of Bible, biography, botany, and business—as they do in some colleges. They should read books for themselves and not be content with the professor's version of what is in the books. They should learn a little of everything and one thing well. (The first part of that syllogism, by the way, presents no difficulty in any American college.) They should have required studies for discipline and elective courses for self-expression. They should be objectively rated and psychologically tested. They should have personnel supervision and vocational guidance. The colleges should impose a limitation upon the number of students admitted. As a prophylactic, this has become very popular among the endowed colleges. But the state-supported institutions cannot employ it, so they make use of an emetic instead. They throw out those whom they should never have admitted.

The catalogue of panaceas, indeed, is far too long for insertion here. There is the Johns Hopkins plan for a senior college, the Wisconsin plan for an experimental college, and the Michigan plan for a university college. There is the

Swarthmore idea, the Claremont idea, and the Wabash idea. It is a rare thing to have even two or three months pass without the launching of some new scheme of educational rapid transit; some way of getting to the top of Mount Parnassus without climbing there. A few of them have meritorious features, but for the most part they merely reflect the age-old and utterly futile attempt to gain the end without the means, the whole without the parts, the victory without the battle.

There is no substitute and there never can be any substitute for *men* in the process of education—for earnest, enthusiastic, capable men in the faculty and in the student body. Given these, you have a great college; without them, all the newfangled methods will never avail an institution much. Nearly all the problems of collegiate education merge into two fundamental ones—hand-picking the student body and recruiting the faculty. The college that does both these things well is on the high road to ultimate distinction; and the one that relegates them to a secondary place in its program, while it goes philandering after mirages, is inexorably headed to the rear of the procession.

It is men, not methods or measures, that determine whether a college shall be first-rate or second class. Or, to put it more accurately, first find the men and the methods will take care of themselves. I should like to find some college with the right men and the wrong methods of education. I don't believe there is one. Is it not time to rise and suggest the advisability of less quack-doctoring in the matter of our educational processes, and more earnest concentration upon the vital issue of personnel?

WHAT THE AMERICAN RHODES SCHOLAR GETS FROM OXFORD *

By Frank Aydelotte

In a sense there are as many answers to this question, which the editor of *Scribner's* has put to me, as there are Rhodes Scholars who have gone to Oxford. If in the heat of journalistic effort I am led to ignore individuals and to speak of "the Rhodes Scholar," as if they were all alike, equally happy in their capacities and in their experiences, I hope the reader will not forget, as I do not, that what men get out of Oxford is like what they get from most other opportunities, pretty directly proportioned to what they put in —that the eye sees what it has brought with it the power of seeing, and that students learn mostly only the answers to questions which they already have in their minds. More than of most universities is this true of Oxford. Here, it may be truly said, is God's plenty in the way of educational opportunity; but here also the student is left in the utmost degree of freedom to take or to leave, according to his choice. Good things are not forced upon him. He must have the will to take, he must know what he wants, and he must have the good manners not to grab.

I

The most obvious thing which the Rhodes Scholar gets from Oxford is a degree, and such is the objectiveness of Oxford's academic requirements and such the sincerity of her standards that it is a degree to which a definite meaning

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can be atttached. No restriction is placed upon the Rhodes Scholar's course of study. He may read for any degree, from B.A. to Ph.D., in the same wide range of subjects, from Classics to Agriculture, which would be offered by an American State university. The ordinary degree is the B.A., and the Rhodes Scholar, if he enters for it, is expected to take the degree with honors. The Oxford Honors B.A. stands for a somewhat more specialized training than does our American Bachelor's degree. The course is pursued in a liberal spirit; but instead of attempting, as we do in the United States, to insure liberality by insisting upon a wide range of subjects, Oxford trusts to the breadth with which a single subject is treated. General knowledge of things outside his specialty, which the American student gets by taking a large number of miscellaneous courses, the Oxford student gets by general reading—a much more economical way.

The requirements for any Oxford degree look on paper rather less extensive and ambitious than do those for the same degree in an American university. What the English academic discipline lacks in extent as compared with ours is made up in thoroughness. The requirements mean all, or more than all, they say. The method of examination is such as to make cramming of little avail, and a man must depend for his showing on what he really knows. The difference between English and American standards for undergraduate work may be understood by looking for a moment at the type of men who get the highest academic distinctions in the two countries. In the United States these distinctions may be won by a man of first-class ability, provided he is moderately faithful to his work throughout his four years; or they may be won by a man of average ability who works early and late, makes every minute count, and fulfils every requirement to the letter. It may be questioned whether we have in the United States any academic honors the standard for which is so high as to demand the latter type of work

from the former type of man. The English idea of first-class honors is precisely this: that they should be obtainable only by a man of first-class ability who has done the hardest and best work of which he was capable.

The American student at Oxford misses almost all the academic machinery that he has been used to in his native university. At Oxford there are no "courses" in the American sense of the term. There are no record cards in the registrar's office, no "signing up" for the lectures he expects to attend, no required number of hours per week, no daily assignments, no mid-term tests or hour exams. The Rhodes Scholar is a little puzzled on his first Monday morning, and on a great many mornings thereafter, to know just what he is expected to do at a given hour and moment. Shall he read this volume, or master such and such a table of dates, or attend such and such a lecture, or perchance wander down High Street in search of tobacco, or shall he spend a few hours in the shop of one of the delightful Oxford booksellers adding to the riches of his shelves in exchange for the inferior riches of his purse? The world of work and of play, and of a thousand delightful pursuits which lie midway between the two, is all before him where to choose. His only hard-and-fast academic engagement is to call on his tutor once a week at a specified hour to read an essay which he has written on a specified topic. There is a list of lectures which he may, or may not, find it to his interest to attend. To his surprise he will find his tutor frankly dubious about the value of following too many lectures, a doubt which the lecturer himself is likely to share. More than once have I heard Sir Walter Raleigh begin the term by explaining that his auditors would probably find his discourses of little value for "Schools." The lecturer keeps no roll of the members of his class, and it is the common practice of undergraduates to sample various courses at the beginning of the term and to continue only in those which seem to them worth while.

This is the practice which one's tutor usually recommends. The result is that lecture courses at Oxford begin commonly with good-sized audiences which taper off to a small and faithful few by the end of the term.

The academic system at Oxford, if one may call it such, is wonderfully simple. The method is to prescribe not what the undergraduate is supposed to "take," but what he is supposed to know, to allow him a certain length of time in which to acquire that knowledge, and then to examine him in order to see whether or not he has acquired it. Even the word "acquire" is a little false to what Oxford expects of a man. Her theory of liberal knowledge is rather the development of power of thought, of grasp of a certain limited field of knowledge, than the acquisition of a store of facts, though the latter is, of course, necessary to the former. Whereas the American undergraduate takes courses, the Oxford man studies a subject.

There is nothing new in this theory, nothing that would not be professed in any American university. What is new to the American Rhodes Scholar is the simplicity and directness with which it is acted upon. It is so easy for the elaborate and cumbersome machinery of the elective system to hinder the very educational process it is designed to further. It is so easy for the quantitative method of counting up hours in a registrar's office to get itself translated into a quantitative theory of culture. When the faculty of a university refuses to commit itself as to the necessary ingredients of a liberal education, when the elective system seems to be based upon some kind of democracy of courses in which one "hour" is equal to another no matter how many light-years of intellectual distance may separate their origins, it is easy for the student who is supposed to make the higher synthesis, supposed to fuse these diverse subjects into a unified body of knowledge and into a unified point of view toward life, to escape altogether the notion that any such

synthesis is necessary or possible, and to come to think of education in purely quantitative terms. A man cannot do this at Oxford. The very lack of system brings him face to face with the reality of education.

The tutorial method of instruction is a natural outgrowth of the form of Oxford's academic requirements, and hence it is that American attempts to graft the tutorial method onto our ordinary system of instruction by courses have failed to produce the same results as come from the English system. The heart of that is the conceiving of undergraduate work in terms of what a man should know, instead of conceiving it in terms of the processes by which that knowledge is to be acquired. At Oxford a man's work is outlined (in the book which corresponds most nearly to the catalogue of an American university, namely, the *Examination Statutes*) entirely in terms of the examinations which he must pass for his degree. He prepares himself for these examinations by his own efforts under the direction of his tutor. The tutor acts as guide, philosopher, and friend; he will help his charge by every kind of advice and criticism to make the most of his own abilities and of the instructional facilities provided by the university and the colleges; but he considers it no part of his duty to do the undergraduate's work for him. Success depends, more than anything else, on a man's own industry and initiative. It is fatally easy to waste a great deal of precious time getting down to work. On the other hand, a man who is able to plan for himself, and who has the energy and the initiative to work without constant supervision, can go as far and as fast as he likes. Perhaps capacity for independent work is the most important academic result of the Oxford system of education.

The American Rhodes Scholar gets from Oxford not merely a new attitude toward his work, but also a new respect for examinations. In the United States examinations are not, as a rule, viewed with much favor; and it is the

fashion at present to consider them as a very untrustworthy means of measuring intellectual ability. There are not wanting those persons in England who believe that in their own country too much attention is paid to examinations and too great weight attached to their results. However this may be, the English have developed the fine art of examining to a very high degree of accuracy. This is proved by the fact that the results of the examinations at Oxford and Cambridge offer a good basis for prediction of success in after-life; there is not in the United States the discrepancy between success in college studies and success in after-life which our humorous writers would sometimes lead us to believe; but the correspondence is not so marked, especially in political life, in this country as it is in England. Oxford examinations are more severe but less pedantic than ours. It is a principle in England that a man shall not be examined by those persons who have the responsibility of teaching him. English examinations come at the end of a year or of two years of work rather than term by term, or week by week. They are usually of the essay type, and their attempt is to discover power of dealing with the subject rather than merely to test the memory for specific details. In the ordinary Honor School a man will have from seven to twelve three-hour papers following each other at the rate of two a day for the better part of a week. Cramming for such a series of tests is impossible. The advice usually given by one's tutor is to get away from Oxford, forget about books, and play tennis or golf for a few days before the examinations begin. In the examination-room a student confronted by a paper of ten or twelve questions will spend the first two hours on the two questions which he knows most about, answering each as exhaustively and thoughtfully as possible. In his third hour he will answer two or three more briefly but as well as he can.

In the English system a man is marked qualitatively on

the basis of what he writes rather than quantitatively on the basis of what he leaves out. After the papers are all read he appears before his examiners for an oral, in which they have ample opportunity to test him on any topics which he did not mention in his answers. His effort must be to show at some points in his papers first-class work, which means in England answers which not merely contain information but are also well thought out and well written.

It is easy to see from what has been said that one of the most important things which a Rhodes Scholar gets from Oxford is a powerful impulse to re-examine all his conceptions of educational theory and practice. He goes to an institution where many things which are taken for granted in the United States are not taken for granted, or perhaps not believed in at all. He finds in England many things taken for granted which he, perhaps, had always thought dangerous or untrue. He may come back to America with his intellectual creed unchanged, but he can hardly come back without having thought through for himself the whole foundation of his educational beliefs, a process of the highest value whatever may be the result.

II

But life at Oxford is not all work. Indeed, the hardest part of an Oxford man's work is done in the vacations, and term-time (which altogether is a little less than twenty-six weeks in the year) is very largely given to living the Oxford life. From this life the American Rhodes Scholar gets a great deal that he could never get from books. For him, even more than for Englishmen, it is well worth while. In the first place, it is a very beautiful life, though the surface of it is, like the face of a glacier, overstrewn with a miscellaneous drift of academic stupidity and youthful folly which, at the first glance, more or less conceal the beauty that lies be-

neath. But at its heart Oxford life is worthy of its setting and worthy of the great words with which Matthew Arnold has praised its beauty and sweetness. It is not strange, but only seems so, that this beauty should come home to the undergraduate but slowly. One of the finest things which the American Rhodes Scholar will get from his Oxford experience he is likely not to get in the three years of his scholarship. Only in after years, on one of those visits which Americans show such a decided tendency to make back to the home of their English foster-mother, will he be able to see in true perspective the significance of these eager undergraduate days—days of intense effort, of struggle with great tasks, of listening to half-heeded words of great teachers, of light-hearted, high-spirited converse with men too many of the best of whom will visit Oxford quadrangles no more. Then some night as he walks back to his lodgings after dinner at High Table—that stateliest of all the rites of academic hospitality—the moonlight on sleeping walls and towers will thrill him with the sense of the tangled, interwoven beauty of this life that once was his.

If I were to single out from all the beauty and intensity and good-fellowship of this life the two things which are likely to mean most to the American, I should say they are talk and sport. Perhaps these are two things which occupy most of the waking hours of the average English undergraduate. If he spends four or five hours a day at his books and lectures, he is considered reasonably industrious, and may with good conscience spend ten or twelve on social affairs with his fellows, in numberless breakfasts, lunches, teas, coffees, and club meetings, or in keen athletic competition with them on the river or the courts or the broad playing fields with which the university and the colleges are so generously supplied.

My purpose is not to describe all this Oxford social life, but to say, or to suggest, if I can. what the American Rhodes

Scholar gets from it. I am afraid I can only suggest, for human values of this kind are too complex and too rich for the abstract formulæ of educational discussion. The undergraduate learns from his fellows innumerable lessons in getting on with other people. He learns, or has the chance to learn, how to use his ideas in action rather than merely how to hold them suspended in his mind. Most Rhodes Scholars would say that Oxford talk is the best talk in the world. I do not believe that this is due so much to any peculiar virtue of the men who compose the university as to the fact that the life is so arranged as to provide the leisure and the stimulus for it. As to its educational value, most Rhodes Scholars would say that the testimony of such diverse characters as Cardinal Newman and Robert Louis Stevenson, which sounds rather extravagant to American ears, was no whit too strong. In the almost unique intimacy and goodfellowship of Oxford life, where for the moment men from every nation and every class are living together and surveying the nations of the earth in human and humorous companionship, the Rhodes Scholar, if he has in him the capacity for wisdom, learns the difference between an abstract formula and a living point of view. It is the seven years of plenty with him, a time when it is bliss to be alive and very heaven to be young. But he feeds intellectually on a rich diet which not every man can digest. The Rhodes Scholar will need all his characteristically scanty store of general information and more than all of the scanty American tolerance of ideas not current in the United States. If he have the capacity for assimilation, if he can become a part of what he meets, he may return from Oxford to the United States a citizen of the world.

Rhodes Scholars are usually athletes, but they have much to learn from Oxford sports, and they take eager pleasure in learning it. The difference between sport at Oxford and sport in the United States is almost the difference between work

and play. In the United States athletics are managed by members of the faculty who have the rare gifts needed for such important work. Teams are coached and trained by experts. The costumes and implements are designed by other experts, all to the end of producing the maximum skill and efficiency of which the human frame and the human mind are capable. The result is greater public interest in athletic contests and probably a higher degree of athletic skill than is the rule in England, though this is difficult to measure, since neither country plays exactly the games which attract the greatest interest in the other.

At Oxford athletics are entirely in the hands of the undergraduates. There are no paid coaches; and if in a given college at a given moment no old player is available to coach the team or the boat, it is not uncommon to apply to the captain of a rival team for some useful suggestions and criticisms, which are sure to be given with the utmost candor and liberality. The management of athletics at Oxford is distinctly amateurish and could undoubtedly be improved in efficiency by American methods. Training is earnest but not scientific. The choosing of the members of crews and teams is left to the captain and such advisers as he may select. There are so many forms of athletics and participation is so nearly universal that there are almost no spectators at college matches, and fewer than in the United States at the major inter-university contests.

This sport for sport's sake at Oxford is one of the finest experiences among the many fine opportunities opened by a Rhodes Scholarship. Freed from the curse of spectators there is no finer moral and social training in the world than sport. Without the spectators, compulsion to win, which makes football such a nerve-racking occupation in the United States, no longer exists. Under the conditions obtaining at Oxford and Cambridge the idea that it would be a thousand times better to lose a game than to commit the slightest

unfair action does not need to be argued. It is taken for granted just as it is taken for granted in every sport in the United States which has not become a spectacle for the crowd. The absence of spectators takes nothing from the keenness of the contest, but it makes that keenness a healthy, normal, human desire to win or to do one's best, rather than a frenzied feeling that the only two courses before the player are victory or suicide. The absence of spectators implies that the Oxford athlete must buy his own togs and pay his own expenses, which men do cheerfully. Playing fields are, of course, owned by the college, and the barge on the river and the expensive shells in which the crews row are paid for by the college boat-club. For the rest men buy their own equipment, and it is no uncommon thing for the members of a team of an Oxford college going to play a college in Cambridge to be assessed so much per head to pay the travelling expenses. All this simplification of sport gives a better opportunity for the emergence of its true moral and social values. These values exist just as truly in American college sports, and it is no small credit to the inherent sportsmanship of American players and coaches that they do persist, in the face of the terrific and often unscrupulous pressure of spectators and supporters who are interested not in the true values of sport but only in victory.

III

The Rhodes Scholar spends one-half of his year at Oxford; he has a six weeks' holiday at Christmas, another five or six weeks at Easter-time, and four months in the summer. It is perhaps fair to say that something like half of what he gets from his experience comes from these vacations, when he has the opportunity to travel in England and on the Continent, and to study European life and languages. Not that the vacations are all play. Under the Oxford system term-time

is the season for mapping out work, covering the ground hastily, getting together books, and listening to lectures: the hard grinding, filling in the chinks and reading round the subject in the way necessary for a creditable showing in the honor examinations must all be done in the vacation. Every vacation a man must make a careful balance between the demands of his Oxford work and the interest of foreign lands. The typical Rhodes Scholar way of doing this is to avoid too much travel, to settle in some English or Continental town, spend five or six hours a day on Oxford studies, and the rest of the day in seeing the sights and in learning the manners, and perhaps the language, of the people. The three years of a Rhodes Scholarship wisely spent will give a man a command of at least one European language, and perhaps a working knowledge of one or two more, together with that kind of understanding of English and Continental life which comes from living with the people, and which does not come from merely travelling through the countries.

Some men confine their vacations to England and the near-by countries of the Continent; some journey farther afield into Russia, the Balkan States, the Near East, and the Holy Land; an occasional Rhodes Scholar finishes off his Oxford career by returning home around the world. Since 1914 Rhodes Scholars have added to their knowledge of European peoples and to the credit of their own country by giving generous service to various movements for European relief during and after the war. Their record in Belgium with Hoover is well known. Not so well known is the fact that they were to be found, before the United States entered the war, with the British and French armies as ambulance-drivers and Y.M.C.A. secretaries—on the European fighting fronts, in Palestine, in India, and even in East Africa. Since the war they have gone almost everywhere with the far-flung line of American and English relief.

The result of these vacations, whether in war-time or in

peace, is that the Rhodes Scholar comes back with some idea not merely of the English way of looking at life, but also of that of two or three European nations. He is an internationalist of a human rather than merely theoretical sort. This can hardly be said to simplify international problems for him. Perhaps it tends instead to give him an idea of their complexity.

If I may speak for myself and for the men whom I know well, I should say that the Rhodes Scholars have drawn from this experience the conclusion that the United States should play a larger and a more generous part in European affairs, that we should look at such problems as our tariff, the question of the participation in the League of Nations, and the question of the collection of war debts from a point of view wider than that of an American country town. No bafflement at the complexity of European national interests, no amount of distrust of the traditional methods of European diplomacy, no criticisms, however valid, of European social systems which, however different, seem, from an American point of view, to resemble each other in the difficulties which they place in the way of the able man of humble origin—none of these can make it any less true that we are one among the family of nations in a very small world rapidly growing smaller. The fact that we do not as a nation understand very much of what has gone on in Europe since the war and do not approve very highly of what we do understand—these facts should not, in the opinion of at least one Rhodes Scholar, prevent America, which has less war fatigue, less danger, and greater strength from taking a wise and generous part in international affairs.

One of the most important things which a Rhodes Scholar gets from his Oxford experience is a changed attitude toward his own country. A Rhodes Scholar always returns to the United States a better American than he was when he went over. The fears which were widely expressed when the

Rhodes will was made public, that three years at Oxford would make British subjects, or at any rate Anglomaniacs out of our American boys, have proved to be without foundation. Out of about six hundred Rhodes Scholars who have been elected since the scheme started in 1904 only one has become a British subject, and the others cannot be told from American college graduates, who have not enjoyed that experience, by any tendency to use the English accent or a monocle. Practically all the Rhodes Scholars have returned to the United States to live. A few have gone abroad as members of the diplomatic corps of the United States, or as representatives of American newspapers or business firms. The largest single group living abroad are those who have become American missionaries in China, and perhaps no Rhodes Scholars are better placed to serve their country than are these.

The Rhodes Scholar comes back a better American than he was when he went over, but he comes back less of a jingo. The jingo, like every other blusterer, is a man who is at heart not sure of his own cause. The attitude of the United States toward England has been for a century one of sensitiveness to criticism, of resentment of fancied slights on our own manners and culture, of a disposition to undervalue those intellectual and artistic achievements in which Europe has excelled us, and to overvalue those political and material goods in which we have excelled Europe. The American has often carried a chip on his shoulder because he was secretly conscious in some points of his own inferiority. The American Rhodes Scholar sees that he need take that attitude no longer. The energy and idealism of the people of the United States, and the good fortune of her position, have brought America to a place where she need no longer envy other nations their points of excellence, where her cue should be to thank God for her own blessings, to admire frankly and

to study carefully the best of other countries in order, if possible, to add all good things to her own heritage.

The Rhodes Scholar sees this. He learns at Oxford and in England and on the Continent that his country, if not always in all things admired, is nevertheless never held in contempt by those whose opinions matter, but always respected, and, indeed, often admired beyond its deserts. He learns this best perhaps in Oxford, where young men from all nations live together in good-fellowship and discuss international problems with humanity and humour. The effect upon the American Rhodes Scholar is to teach him to hold up his head as the Cook's tourist does not. He finds that the angry flush no longer mounts to his cheek at an English criticism of the internal arrangements of a Pullman sleeping-car. His heart does not always fill with unalloyed national pride at an English sporting undergraduate's admiration of the fact that sixty thousand people spend a quarter of a million dollars to see a Harvard-Yale game.

The American Rhodes Scholar learns to respect his country as the jingo never does. He learns to be jealous of her action in those things that matter. Living in a country where, because of the extent of that League of Nations called the British Empire, international problems are discussed more constantly and more intelligently than anywhere else on earth, he learns, or begins to learn, the lesson of the interdependence of nations; he learns to realize the necessity of understanding and serving the interests of others in order best to serve our own.

In the mere matter of foreign commerce the American Rhodes Scholar sees how interwoven are our interests with the prosperity of the whole world, a fact not generally realized by that great body of our citizens who are dependent on that commerce for bread, or at any rate for luxuries. And he comes back with the longing to have his country, which responds so quickly and so generously to the

call of the plague-stricken and the starving, respond also to that less piercing but more important call of the best men of all nations for the help of the strongest in meeting the problems of the day, which, however met, threaten to tax the strength of civilization. And he would translate that call into action in our tariff legislation, in our attitude toward the League of Nations and toward the repayment of the Allied debts.

The Rhodes Scholar gets out of his Oxford experience an international point of view. He also gets from it a new conception of the kinship of the English-speaking nations of the world. One of the great surprises in store for him is the similarity which he finds between his own point of view and that of the Rhodes Scholars from the British Dominions —Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. And as he returns time after time from the Continent, he wakes up with surprise to find that the differences which he noted at first, not always with approval, between English ways and his own are, as he learns to look beneath the surface, less significant, and that when he lands at Dover he begins to feel at home. Not that he learns to admire everything English. The typical Rhodes Scholar soon learns to talk and think less and less about "the English" as such. He thinks with Englishmen of like ideas, believing in one party and distrusting the others, feeling at home in one social group and disapproving of the ways of others, just as he would at home. He will not approve of all Englishmen, but he learns to argue with all of them, which is the important thing. Finally, he wakes up to the discovery, rarely made on this side of the Atlantic, that our civilization is English at bottom, and that common speech and common law are only significant of a common way of looking at life—a common belief in freedom, in individual effort, and in sportsmanship, which are the real heritage of the Anglo-Saxon race. And he comes to see, as Rhodes saw, that this code of life which preserves

the peace among single men of wide individual differences, which stimulates individual initiative and yet makes possible common action, which places justice and integrity above cleverness, which loves institutions and distrusts logic, which (usually) makes reforms slowly, anxious always to unite the best of the old with the best of the new, trying to repair the building of the state rather than to tear it down and rebuild it again—that this point of view distinguishes the whole English-speaking race from the French of 1789, the Germans of 1914, and the Russians of 1920. He is likely to come furthermore to the belief that this point of view, if it could be applied to international problems as it has been so successfully to disputes between man and man, would work out slowly but surely the riddle of these perplexing times. Perhaps this is the truest and most valuable of all the ideas which the American Rhodes Scholar gets from Oxford.

LABOR AND LEISURE *

By Logan Pearsall Jacks

In the last lecture I suggested that the idea of civilization as diseased is getting a dangerous hold. The dangers are: (1) that the mind of society becomes unwholesomely inverted upon itself, like that of a valetudinarian who is constantly feeling his pulse and taking his temperature with a clinical thermometer; (2) that we come to rely upon remedies, upon legislative drugs, and so contract the social drug-habit; (3) that we suffer ourselves to be exploited by quacks, who make a living out of our fears.

While admitting that functional disorders of a grave kind exist, I cannot accept the theory of organic disease. In evidence that this theory is not sound I cited the extraordinary powers of endurance which the nations of the world displayed in the late disastrous War, and are still displaying in the disastrous peace which followed it. Believing that man is made as much for the endurance of pain as for the avoidance of it, I submitted that our civilization, under a test of pain as severe as any we can conceive, has come bravely off and proved its mettle, which a diseased civilization could hardly have done. I then went on to argue that the theory of a diseased civilization has its origin in certain paltry notions about happiness, and about man's right to be happy, which have held their ground in popular thought in spite of discredit in the high places of philosophy. A human being, I said, is not to be thought of as created for the small-scale manufacture of happiness, nor society as created for mass production of that ambiguous article.

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At the end of all this, I was left with a formidable question. If man is not created for the production of happiness, what, in heaven's name, is he created for? To this question I now address myself.

No originality in this matter is now possible. The question before us was answered some twenty-three centuries ago, in a perfectly intelligible and profoundly significant manner, by Aristotle.

The business of philosophy is not so much to explain things as to find the things that explain themselves. This last is by far the more difficult operation of the two—at least it demands a higher order of genius. In our time we have grown so accustomed to approaching our problems through a fog of abstractions—such as "mind" and "matter," for example—that the thing which explains itself has become impossible to find. In many cases, indeed, the fog has reached such a point of density that philosophy, stuck fast in the midst of it, has come to the conclusion that the fog itself is the reality we are in search of. In Aristotle's time it was different. The fog-bank of abstractions was then no more than a light and transparent mist, through which the things that explain themselves could be readily seen—though even then, no doubt, the eye of genius was needed to see them. That it is that makes Greek philosophy, especially that of Plato and Aristotle, so profitable an exercise for our modern minds. It enables us to see through the fog of abstractions, of empty phraseology, in which the modern habit of thought has wrapped almost everything we think about.

Aristotle's philosophy of man is a notable case in point. It is a vision of man seen in a light in which he explains himself. Like all things which explain themselves it is, of course, difficult to understand—difficult, I mean, to us moderns, who have been trained to reach our conclusions by circuitous reasonings, and have lost the faculty, which marks the deepest philosophy, of looking into the heart of a fact.

This faculty Aristotle possessed in a high degree, and he exercised it, very beautifully, in his doctrine of man.

It was something like this. Aristotle placed before his mind's eye the figure of a living man, in all the plenitude of his manhood. He saw him there, standing erect, alert and ready, with the fire of life radiating from his person, with all his powers, aptitudes, capacities, and versatilities imprinted on his body and expressed on his countenance. Aristotle looked him up and down; examined the attitudes and parts of him one by one; his upright carriage, his eye gazing into the distance, his lips breaking out into speech, and above all his hands, his wonderful hands with their five mysterious fingers. Then, putting the parts together, he took in the vision as a whole, deeply meditating on the subject before him; and finally, with a directness rare in philosophy, he asked himself this question—What is that fine creature *for?* What does the cut of him suggest? Happiness? Smooth-flowing enjoyment? Not at all! That fine creature is for *action.* With that keen eye of his, looking out into the distance for opportunities, with that alert figure ready to start forward, with those five mysterious fingers eager for occupation, and with all the rest of him, who can doubt for a moment that this creature was meant for *action*—for undertaking difficult enterprises, for embarking on long expeditions by sea and by land, for achieving the highest excellence on a thousand roads, for enduring tremendous strains and protracted vigils, for sweeping and majestic operations, for standing hard knocks from fate and from circumstance—aye, and for giving hard knocks in return? Action the end of him! Action the meaning of him! Action is what the fine creature is *for!* It came in a flash, and down went the first principle of Aristotle's anthropology—*the end of man is an action.*

Compare that with the "paltry speculation" about happiness which arose in England about the time of that dis-

reputable monarch Charles II and afterwards spread like a poisonous miasma over both sides of the Atlantic—"happiness our being's end and aim." Compare it, you young men, and make your choice. Take it with you into the abodes of luxury and idleness and tell it out to the people there who are bored to death. Arm yourselves with it when the quack doctors come along with their remedies for "unhappiness." Remember it when you are unhappy yourselves, as no power on earth can prevent you from being sometimes, and let it silence your complaints, whether they be against the universe or against your fellow men. The end of man is an action!

When Aristotle had finished with the individual he turned to the state. Or rather, he began discoursing about the state, for he had been thinking about it all the time he had been looking on the individual and asking himself what the fine creature was for. He had seen the state prefigured in that individual—another fine creature, growing out of the first and again entering into him as the principle of his action, and helping his action to keep true to its appointed path—which is the pursuit of excellence in everything that his hand or his brain finds to do. The state, for Aristotle, is, in essence, an educational enterprise, just as it was for Plato. What else can it be when he defines it as "a means to the good life," as a principle entering into the lifeblood of the citizen and helping him not to live only, but to live *well*—a different thing from the happiness factory which the social doctors of today expect the state to be, and condemn it as diseased for not being?

I have sometimes wondered what Aristotle would say if he were to come to life again and inspect the modern state as we are trying to run it in these days. What form would *his* "diagnosis" take? "The trouble of your state, of your social system," he would say, "comes from the fact that for a long time past you have been trying to run it as a happiness factory, which it can never be and was never meant to

be. But there is nothing fundamentally wrong with it—no fatal disease. The part which helps you to live the good life is still there, the principle is still at work. Develop that part of it, the educational part, the humanistic part, cease thinking of the state as a physic shop for providing you with remedies for your unhappiness, and you will find in a generation or two that you have better states and better relations between states than have ever existed before."

There is only one thing more I have to say about Aristotle, and it is by way of answering a possible criticism. "Aristotle," the critic will say, "is not so indifferent to happiness as you make out. Is there not a thing called *εὐδαιμονία*[1] which he promises to those who live the good life? And what, pray is *εὐδαιμονία* but happiness—smooth-flowing enjoyment?"

I answer, it is nothing of the kind. *Εὐδαιμονία* means "good demonship." And the matter is just this: that if you live a good life you will have a good demon; you will be a well-demoned or *εὐδαίμων* man. And what will your good demon do for you? Well, he will open your eyes. He will teach you to look into the heart of the fact. He will give you those flashes of intuition which reveal the reality of things. He will guide you in hitting the mark. Your good demon will correct you; he will correct the distortions of your vision, and you will be "happy" in the sense that the man is "happy" whom the Lord correcteth. You will find reality. You will hit the mark. Live the good life, then, and this *εὐδαιμονία*, this good demonship, this constant correction by the Lord, shall most assuredly be yours. The man blessed with a good demon, said the pagan; the man blessed with the fellowship of the Holy Spirit, said the Christian.

With this doctrine before us, this ancient doctrine of man as a being made for activity, and of society as a means to improving the quality of his actions, let us now translate it into terms appropriate to the industrial civilization of our

[1] *εὐδαιμονία* eudaimonia.

time. That can be done in a sentence. The activity through which men and nations are now to realize themselves is the thing we call *labor,* the actual contribution which each of them is making, by the work of the body or the work of the mind, to the value of the common life. Man, a creator of values; labor as the activity through which those values are to be created; the state as a means of educating and organizing his labors so that real values may come out at the end of them; this is the conception of man, and of the state, that I now commend to you in place of that other and debased conception—of man as made for happiness, and of the state as a contrivance for the mass production of that article.

If you accept the substitution, what follows? It follows that your responsibilities as a citizen will focus on the duty of making your life, through your labor, productive of real value, and of helping your fellow citizens to use their lives in the same manner. How that may be done best I shall explain more fully in my lecture on education—for it is obviously an educational enterprise that is here involved. Enough for the moment if we are clear on the general principle, and see the immense expansion of social duty, and feel the deeper sense of responsibility that follows from it. Social duty is no longer a mere question of making the right use of your vote for the promotion of happiness. It becomes the question of making the right use of your whole personality, of your whole life, and of helping others to do the same, for the creation of real value. Your vocation, whatever it may be, is now the great field of social service, in which, through the labor that has fallen to you, you make your contribution of excellent performance. The well doing of everything that needs to be done is now your motto, and the motto of the entire community of which you are a member.

I offer you that as the translation into terms appropriate to our highly complex industrial civilization of Aristotle's doctrine that the end of man is activity—the well doing of

everything that needs to be done, on the great field of human labor. I offer it as indicating the only possible line on which industrial civilization can advance to better things. When its significance has been fully grasped, and when all that botheration about "happiness" has been finally got rid of, we shall be in the way to a renaissance, to a great revival—a revival of the arts, to begin with—for art is nothing else than the well doing of what needs to be done; then a revival of morality—for there can be no sound morality while men are scamping their jobs; and, lastly, a revival of religion—because there can be no religion which is not in its essence a religion of work—a dedication of one's life to the pursuit of excellence in all the labors belonging to our place in the social complex.

It is not the labor of any particular class, such as the manual workers, that we are here concerned with, but the labor of the whole community in the endless variety of occupations, from the simplest to the most highly specialized, from digging in the ground to governing the state, from the bench of the carpenter to the operating table of the surgeon, from the stoke-hold of the ship, where men are shoveling coals into a furnace, to the studio of the artist, where things of beauty are being created. We need to think of all that as though it were a single whole, but a whole made up of an immense number of functions, which are not really separate, but all connected and mutually dependent, all united and woven together with the general task of carrying on the life of society from year to year and from century to century. The whole community may be considered as though it were a single laboring unit, with ten thousand different tasks distributed among its members, all linked together into the one common task which we call civilization. Looking at labor in that synoptic manner, one may say, in homely language, that society has only one job to offer to its members. The name of it is civilization, or, if you prefer, progress. We may

be farmers or statesmen, carpenters or surgeons, stokers or artists, teachers, lawyers, shopkeepers, clergymen—what you will; but these vocations are only the different names we have for our different contributions to the one task we all share in common, that of carrying forward the work of civilization, which is the work of the ages, and which some call the Kingdom of God.

It is a fruitful way of looking at the matter. For certain purposes, of course, we have to look at labor piecemeal, to consider its different varieties one by one. But when we have done that, when we have analyzed labor into the various trades and callings, and considered what is due to each, then we need to bring them all together again, and see them combining with one another into the unitary task which society as a whole has to accomplish, the vision of the world's labor as a unitary operation. In that way we shall see what a tremendous task we are confronted with in these days—that, namely, of keeping the good which civilization has won already and then carrying it on to something better; we shall see this task demanding from each of us the uttermost of his strength and his courage; each separate function will be ennobled by this vision of the great whole to which it contributes; we shall be more anxious to make our own work a real contribution to it, and not a sham one; and above all we shall be more ready to value the contributions which other men and other nations are making, and without which our own would not be possible. The more that view of the matter sinks into our minds the more unwilling we shall be to waste our energies in mutual quarrels and in wars, and the more eager we shall become to devise means of coöperation, of pulling together.

Conceiving labor, then, as the "action" through which industrial civilization is to realize whatever higher possibilities are hidden within it, let us now ask what leisure is, and

how it stands related to the general responsibilities of the citizen.

Leisure is commonly thought of in terms which represent it as the opposite of labor, as a state when responsibility approaches the vanishing point, when exertion ceases, and the worker gives himself up to rest and enjoyment. In the hours of labor we do our duty; in the hours of leisure we have no duty but abandon ourselves to impulse and inclination.

There is an element of truth in this conception, especially in the emphasis it lays on the necessity of rest. But if taken as the whole truth about leisure it leads to conclusions which are absurd and disastrous.

So far as leisure means the state of having nothing to do, of having no duties to perform but only inclinations to follow, there is no prospect that leisure will ever become the general lot of mankind. The indications point in the opposite direction. If the world of our day has little room for idle people, the world of the future will have still less. There are no signs that I can see that society is advancing toward a workless state of existence, when men will be able to live the life of lotus-eaters. In the kind of civilization we have created, everybody is needed to put his shoulders to the wheel, and in the higher civilization which is to arise out of this, our posterity shall be more fully employed than we are. The higher our civilization becomes, the more it will demand of us all in the way of vigor, industry, skill, and forethought. The challenge of labor is an increasing challenge; the higher powers are not going to make things easier at that point. They will continue in the future as in the past to give society a task proportioned to its powers. As intelligence increases, as science becomes more efficient, as organization becomes more perfect, as liberty becomes more real, we may look out for a corresponding increase in the demand for industry, for courage, for loyalty. To each man according

to his several ability. To each age according to its several ability. I see no prospect of a workless civilization—of a state of things when unemployment will be abolished through the abolition of employment, as a wag recently suggested it might be.

What then is leisure? Well, if you look into it you will find this: that our leisure, especially when we are actively following our impulses, *is the time when we are making the greatest demands on the services of our fellow men.* It has been said, with a great deal of truth, that one man's leisure is another man's labor. Our enjoyments, even our refined enjoyments, are possible only because a host of silent workers are providing us with the means for enjoying ourselves. Behind your leisure and mine lies the toil of the silent multitudes. We do well to remember it.

In Mr. Bertrand Russell's book [2] to which I referred in my last lecture, he draws a distinction between labor and leisure of the type I am now criticizing. He treats them as opposites of one another. Labor stands for that part of our life where we are the servants of society, acting under orders. Leisure is that other and better part where we are free men and doing what we please. The object at which we should aim, thinks Mr. Russell, is to reduce the labor, or servant part, to the minimum, and to increase the leisure, or free part, to a maximum. Mr. Russell's view of labor strikes me as somewhat aristocratic, though the book itself, like all his books, is very far from being written in the aristocratic interest. He looks upon labor, on the hammering, and plowing, and machine-minding, as a necessary nuisance, as so much boredom—he uses that word several times—which nevertheless has to be put up with in order that society may be provided with the necessaries of life. The very opposite, you will observe, to the view taken by Carlyle, who defined labor as the honor and glory of man and the passport to

[2] Bertrand Russell's book, *The Prospects of Industrial Civilization.*

everything that makes life worth living. Mr. Russell thinks further that if science, our great ally, were properly applied to the industrial process, the amount of this drudgery or boredom might be reduced to four hours a day for every man, all the rest becoming leisure in which the worker would be under no man's orders and free to enjoy himself according to his tastes.

Among the leisure occupations which Mr. Russell thinks will become possible when work has been reduced to four hours a day, I note the following—art, science, thought, contemplation of the universe, enjoyment of the beauties of nature, friendship, and love. Let us look at a few of these leisure occupations and see what they involve.

Art, science, and thought are the most strenuous occupations of man. If you would make good in any of these you must scorn delights and live laborious days! To produce a masterpiece in art, you must go lean for many days, and the passers-by will say of you as they said of Dante, "This man surely has been in hell." In the sweat of thy brow, in the sweat of thy brain, shalt thou *think*, shalt thou achieve the great discoveries of science, the great creations of art!

Then as to the enjoyment of natural beauty. Would you enjoy a mountain? You must climb it. Would you enjoy the loveliness of the dawn? You must be wide awake and stirring betimes. Would you watch the wild animals at play in the jungle? You must run the risk of being eaten by a lion. Would you behold the majesty of darkness—those mighty apparitions that march across the heavens with the star-diadems on their brows? Then you must watch far into the night, with all your faculties at the stretch, till the glowworm pales his ineffectual fire. There is no laziness in leisure of this kind.

And what shall we say of love, as an occupation for our leisure time? Well! Is not the abode of the beloved mostly guarded by a dragon? Your sword must be sharp, your hand

steady, and your heart valiant. Is Hero keeping her lonely vigil on the further shore? You must swim the Hellespont to get there. Is Beatrice waiting your arrival in the earthly Paradise? You must go through hell, and there is no other way. If you are out for the leisure which consists in following your impulses you had better keep clear of all that. "The end of man is an action." Here also the antithesis between labor and leisure completely breaks down.

It comes to this, then. The principle that man's end is an action meets us on every level of life. Met on one level we find that man's life is labor, met on another we find that it is art, science, thought, beauty, human fellowship, and love—the occupations of his so-called leisure. All is of one piece. Leisure is not inaction, but a higher kind of activity. And the problem of our civilization, as I conceive it, is not to reduce labor in favor of leisure—Mr. Russell's method—but to raise labor to those levels of excellence which make it worthy of a man. The transfiguration of labor—the transfiguration of it from a burden that crushes him into a culture that ennobles him; to start labor from the beginning toward those higher activities in which it should end, so that art, science, love, and religion instead of standing aloof from it, and apart from it, may come down into it and make it their own. A tremendous problem—a task for giants! But that fine creature whose measure was taken by Aristotle can tackle it—a being not made for the paltry business of hunting after happiness and whining because he cannot find it, but for undertaking distant enterprises, and bearing heavy strains, and embarking on operations of great scope and majesty.

ON AMERICAN LEISURE *

By Irwin Edman

The best test of the quality of a civilization is the quality of its leisure. Not what the citizens of a commonwealth do when they are obliged to do something by necessity, but what they do when they can do anything by choice, is the criterion of a people's life. One can tell much about a man by noting the objects and pastimes to which he spontaneously turns for joy. The same may be said of a nation. It was a suggestive comment of Maxim Gorky's on visiting Coney Island, "What an unhappy people it must be that turns for happiness here." The most serious criticism levelled against American civilization is not that its work is standardized and its business engulfing, but that its pleasures are mechanical and its leisure slavish. It is not that we have not time. Foreign observers are repeatedly astonished at the number of hours an ever-increasing number of Americans have to themselves. It is not time that we lack, but leisure.

Leisure is indeed an affair of mood and atmosphere rather than simply of the clock. It is not a chronological occurrence but a spiritual state. It is unhurried pleasurable living among one's native enthusiasms. Leisure consists of those pauses in our lives when experience is a fusion of stimulation and repose. Genuine leisure yields at once a feeling of vividness and a sense of peace. It consists of moments so clear and pleasant in themselves that one might wish they were eternal.

For traveled Americans at least the best illustrations and memories of such experience will come from abroad. For

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one it will be the recollection of keen but casual conversation at tea on a lawn in Sussex or Surrey. For another it will be the image of two friends chatting over coffee and liquors at an *al fresco* table on a boulevard in Paris. Another will remember a stroll in an Italian piazza or the long, dignified peace of an evening in a London club.

It is not that one cannot find domestic images, too, of a quality of leisure that seems to be passing almost completely out of the American scene. Many a middle-aged American, in the midst of a life crowded with social as well as business or professional obligations, will recall some rare hour that in its golden and gratuitous irrelevance seems to belong not in the realm of time but in the careless length of eternity, an afternoon spent browsing without purpose in a library or walking without the thought of time or destination on the quiet windings of an unfrequented country road. One recalls conversations lightly begun after dinner and meandering through wreaths of smoke into unexpected depths and intensities until long after an unnoticed midnight. One remembers some incredibly remote year when one wrote by hand a letter that flowed on as if ink and paper and ideas would never end.

But for Americans the word "leisure" has distinctively Old World associations. That is partly because some Americans have there known it best. Cut off from the pressure and compulsions of their normal occupations at home, they have moved with freedom amid the grace of a leisurely tradition. But there is a deeper reason which lies in the contrast between that European tradition and our own. The quality of leisure in Europe is partly the heritage of a long leisure-class tradition, partly the patience of peoples that have the sense of age and are not obsessed with hastening toward the new and building the possible in a hurry. In our own civilization, originally and in spirit partly pioneer, there is

a working- rather than a leisure-class tradition, and the impress and atmosphere of work have come to control our lives even when we are not working. To be busy has been with us a primary virtue, and even our play has had to find a place for itself as a kind of business.

A number of years ago Professor Veblen in his *Theory of the Leisure Class* tried to point out how the traditions and interests of a leisure class had shaped our tastes and our morals. A quite plausible volume might be written on the thesis that the pursuit of leisure in our civilization is determined by our traditions of work; we carry the morals and ideals of an essentially industrial, essentially business civilization over into our play. Leisure—a quiet and emancipated absorption in things and doings for their own sake—has always seemed to us effeminate and exotic. We wish leisure for relief, for release, for escape; for instruction, enlightenment, or advancement. There is something immoral about moments that are good in themselves. There is probably no other country in the world where idleness is one of the deadly sins.

With us, therefore, leisure has been a melodramatic escape into excitement, or a moralistic flight into self-improvement. We oscillate between night clubs and outlines of culture. Everyone has at some time or other been present at a determinedly gay party. He has seen ordinarily quiet, intelligent people become wilfully noisy and stupid. He has seen men and women, separately delightful and entertaining, prance about loudly, screaming vulgarities, acting the "grown-up babies of the age." And his pain has been increased by a sense that none of these people cared to do the silly things they were doing. They drank more than they really wished to, and uttered hiccoughing nonsense that they despised themselves.

Everyone, likewise, has listened to a group of people at

dinner or afterwards, talk with obligatory boredom about the modish books and play and ideas. Spontaneity, which is of the essence of any truly spiritual life, flies out of the conversation and out of the window, when "culture" becomes deliberate. We settle down as grimly to being serious as we settle down to being silly. Between the foolish and the funereal we have managed to find no middle course.

II

Of escapes from the pressure of an increasingly mechanized life to occasional outbursts of excitement or triviality there is much to be said. At least it may be said for them that they are natural, perhaps needful, refuges from a world whose tightly woven days would otherwise be unbearable. It is perhaps a sad commentary on the angular and constricted lives we lead that we should have to seek such lurid or futile ways to peace. But it is not to be wondered at that, living in such a world of routine, we should plunge ever so often into the loud nonsense of inane parties, wallow in the absurd pathos and comedy of the screen, or fall enraptured victims to successive crazes of footless puzzles and dull games. We may be forgiven our excursions to musical comedies without wit or music, and conversational evenings without humanity or ideas. The contemporary citizen is vexed beyond his own realization by the humdrum unthrilling pressure of his days; he craves naturally now and then an opportunity to be trivial, irresponsible, and absurd.

But the irony of our situation lies in the fact that even when we try to escape into triviality or foolishness we make a serious and standardized business of it. One can pardon occasional madness in a sober civilization, but there is something pathetic, almost ghastly, in soberly making madness a routine. The half-drunken gaiety that has become the ac-

companiment of much respectable social life is a sad determined business. Orgy has become a social obligation; dissipation a prescription to the weary, the repressed, and the disenchanted. It becomes as much a social obligation to play a new game or have a new thrill as to read a new book or wear a current collar or hat. Any number of "nice" people go systematically about becoming on occasion trivial, foolish, or mad. It is as if the American could not stop being efficient when he wanted to, and had to be gay or trivial or ecstatic with the same thoroughness and strained energy with which he might build a business or a skyscraper.

There are other reasons besides our own solemn efficiency that have been transforming our attempts to amuse ourselves into pale and standard routines. The same forces that have gone into the big business of providing our necessities have gone into the big business of providing our amusements. One may glamorously state the possibilities of the radio, the universalization of beautiful music and distinguished thought. One may talk as one will about the possible high art of the moving picture, marvel as one will at the new mechanical perfections of the phonograph. There is no question but that these are at their best mechanical. They turn our leisure into a passive receptivity of standard mediocre amusement. They provide almost nothing of that spontaneous sense of individual living which is part of the repose and stimulation of leisure. It is not pleasant to realize that our leisure is taking on the color—or colorlessness—of the rest of our lives; that we are becoming stereotypes in our play as in our work. The most serious spiritual danger of the Industrial Revolution is that it has come to mechanize and industrialize not merely things but the spirit as well.

When a man is at leisure we like to say he is free to be himself, but if his freedom consists in efficiently amusing himself according to the standard formulas or subjecting

himself to the passive reception of standard amusements, he is not free at all.

But while leisure has in one direction gone toward conventional amusement and stereotyped triviality, in another direction it has become a kind of elegant overtime work. The latest use we have found for leisure is to make it useful. Its usefulness, which might have been supposed to be that it was a good in itself, has been transformed into its possibility as a means of systematic self-improvement. Correspondence courses, outlines of knowledge, scrapbooks of learning —agencies not always disinterested—have been trying to teach us what we might do with our unharnessed moments if only we would harness them. A little less carousal and a little less bridge, and we might become heirs to all of Western culture, or experts in philosophy or French. There is a revealing irrelevance in the reasons assigned for turning the casual moments of our lives to the pursuit of knowledge. It is not that knowledge will render us self-possessed and whole, that it will give wings to our imagination and give a larger, clearer, and sweeter horizon to our lives. It is that knowledge, or a smattering of it, will make us successful or respected, that a veneer of garbled French will reveal our breeding, or a parade of the names of philosophers testify to our intellectual curiosity. There is possibly no clearer index to the remoteness of a native American culture than the eager indiscriminate voracity with which Americans gobble up tabloid versions of fields of expert knowledge. Far from meaning that we have turned to the love of wisdom, it means that we have turned our idle hours into the hurried business of getting short cuts to knowledge. Outlines simply are a way of applying efficiency to culture as well as to business. Their very essence is to say that here is all philosophy or history or literature for those who have not the patience or sympathy to explore any corner of any of them with disinterested delight. Worst of all, they have

taken from leisure its saving essence—the sense of doing some lovely thing for its own lovable sake.

III

There are aristocratic pessimists in our midst who hold that leisure in the sense of a fine spontaneous use of free time is increasingly impossible in America. They point to the facts cited in the foregoing and to other equally distressing social habits. The omnipresence of the automobile is not simply a temptation to literal speed, but has come to be a symbol for speed in spiritual matters as well. The only excitement in any activity, even in the pursuit of truth, is the excitement of going fast. It is for that reason, they insist, that there is no country where ideas become popular so fast as in America, no country where, half-learned, they are so quickly outmoded and forgotten. A book is the book of a month or at most a season, and the rapid-transit reader comes to forswear books for the reviews of them, and forswear reviews for excerpts from them in a synthetic magazine.

It is pointed out again, and with justice, that the multiplication of physical luxuries and physical distractions is a constant intruder upon that collectedness of spirit in which alone leisure can come to being. Serenity and integrity are menaced as much by the telephone as by any single invention of the last century. Long quiet waves of time have become almost impossible in evenings shattered by radios, by movies, and by the constant seduction and noise of the automobile. Speculation begins in a dreaming fantasy; meditation in reverie. In our contemporary urban world one almost never has a chance to achieve that half-drowsy detachment in which fantasy and reverie begin. We are kept too wide-awake ever to be really at peace or in thought. Finally, in a country where there is still a glamorous sense of un-

limited opportunity the desire for first place makes almost impossible that freedom and detachment which leave one free to follow an impulse for its own self-rewarding delight.

The desire for speed, the desire for luxury, the desire for first place—these are indeed three deadly enemies of leisure. In the current movement of American life there is not much prospect of radically overcoming them. But there are portents of a change in our point of view that may portend a radical change in our practice.

There are growing evidences of a hunger for quiet and unhurried living among an increasing number of Americans. One cannot—nor would one—abolish the telephone or the automobile. There is no use in sighing for an anachronistic Paradise. It is impossible to transform life in New York in the twentieth century into the retirement of a rectory in Kent in the eighteenth. One cannot in the noise and hurry of a Western metropolitan winter pretend one is living in the timeless unconcern of an Eastern tropical island.

But part of our difficulty lies not in the impossibility of our circumstances, but in the blindness of our philosophy. If we once learned to rediscover the values of quiet spaces in our lives we should find a way to find them. There is time to be had even in New York or Chicago, and solitude even among crowds. One need not follow Thoreau into the wilderness to practise his isolation, nor Buddha into the desert to achieve his meditation. There is peace in a city apartment if one will but stay at home an evening to find it, and Nirvana to be found at home in one's own mind.

Ultimately the lack of leisure is lack of spiritual integration. We flee to society, dull though it be, through the fear of the greater dullness of being alone. We hurtle along at a breakneck speed, physically and spiritually, for fear of the drabness and futility we might feel if we slowed down. Any number of people are suddenly becoming aware of that situation and honest with themselves; are beginning to

realize how much leisure one might have if one had enough faith in one's own resources. One need not let life be shattered into a splintered busyness by a routine absorption into social evenings which give one a standard good time. The rediscovery of solitude is being made by Americans, and with that rediscovery come many other delightful things: the chance to do nothing at all, not even talk, and the chance out of that interlude to follow a fancy or meditate a dream. Many a good citizen, given a chance to be alone with himself for an evening, might discover for the first time the quality of his own character, the contours of taste and interest that make him a personality as well as a jobholder and taxpayer. In such an interval a man may discover a hobby that will be for him a substitute for creative genius. He may not paint, write, or compose, but he may learn to do something indelibly himself and make something incredibly his own.

But in the golden days of leisure, in the spacious and graceful society of the Renaissance or the English country house, obviously men and women did not retire into their own souls away from the stimulation of other people. Good conversation is certainly one of the most enlivening ways of leisure, and good conversation is something between solemnity and absurdity. In America, of late, we have had to choose between talking on "subjects" solemnly and schematically, or babbling nonsense, doing anything rather than talk. We are, I think, beginning to learn again the joy of conversation, a light and easy play of minds and tempers over common human themes. We have grown a little weary of talk that is all smart and burnished; we have grown tired, too, of talk that sounds like the overflow program of a literary club. We are learning again that the meeting of minds and moods is one of the sweetest and most amiable fruits of human society. It has its own novelties and excitements no less than the automobile, radio, and bridge.

Not but that these last have their own special value as the pure gold of leisure. Even the mania for speed has about it something of the quality of poetry. No one who on some moonlight night has sped along a country road will deny the sheer poetical appeal there is in the ease and freedom of speed. But the automobile has made the more peaceful kind of leisure possible as it never was before. It has brought the city dweller within easy reach of green and solitude. It has made neighbors of involuntary hermits. The radio, too, for all its blare of tawdry music, has put millions within the reach of formerly impossible musical beauty. It has brought Beethoven to the farmer and to apartment dwellers who could never be lured to Carnegie Hall. And bridge, sniffed at by the cultured moralist, has its own justification. It is a diverting and harmless adventure of the mind and has for its devotees its own glories of wonder and conflict and surprise. If all these things are less interesting ultimately than conversation it is because we are social minds rather than aleatory machines.

IV

There is, paradoxically enough, an incredible romanticism in our efficient impatience with leisure. We chase as madly as any early nineteenth-century German poet the Blue Flower of Happiness always beyond the hill. It is for that reason that we cannot take our idleness for the happiness it is; we try to turn it into an instrument toward the happiness it may bring. It may bring all knowledge into our province, or all salaries into our reach. It is for that reason that we have turned to outlines of knowledge and courses in success. But here, too, a change in spirit is notable.

There are men one knows who have made the surprised and delighted discovery that it is possible, if not to become hastily omniscient, at least to become patiently at home in

some small field of knowledge or some tiny technic or art. It is not easy or particularly joyous to go into the whole vague history of mankind; but it is possible with pleasure to know one period or one decade of American history, or the story of one man or one movement. Only an octogenarian genius can master the whole of comparative literature; but anyone can carve out a little pathway of poetry or prose, make one author, one genre, one theme his own, be it Trollope or sonnets, whaling or ballades. It is not possible for every man to be an artist; but almost anyone can learn to draw or model, to play an instrument or plant a garden. In England one meets omniscient people no more than in America; nor are artists in every lane. But there are thousands of unpretentious lawyers or business men who made some intimate little field of knowledge or thought their own, or have learned to do one modest little hobby well.

We may talk much about the future of America, and think to measure its destiny by statistics of its educational, economic, or political changes. But the outlook for our country lies in the quality of its idleness almost as much as anything else.

Shall we then always alternate between trivial escapes into foolishness and solemn plunges into exploitation of our moments of repose? For us, as for Aristotle, there must be a golden mean. We may learn still to be at peace long enough to think and dream after our own fashion. We may learn to be together and be gay without being rowdy. We may learn to be expert in some little territory of art or thought or science without losing the amateur touch. We may still find time to live rather than time to kill.

If we do, we shall have learned what the spiritual life really means. For it means nothing more than those moments in experience when we have some free glint of life for its own sake, some lovely unforced glimmer of laughter or reason or love.

THE DECLINE OF CONVERSATION *

By Albert Jay Nock

The more one thinks of it, the more one finds in Goethe's remark that the test of civilization is conversation. The common method of rating the civilization of peoples by what they have got and what they have done is really a poor one; for some peoples who have got much and done a great deal strike one at once as less civilized than others who have got little and done little. Prussia, for example, was relatively a poor state a century ago, while fifteen years ago it was rich and active; yet one would hardly say that the later Prussia was as civilized a country as the Prussia of Frederick's time. Somewhat the same might be said of Tudor England and modern England. The civilization of a country consists in the quality of life that is lived there, and this quality shows plainest in the things that people choose to talk about when they talk together, and in the way they choose to talk about them.

It can be taken for granted, I suppose, that man has certain fundamental instincts which must find some kind of collective expression in the society in which he lives. The first and fundamental one is the instinct of expansion, the instinct for continuous improvement in material well-being and economic security. Then there is the instinct of intellect and knowledge, the instinct of religion and morals, of beauty and poetry, of social life and manners. Man has always been more or less consciously working towards a state of society which should give collective expression to these instincts. If society does not give expression to them, he is dissatisfied

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and finds life irksome, because every unused or unanswered instinct becomes a source of uneasiness and keeps on nagging and festering within him until he does something about it. Moreover, human society, to be permanently satisfactory, must not only express all these instincts, but must express them all in due balance, proportion, and harmony. If too much stress be laid on any one, the harmony is interrupted, uneasiness and dissatisfaction arise and, if the interruption persists, disintegration sets in. The fall of nations, the decay and disappearance of whole civilizations, can be finally interpreted in terms of the satisfaction of these instincts. Looking at the life of existing nations, one can put one's finger on those instincts which are being collectively overdone at the expense of the others. In one nation the instinct of expansion and the instinct of intellect and knowledge are relatively overdeveloped; in another, the instinct of beauty; in another, the instinct of manners; and so on. The term *symphonic,* which is so often sentimentally applied to the ideal life of society, is really descriptive; for the tendency of mankind from the beginning has been towards a functional blending and harmony among these instincts, precisely like that among the choirs of an orchestra. It would seem, then, that the quality of life in any society means the degree of development attained by this tendency. The more of these instincts that are satisfied, and the more delicate the harmony of their interplay, the higher and richer is the quality of life in that society; and it is the lower and poorer according as it satisfies fewer of these instincts and permits disharmony in their interplay.

American life has long been fair game for the observer. Journalistic enterprise now beats up the quarry for the foreigner and brings it in range for him from the moment the ship docks, or even before; and of late the native critic has been lending a brisk hand at the sport. So much, in fact, has been written about the way we live, how we occupy

ourselves, how we fill up our leisure, the things we do and leave undone, the things we are likely to do and likely to leave undone, that I for one would never ask for another word on such matters from anybody. As a good American, I try to keep up with what is written about us, but it has become rather a dull business and I probably miss some of it now and then, so I cannot say that no observer has ever made a serious study of our conversation. In all I have read, however, very little has been made of the significance of the things we choose to talk about and our ways of talking about them. Yet I am sure that Goethe's method would give a better measure of our civilization than any other, and that it would pay any observer to look into it. For my own part, ever since I stumbled on Goethe's observation—now more than twenty years ago—I have followed that method in many lands. I have studied conversation more closely than any other social phenomenon, picking up from it all the impressions and inferences I could, and I have always found that I got as good results as did those whose critical apparatus was more elaborate. At least, when I read what these critics say about such peoples as I know, especially my own, they seem to tell me little with which I was not already acquainted.

II

Speaking as Bishop Pontoppidan did about the owls in Iceland, the most significant thing that I have noticed about conversation in America is that there is so little of it, and as time goes on there seems less and less of it in my hearing. I miss even so much of the free play of ideas as I used to encounter years ago. It would seem that my countrymen no longer have the ideas and imagination they formerly had, or that they care less for them, or that for some reason they are diffident about them and do not like to bring them out.

At all events, the exercise of ideas and imagination has become unfashionable. When I first remarked this phenomenon I thought it might be an illusion of advancing age, since I have come to years when the past takes on an unnaturally attractive color. But as time went on the fact became unmistakable and I began to take notice accordingly.

As I did so a long-buried anecdote floated to the top of my mind and has remained there ever since. I am reminded of it daily. Years ago Brand Whitlock told me the story of an acquaintance of his—something in the retail clothing way—junior partner in a firm whose name I no longer remember, so for convenience we will make acknowledgments to Mr. Montague Glass and call it Maisener and Finkman. Mr. Finkman turned up at the store one Monday morning, full of delight at the wonderful time he had had at his partner's house the evening before—excellent company, interesting conversation, a supreme occasion in every respect. After dinner, he said—and such a dinner!—"we go in the parlor and all the evening until midnight we sit and talk it business."

Day after day strengthens the compulsion to accept Mr. Finkman as a type. This might be thought a delicate matter to press, but after all, Mr. Finkman is no creation of one's fancy, but on the contrary he is a solid and respectable reality, a social phenomenon of the first importance, and he accordingly deserves attention both by the positive side of his preferences and addictions and by the negative side of his distastes. I am farthest in the world from believing that anything should be "done about" Mr. Finkman, or that he should be studied with an ulterior view either to his disparagement or his uplift. I am unequivocally for his right to an unlimited exercise of his likes and dislikes, and his right to get as many people to share them as he can. All I suggest is that the influence of his tastes and distastes upon American civilization should be understood. The moment one

looks at the chart of this civilization one sees the line set by Mr. Finkman, and this line is so distinct that one cannot but take it as one's principal lead. If one wishes to get a measure of American civilization, one not only must sooner or later take the measure of Mr. Finkman's predilections, but will save time and trouble by taking it at the outset.

As evidence of the reach of Mr. Finkman's influence on the positive side, I notice that those of my American acquaintance whose interests are not purely commercial show it as much as others. Musicians, writers, painters, and the like seem to be at their best and to enjoy themselves most when they "talk it business." In bringing up the other instincts into balance with the instinct of expansion, such persons as these have an advantage, and one would expect to see that advantage reflected in their conversation much more clearly and steadily than it is. Where two or three of them were gathered together, one would look for a considerable play of ideas and imagination, and one would think that the instinct of expansion—since one perforce must give so much attention to it at other times—might gladly be let off on furlough. But I observe that this is seldom the case. For the most part, like Mr. Finkman, these people begin to be surest of themselves, most at ease and interested, at the moment when the instinct of expansion takes charge of conversation and gives it a directly practical turn.

One wonders why this should be so. Why should Mr. Finkman himself, after six days' steady service of the instinct of expansion, be at his best and happiest when he yet "talks it business" on the seventh? It is because he has managed to drive the whole current of his being through the relatively narrow channel set by the instinct of expansion. When he "talks it business," therefore, he gets the exhilarating sense of drive and speed. A millstream might thus think itself of more consequence than a river; probably the Iser feels more importance and exhilaration in its narrow leaping

course than the Mississippi in filling all the streams of its delta. By this excessive simplification of existence Mr. Finkman has established the American formula of success. He makes money, but money is his incidental reward; his real reward is in the continuous exhilaration that he gets out of the processes of making it. My friends whose interests are not exclusively commercial feel the authority of the formula and share in the reward of its obedience. My friend A, for example, writes a good novel. His instincts of intellect, beauty, morals, religion, and manners, let us say, all have a hand in it and are satisfied. He makes enough out of it to pay him for writing it, and so his instinct of expansion is satisfied. But he is satisfied, not exhilarated. When, on the other hand, his publisher sells a hundred thousand copies of another novel, he is at once in the American formula of success. The novel may not have much exercised his sense of intellect, beauty, morals, religion, and manners—it may be, in other words, an indifferent novel—but he is nevertheless quite in Mr. Finkman's formula of success and he is correspondingly exhilarated. He has crowded the whole stream of his being into the channel cut by the instinct of expansion, and his sensations correspond to his achievement.

Thus by his positive action in establishing the American formula of success, Mr. Finkman has cut what the Scots call a "monstrous cantle" out of conversation. Conversation depends upon a copiousness of general ideas and an imagination able to marshal them. When one "talks it business," one's ideas may be powerful, but they are special; one's imagination may be vigorous, but its range is small. Hence proceeds the habit of particularizing—usually, too, by way of finding the main conversational staple in personalities. This habit carries over, naturally, into whatever excursions Mr. Finkman's mind is occasionally led to make outside the domain of the instinct of expansion; for his disuse of imagi-

nation and general ideas outside this sphere disinclines him to them and makes him unhandy with them. Thus it is that conversation in America, beside its extreme attenuation, presents another phenomenon. On its more serious side it is made up almost entirely of particularization and, on its lighter side, of personalities.

These characteristics mark the conversation of children and, therefore, may be held to indicate an extremely immature civilization. The other day a jovial acquaintance who goes out to dinner a good deal told me a story that brings out this point. It seems he had just been hearing bitter complaints from a seasoned hostess who for years has fed various assorted contingents of New York's society at her board. She said that conversation at her dinner-table had about reached the disappearing-point. She had as much trouble about getting her guests into conversation as one has with youngsters at a children's party, and all the conversation she could prod out of them nowadays, aside from personalities, came out in the monotonous minute-gun style of particular declaration and perfunctory assent.

"She's right about that," my friend went on. "Here's a *précis* of the kind of thing I hear evening after evening. We go in to dinner talking personalities, no matter what subject is up. The theater—we talk about the leading lady's gowns and mannerisms, and her little ways with her first husband. Books—we hash over all the author's rotten press-agentry from the make of his pajamas to the way he does his hair. Music—we tell one another what a dear love of a conductor Kashowhisky is and how superior in all respects to von Bugghaus, whose back isn't half as limber. Damned quacks actually you know, both of them. Good Lord, man, can you wonder that this country killed Mahler and put Karl Muck in jail?

"Well, we sit down at the table. Personalities taper off

with the end of the soup. Silence. Then some puffy old bull-frog of a banker retrieves his nose out of his soup cup, stiffens up, coughs behind his napkin, and looks up and down the line. 'Isn't it remarkable how responsibility brings out a man's resources of greatness? Now who would have thought two years ago that Calvin Coolidge would ever develop into a great leader of men?'

"*Guests, in unison, acciaccato*—'Uh-huh.'

"Next course. Personalities pick up a little and presently taper off again. Somebody else stiffens up and pulls himself together. 'Isn't it splendid to see the great example that America is setting in the right use of wealth? Just think, for instance, of all the good that Mr. Rockefeller has done with his money.'

"*Guests, fastoso*—'Uh-huh.'"

My lively friend may have exaggerated a little—I hope so—but his report is worth an observer's careful notice for purposes of comparison with what one hears oneself. His next remark is worth attention as bringing out still another specific characteristic of immaturity.

"But what goes against my grain," he continued, "is that if you pick up some of this infernal guff and try to pull it away from the particular and personal, and to make real conversation of it, they sit on you as if you were an enemy of society. Start the banker on a discussion of the *idea* of leadership—what it means, what the qualifications for leadership are, and how far any President can go to fill the bill—how far any of them has ever gone to fill it—and all he'll do is to grunt and say, 'I guess you must be some sort of a Red, ain't you?' A bit of repartee like that gets him a curtain call from the rest every time. It's a fine imaginative lot that I train with, believe me! I have sat at dinner-tables in Europe with every shade of opinion, I should say, and in one way or another they all came out. That's what the dinner

was got up for. How can you have any conversation if all you are expected to do is to agree?"

III

It is a mark of maturity to differentiate easily and naturally between personal or social opposition and intellectual opposition. Everyone has noticed how readily children transfer their dislike of an opinion to the person who holds it, and how quick they are to take umbrage at a person who speaks in an unfamiliar mode or even with an unfamiliar accent. When the infant-minded Pantagruel met with the Limosin who spoke to him in a Latinized macaronic jargon, he listened a while and then said, "What devilish language is this?—by the Lord, I think thou art some kind of heretic." Mr. Finkman's excessive simplification of life has made anything like the free play of ideas utterly incomprehensible to him. He never deals with ideas except such limited and practical ones as may help get him something, and he cannot imagine anyone ever choosing, even on occasion, to do differently. When he "talks it business," the value of ideas, ideals, opinions, sentiments is purely quantitative; putting any other value on them is a waste of time. Under all circumstances, then, he tends to assume that other people measure the value of their ideas and opinions as he does his, and that they employ them accordingly; and hence, like my friend's banker, when someone tries to lead up into a general intellectual sparring for mere points, he thinks he is a dangerous fellow with an ax to grind.

This puts the greatest imaginable restraint upon conversation, a restraint which betrays itself to the eye of the observer in some rather odd and remarkable ways. I have been much interested, for example, to see that the conversion of conversation into mere declaratory particularization has lately been taken up in a commercial way. One reads adver-

tisements of enterprising people who engage to make you shine in conversation. They propose to do this by loading you up with a prodigious number of facts of all kinds, which you can fire off at will from the machine-gun of your memory. On this theory of conversation, a statistician with Macaulay's memory is the ideal practitioner of social amenities; and so indeed, with Mr. Finkman's sensibilities in view, he would be.

Another odd manifestation of this restraint is the almost violent eagerness with which we turn to substitutes for conversation in our social activities. Mr. Finkman must not be left alone in the dark with his apprehensions a moment longer than necessary. After such a dinner as my debonair friend described it is at once necessary to "do something"—the theater, opera, cabaret, dancing, motoring, or what not—and to keep on doing something as long as the evening lasts. It is astonishing to see the amount of energy devoted to keeping out of conversation; "doing something" has come to be a term of special application. Almost every informal invitation reads, "to dinner, and then we'll do something." It is even more astonishing to see that this fashion is followed by persons whose intelligence and taste are sufficient, one would think, to put them above it. Quite often one finds oneself going through this routine with persons quite capable of conversation, who would really rather converse, but who go through it apparently because it is the thing to go through. When this happens, one marvels at the reach and the authority of Mr. Finkman's predilections—yet there they are.

My friend was right in saying that conversation is managed differently in Europe. I was reminded of this not long ago, when the German airship made its great flight to this country. Everyone remembers the vast amount of public interest in this event, and how the pilot of the airship, Doctor Eckener, was fêted and fussed over from one end of the

country to the other. Three or four days after the landing, a friend of mine, a German banker, asked me to luncheon at his house. There were four of us: Doctor Eckener, his assistant, our host, and myself. We talked for something over two hours, largely about music, a good deal about the geography and history of the region around Friedrichshafen, and for half an hour, perhaps, about European public affairs. From first to last not one word was said about the flight of the airship or about the business of aviation or about the banking business. The conversation was wholly objective and impersonal; each one spoke his mind, and none of us felt any pressure towards agreement. I remember that I myself put out some pretty heretical opinions about the structure of music-drama. No one agreed with me, but no one dreamed of transferring to myself the brunt of his objections to my opinion.

This kind of thing gives the impression of maturity and, as far as my experience goes, it is as common in Europe as it is uncommon here. There has been much comment lately upon the attraction that Europe exerts upon certain American types. I am led to wonder if it be not perchance the attraction of maturity. Children may be delightful, may be interesting, may be ever so full of promise, and one may be as fond of them as possible—and yet when one has them for warp and filling, one must get a bit bored with them now and then, in spite of oneself. I have had little to do with children, so I speak under correction; but I should imagine that one would become bored with their intense simplification of life, their tendency to drive the whole current of life noisily through one channel, their vehement reduction of all values to that of quantity, their inability to take any but a personal view of anything. But just these are the qualities of American civilization as indicated by the test of conversation. They inhere in Mr. Finkman and are disseminated by his influence to the practical

exclusion of any other. I can imagine, then, that one might in time come to be tired of them and to wish oneself in surroundings where man is accepted as a creature of "a large discourse, looking before and after," where life is admittedly more complex and its current distributed in more channels —in other words, where maturity prevails.

One is impressed, I think, by the way this difference is repeatedly brought out in ordinary conversation in Europe and America—in the choice of things to talk about and in the way people talk about them. I am impressed by it even in conversation with children, though as I said, due allowance ought to be made for the fact that my experience with children is not large. Yet even so, I do not think it is special or exceptional. I have a friend, for instance, whom I go to see whenever I am in Brussels, and it is the joy of my life to play at sweethearts with his three daughters who range from seven to sixteen. My favorite is the middle one, a weedy and nonchalant charmer of twelve. She does not impress me as greatly gifted; I know several American girls who seem naturally abler. But in conversation with her I detect a power of disinterested reflection, an active sense of beauty and an active sense of manners, beyond any that I ever detected in American children; and these contribute to a total effect of maturity that is agreeable and striking.

IV

An observer passing through America with his mind deliberately closed to any impressions except those he received from conversation could make as interesting a conjectural reconstruction of our civilization as the palæontologists with an armful of bones make of a dinosaur. He would postulate a civilization which expresses the instinct of expansion to a degree far beyond anything ever seen in the world; but which does not express the instinct of intellect and knowl-

edge, except as regards instrumental knowledge, and is characterized by an extremely defective sense of beauty, a defective sense of religion and morals, a defective sense of social life and manners. Its institutions reflect faithfully this condition of excess and defect. A very brief conversation with Mr. Finkman would enable one to predicate almost precisely what kind of schooling he considered an adequate preparation for life, what kind of literature he thought good enough for one to read, plays for one to see, architecture to surround oneself with, music to listen to, painting and sculpture to contemplate. It would be plain that Mr. Finkman had succeeded in living an exhilarating life from day to day without the aid of any power but concentration—without reflection, without ideas, without ideals, and without any but the most special emotions—that he thought extremely well of himself for his success, and was disposed to be jealous of the peculiar type of institutional life which had enabled it or conduced to it. The observer, therefore, would postulate a civilization marked by an extraordinary and inquisitional intolerance of the individual and a corresponding insistence upon conformity to pattern. For, in general, it is reflection, ideas, ideals, and emotions that set off the individual, and with these Mr. Finkman has had nothing to do; he has got on without them to what he considers success, and hence he sees no need of them, distrusts them, and thinks there must be a screw loose with the individual who shows signs of them.

There is a pretty general consensus among observers that this picture corresponds in most respects with the actual civilization of the United States, and many of them deplore the correspondence. I do not deplore it. It seems to me important that Mr. Finkman should have room according to his strength, that he should be unchecked and unhampered in directing the development of American civilization to suit himself. I believe it will be a most salutary experiment

for the richest and most powerful nation in the world to give a long, fair, resolute try-out to the policy of living by the instinct of expansion alone. If the United States cannot make a success of it, no nation ever can, and none, probably, will ever attempt it again. So when critics denounce our civilization as barbarous, I reply that, if so, a few generations of barbarism are a cheap price for the result. Besides, Mr. Finkman may prove himself right; he may prove that man can live a full and satisfying inner life without intellect, without beauty, without religion and morals, and with but the most rudimentary social life and manners, provided only he has unlimited exercise of the instinct of expansion, and can drive ahead in the expression of it with the whole force of his being. If Mr. Finkman proves this, he will have the laugh on many like myself who at present have the whole course of human history behind our belief that no such thing can be done. But this is a small matter. The important thing is that we should then have a new world peopled by a new order of beings not at all like ourselves, but by no means devoid of interest on that account. So, whether the result be in success or in failure, the great American experiment—for just this *is* the great American experiment—seems to me wholly worth while.

THE SHOW *

By Simeon Strunsky

From Belshazzar Court to the theatre district is only a thirty minutes' ride in the Subway, but usually we reach the theatre a few minutes after the rise of the curtain. Why this should be I have never been able to explain. It is a fact that on such nights we have dinner half an hour early, and Emmeline comes to the table quite ready to go out except that she has her cloak to slip on. Nevertheless we are a few minutes late. While Emmeline is slipping on her cloak I glance through the editorial page in the evening paper, answer the telephone, and recall several bits of work I overlooked at the office. I then give Harold a drink of water in bed, help Emmeline with her hat, clean out the drawers in my writing table, tell Harold to stop talking to himself and go to sleep, and hunt for the theatre tickets in the pockets of my street clothes. After that I have time to read a page or two of John Galsworthy and go in to see that Harold is well covered up. Emmeline always makes me save time by having me ring for the elevator while she is drawing on her gloves. Nevertheless we are a few minutes late for the first act.

But if I frequently leave Belshazzar Court in a state of mild irritation, my spirits rise the moment we enter the Subway. I am stirred by the lights and the crowd, this vibrant New York crowd of which I have spoken before, so aggressively youthful, so prosperous, so strikingly overdressed, and carrying off its finery with a dash that is quite remarkable considering that we are only a half-way-up

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middle-class crowd jammed together in a public conveyance. Since our trip abroad some years ago I am convinced that the Parisian woman needs all the *chic* and *esprit* she can encompass. I will affirm that in half an hour in the Subway, at any time of day, I see more charming faces than we saw during six weeks in Paris. I have hitherto been timid about expressing this opinion in print, but only the other night I sat up to read *Innocents Abroad* after many years. What Mark Twain has to say of the Parisian grisette encourages me to make this confession of faith. As I swing from my strap and scan the happy, well-to-do faces under the glow of the electric lamps, I sometimes find myself wondering what reason William D. Haywood can possibly have for being dissatisfied with things as they are.

We are usually late at the theatre, but not always. There are times when Harold will get through with his dinner without being once called to order. He then announces that he is tired and is anxious to get into bed. On such occasions Emmeline grows exceedingly nervous. She feels his head and makes him open his mouth and say, "Aaa-h-h," so that she may look down his throat. If Harold carries out his promise and does promptly go to sleep, it intensifies our anxiety and threatens to spoil our evening; but it does also save a little time. It brings us to the theatre a minute or two before the curtain goes up, and gives us a chance to study the interior decorations of the auditorium, completed at great cost, the exact amount of which I cannot recall without my evening paper. If you will remember that we go to the theatre perhaps a dozen times during the season, and that the number of new theatres on Broadway every season is about that number, you will see why very frequently we should be finding ourselves in a new house.

It is a matter of regret to me that I cannot grow enthusiastic over theatrical interiors. I do my best, but the novel arrangement of proscenium boxes and the upholstery

scheme leave me cold. I recall what the evening paper said of the new Blackfriars. Its architecture is a modification of the Parthenon at Athens, and it is nine stories high and equipped with business offices and bachelor quarters. It was erected as one of a chain of amusement houses stretching clear across to San Francisco, by a manager who began three years ago as a moving-picture impresario in the Bronx. Having made a hit in the "legitimate" with an unknown actress in a play by an unknown writer, he immediately signed a contract with the playwright for his next six plays, hired six companies for the road, and built a chain of theatres to house the plays. This is the American of it. If three years from now this Napoleon of Longacre Square is back at his five-cent moving-picture place in the Bronx, it will also be the American of it. When I tell Emmeline that the ceiling has been copied from a French château, she looks up and says nothing.

The curtain goes up on the famous ten-thousand-dollar drawing-room set which has been the hit of the season. The telephone on the real Louis XVI table rings, the English butler comes in to answer the call, and the play is on. The extraordinary development of the telephone on the New York stage is possibly our most notable and meritorious contribution to contemporary dramatic art. The telephone serves a far higher purpose than Sardou's parlor-maid with the feather-duster. It is plain, of course, that the dramatist's first purpose is to sound a universal human note which shall immediately establish a bond of sympathy between the actors and the audience. And the telephone is something which comes very close to every one of us. If the English butler, instead of answering a telephone call, picks up the instrument and himself calls for some familiar number, like 3100 Spring, which is Police Headquarters, you can actually perceive the responsive thrill which sweeps the house. The note of universal humanity has been struck.

This point is worth keeping in mind. If I am somewhat insistent on being in time for the beginning of the play, it is because I want to subject myself to the magic touch of the telephone bell, and not because I am afraid of missing the drift of the playwright's story. Of that there is no danger, because I know the story already. I don't know whether college courses in the drama still spend as much time as they used to fifteen years ago in laying emphasis on the fact that the first act of a play is devoted to exposition. If college courses are really as modern as they are said to be, professors of the drama will now be teaching their students that the playwright's real preparation for his conflict and his climax is not to be found in the first act at all, but several weeks before the play is produced, in the columns of the daily press.

If Goethe were writing *Faust* today he would not lay his Prologue in Heaven but in the newspapers. I know what I am about to see and hear, because I have read all the newspaper chatter while the play was in incubation and in rehearsal. I have been taken into confidence by the managers just before they sailed for Europe in the imperial suite of the *Imperator*. If they omitted anything, they have cabled it over from Paris at enormous expense. Through interviews with stars and leading ladies, through calculated indiscretions on the part of the box-office with regard to advance sales, through the newspaper reviews after the first night, I am educated up to the act of seeing a play with a thoroughness that the post-graduate department of Johns Hopkins might envy.

Consequently, there is not the slightest danger, even if we come late, that I shall laugh in the wrong place or fail to laugh in the right place, or that Emmeline will fail to grope for her handkerchief at the right time. Through the same agency of the newspaper the funniest lines, the strongest "punch," the most sympathetic bits of dialogue

have been located and charted. At college I used to be told that the tremendous appeal of the Greek drama was dependent in large measure on the fact that it dealt with stories which were perfectly familiar to the public. The Athenian audience came to the theatre expectant, surcharged with emotion, waiting eagerly for the proper cue to let its feelings go. But Athens was not conceivably better informed than New York is to-day when it goes to the theatre.

Even James M. Barrie does it. I remember when Emmeline and I went to see Barrie's *What Every Woman Knows,* some years ago. What we really went for, like ten thousand other good people of New York, was to hear the much-advertised tag with which Barrie ended his play, to the effect, namely, that woman was not made out of man's rib but out of his funny bone. I do not recall that a single dramatic reviewer in New York after the first night omitted to concentrate on that epigram; if he did he must have been called down severely by the managing editor. Now it is my sincere belief that the Barrie joke is a poor one. It is offensively smart, it has the "punch" which it is Barrie's merit to omit so regularly from his plays. It is inferior to any number of delightful lines in that really beautiful play. That is, I say so now when I am in my right senses. But when Emmeline and I, under the hypnotic spell of the newspapers, went to see *What Every Woman Knows,* what was it that we waited for through four longish acts,—what but that unhappy quip which everybody else was waiting for? Of course we laughed and applauded. We laughed in the same shamefaced and dutiful manner with which people stand up in restaurants when the band plays the "Star-Spangled Banner." Often I wonder what would Shakespeare and Molière not have accomplished if they had had the newspapers to hypnotise the audience for them instead of being compelled to do so themselves.

Hypnotism everywhere. One of the popular plays that we never went to see was recommended to Emmeline by a very charming woman who said it was a play which every woman ought to take her husband to see. In itself that is as admirable a bit of dramatic criticism as could be distilled out of several columns of single-leaded minion. But the trouble was that this charming woman had not thought it out for herself. She had found the phrase in the advertising notices of this play. It was so pat, so quotable, and the press agent was so evidently sincere in using it, that it seemed a pity not to pass it on to others. After half a dozen friends had recommended the play to Emmeline as a good one for me to be taken to, she rebelled and said she would not go. She was intellectually offended. Her ostensible reason was that she doubted whether the play would do me any good. I had my revenge not long after when I offered to take her to a play which dealt with woman's extravagance in dress, and which the advertisements said every man ought to take his wife to see. Emmeline said that my sense of humor often betrays me.

This, I am sorry to say, happens rather frequently. My feeble jest about the play which all wives ought to be taken to see was devised on the spur of the moment. But there is one sly bit of humor which I regularly employ and which I never fail to regret. This happens whenever, in reply to Emmeline's suggestion that we take in one of the new plays, I say with malice aforethought that the piece is one to which a man would hardly care to take his wife. The response is instantaneous. It makes no difference that our views on this subject are identical. Apostrophizing me as an exemplar of that muddle-headed thing which is interchangeably known as fossilized Puritanism and Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy, Emmeline begins by asking whether a play that is not fit for a man's wife to see is fit for the husband of that wife. Since I agree with her, the question

remains unanswerable. She then goes on to ask whether it might not be an excellent thing for the theatre to abolish the distinction between plays that a man's wife can see and those she cannot see, and to make it a law, preferably a Federal law under the general scheme of social justice, that no man shall be allowed to enter a theatre without a woman companion.

It is a sore point with her. We had as guest at dinner one night an estimable young man who told us that, being anxious to take his betrothed to a certain play, he had bought a ticket for the family circle the night before, to see whether the play was a fit one for the young woman to be taken to. Emmeline cast one baleful glance at the young man, which he fortunately failed to catch, his head being bent over the asparagus. But she has never asked him to call again. To me, afterwards, she scarified the poor young man.

"Imagine," she said. "Here is a man in love with a woman. He is about to take her, and give himself to her, for better and for worse. He asks her to face the secrets of life and the fear of death with him. But he is afraid to take her to the theatre with him."

The joy of combat makes me forget that my views are quite the same.

"It shows his thoughtfulness," I said. "There are any number of nasty plays in town."

"Why are they here?" she asked.

"I'm sure I don't know."

"I'll tell you why," she said: "to meet the demand for plays that a man cannot take his wife to."

I assured her that this common phrase really did not mean all she read into it. The average citizen, I said, does not look upon his wife as a tender plant to be shielded against the breath of harm. It was only another instance of our falling in with a phrase, and repeating it in parrot

fashion, until we are surprised to find ourselves living up to it. But Emmeline said it was Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy superimposed on the universal *Sklavenmoral* from which woman suffers. At this point I am convinced that a sense of humor often does betray one.

Steeped in the sincere, if often ferociously sincere, realism of the Russian writers, it is plain why one should revolt against the catch-phrases which make up so large a part of our speech and thought. Because she knows the realism of European literature, Emmeline grows angry with the stage manager's realism in which we have made such notable progress of late. She has refused to be impressed by Mr. Belasco's marvelous reproduction of a cheap restaurant, though the tiled walls, the coffee-urns, the cash-registers, and the coat-racks were so unmistakably actual as to make a good many of us forget that the action which takes place in this restaurant might just as well have taken place in the Aquarium or on top of the Jungfrau. There was another play. For weeks, the author, the producer, and several assistants (I am now quoting press authority) had been searching the city for the exact model of a hall bedroom in a theatrical boarding-house such as the playwright had in mind. They found what they were looking for. When the curtain rose on the opening night, the public, duly kept informed as to the progress of the quest, naturally rose with enthusiasm to the perfect picture of a mean chamber in a squalid boarding-house. The scene was appalling in its detail of tawdry poverty. Except for the fact that the bedroom was about sixty feet long, forty feet wide, and fifty feet high, the effect of destitution was startling.

But there is a more dangerous realism. Our stage has progressed beyond this actuality of real doors with real door-knobs. We have attained as far as the external realism of human types. As exhibited on the stage today, the shop-girls, the "crooks," the detectives, the clerks, the traveling

salesmen, the shady financiers, are startlingly true to life in appearance, in walk, in speech. For that, one ought presumably to be thankful. Presumably it is progress to have shop-girls, clerks, financiers, "crooks," and their pursuers, instead of Pinero's drawing-room heroines and bounders, or Mr. Bernstein's highly galvanized boulevardiers. If people with the look of Broadway, with the tang and speech of Broadway, walk the boards, what more would one have?

"Soul," says Emmeline, and she lashes out at the beautifully-made puppets on the stage. External realism has gone as far as it may, but beneath the surface everything is false. The life of these amazingly lifelike figures is false, the story is false, the morals and the conclusions are false. At bottom it is tawdry melodrama. New tricks of the trade have been mastered, but the same crude, childish views of life confront us, and the same utter lack of that form which is the joy of art. The American stage never had an excess of form. We have less now than we ever had.

As I think back over the last few paragraphs I find that I may have given an utterly wrong impression of how the theatre affects Emmeline and me. It would be deplorable if the reader should get to think that we are highbrows. It is quite the other way. Between the acts and at home, the two of us may be tremendously critical, but while the business of the stage is under way we are grateful for the least excuse to yield ourselves to the spirit of the thing. Provided, only, there is nothing in the play about a young woman who beards a king of finance and frightens him into surrendering a million dollars' worth of bonds. Financiers and their female private secretaries I cannot abide. Otherwise, I delight in nearly everything: in *The Old Homestead,* in George M. Cohan, in *Fanny's First Play,* and in the farce-comedies where a recreant husband, surprised by his wife, steps backward into his own suitcase. Emmeline

confesses that she has seldom seen a proposal of marriage on the stage without wanting to sniffle sympathetically.

Because I take pleasure in seeing frivolous young men step into their own suitcases I am not averse to musical comedy. Emmeline rarely accompanies me; not because she is afraid that it is the kind of a play a man should not take his wife to, but because it does not interest her. She is fond of Gilbert and Sullivan, and she likes *The Chocolate Soldier*; but of our own native musical comedy I think she has seen only one example. I have described this piece elsewhere, and if the editor of the *Atlantic* has no objections, I can repeat in substance what I then wrote.

The play was called *The Girl from Grand Rapids*. The principal characters are an American millionaire and his daughter who are traveling in Switzerland. They come to the little village of Sprudelsaltz and are mistaken by the populace for the German Kaiser and his Chancellor who are expected on a secret mission. The American millionaire, in order to outwit a business rival who belongs to the Furniture Trust, consents to play the part. He accounts for the apparent sex of his Chancellor by declaring that the evil designs of certain French spies have made it necessary for his companion to assume this peculiar disguise. The Chancellor falls in love with the young British attaché, who has come to Switzerland for the purpose of unearthing certain important secrets relative to the German navy. At their first meeting the supposed German Chancellor and the British naval attaché sing a duet of which the refrain is, "Oh, take me back to Bryant Square." Ultimately the identity of the pseudo Kaiser and his Chancellor is discovered. They are threatened by the infuriated Swiss populace in fur jackets and tights, and are saved only through the intervention of a comic Irish waiter named Gansenschmidt. They escape from Switzerland and in the second act we find them at Etah, in Greenland, where the millionaire's daughter is

compelled to wed an Eskimo chieftain who turns out to be the British naval attaché in disguise. The third act shows an Arab carnival in the Sahara. Repeatedly, in the course of the evening, Emmeline asked me why I laughed.

There is also a business motive in my playgoing. I am learning how to build a complicated dramatic plot. Years ago I set out to write a play. Like all people of slipshod habits I have sudden attacks of acute systematization, and when I began my play, I assigned so much time for working out the plot, so much for character-development, so much for actually writing the dialogue. The scheme did not quite work out. I forget the details; the point is that at the end of a year I had written all my dialogue, but had made little progress with my character-development and had done nothing whatever on my plot. Since that time I have moved ahead. My characters are to me fairly alive now. But I still have a plot and incidents to find for my play. Emmeline says that my quest is a vain one. She is convinced that I have no gift for dramatic complication, and that the best I can hope for is to do something like Bernard Shaw. But I refuse to give in. I go to see how other men have done the trick, and some day, who knows, I may yet find a skeleton on which to hang my polished and spirited dialogue.

Between the acts there are two things which one naturally does. I read in the programme what men will wear during the winter, and I scan faces, a habit which I find growing upon me in all sorts of public places and which will some day bring me into serious trouble. People are rather stolid between the acts. It is a very rare play in which the sense of illusion carries over from one act to the next and is reflected in the faces of the spectators. The perfect play, as I conceive it, should keep the audience in a single mood from beginning to end. Between the fall and the rise of the curtain the spell ought to hold and show

itself in a flushed, bright-eyed gayety, in a feverish chatter which should carry on the playwright's message until he resumes the business of his narrative. But as a rule I am not exalted between the acts, and I perceive that my neighbors are not. It is not a play we are watching, but three or four separate plays. When the curtain descends we lean back into an ordinary world. The business of the stage drops from us. We resume conversation interrupted in the Subway. A young woman on the left furnishes her companion with details of last night's dance. Two young men in front argue over the cost of staging the piece. One says it cost $10,000, and the other says $15,000, and they pull out their favorite evening papers from under the seat and quote them to each other. Emmeline wonders whether she looked down far enough into Harold's throat when he said, "Aaa-h-h."

It is not entirely our own fault if we lose the sense of continuous illusion between the acts. There is little in the ordinary play to carry one forward from one act to the next. We still talk of suspense and movement and climax, whereas our plays are not organic plays at all, but mere vaudeville. They do not depend for their effect on cumulative interest, but on the individual "punch." Drama, melodrama, comedy, and farce have their own laws. But our latest dramatic form combines all forms in a swift medley of effects that I can describe by no other term than vaudeville. George M. Cohan is our representative dramatist, not because he has flung the star-spangled banner to the breeze, but because he has cast all consistency to the winds. Who ever heard of a melodramatic farce? Mr. Cohan is writing them all the time. They are plays in which people threaten each other with automatic pistols to the accompaniment of remarks which elicit roars of laughter.

I know of course that Shakespeare has a drunken porter on the stage while Macbeth is doing Duncan to death. But

George M. Cohan is different. I have in mind a homeless little village heroine of Mr. Cohan's who is about to board a train for the great city with its pitfalls and privations. Emmeline was quite affected by the pathetic little figure on the platform, with the shabby suitcase—until six chorus men in beautifully-creased trousers waltzed out on the train platform and did a clog-dance and sang, "Good-bye, Mary, don't forget to come back home." I can't conceive Shakespeare doing this sort of thing. It is gripping while it lasts, but when the curtain falls, one chiefly thinks how late it will be before one gets home.

But if the playwright's story does not always hold me, the people on the stage seldom fail to bring me under the spell. I am not a professional critic and I have no standards of histrionic skill to apply. It may be, as people say, that our actors are deficient in imagination, in the power of emotional utterance, in facial eloquence, in the art of creating illusion. Perhaps it is true that they seldom get into the skin of their characters, and never are anything but themselves. But precisely because they are themselves, I like them. I like their lithe, clean-cut length, their strong, clean-shaven faces, their faultless clothes. I like the frequency with which they change from morning to evening dress. I like the ease with which they order taxicabs, press buttons for the club waiter, send out cablegrams to Shanghai, and make appointments to meet at expensive roadhouses which are reached only by automobile. The nonchalance with which George M. Cohan's people distribute large sums is a quickening spectacle to me.

After this it will be difficult for any one to accuse me of being a highbrow. Let me dispose of this matter beyond all doubt. I do not understand what people mean when they speak of intellectual actors and the intellectual interpretation of stage rôles. Possibly it is a defective imagination in me which makes me insist that actors shall look their part

physically. Not all the imaginative genius in the world will reconcile me to a thin Falstaff, suggestive of vegetarianism and total abstinence. I am not even sure that I know what an intellectualized Hamlet is. I insist upon a Hamlet who shall wear black and who shall recite slowly the lines which shake me so when I read them at home, instead of intellectually swallowing the lines as so many do. I cannot see how Mrs. Fiske's intellectuality qualifies her for playing robust, full-blooded women like Tess, or like Cyprienne in *Divorçons*. But I like Mrs. Fiske as Becky Sharpe and as Ibsen's Nora, because both were small women.

I imagine it is a sign of Wagner's genius that he made all his women of heroic stature. He must have foreseen that by the time a singer has learned to interpret Brünhilde she is apt to be mature and imposing. Thus I feel, and I know that most of the people in the audience agree with me. Those who do not have probably read in their evening papers that they were about to see an intellectual interpretation. Whenever they are puzzled by the actor they ascribe it to his intellect.

When the final curtain falls, the play drops from us like a discarded cloak, people smile, dress, tell each other that it was a pretty good show, and hold the door open for the ladies to pass out into the glow and snap of Broadway. We do not carry illusion away with us from the theatre. In spite of the fact that we have purchased our tickets in the conviction that every husband and wife ought to see the play, we do not correlate the theatre with life. Primarily it is a show. We do not ask much. If it has offered us a hearty laugh or two, a thrill, a pressure on the tear-ducts, this tolerant American public, this patient, innocent, cynical public that is always prepared to be cheated, feels grateful; and there ends the matter.

And Aristotle? And the purging of the emotions through pity and terror? I still remember a play called *The Dia-*

mond Breaker, which I saw on Third Avenue when Benjamin Harrison was President. I remember how the young mining engineer was foully beset by his rival and tied hand and foot and dropped into the open chute that led straight into the pitiless iron teeth of the stone-crushing machine. I remember how the heroine rushed out upon the gangway and seized the young engineer by the hair; and the wheels stopped; and the girl fainted; the strong men in the audience wept. Is it my own fault that such sensations are no longer to be had? Or has the drama indeed degenerated, within these twenty years?

From the evening papers I gather that the crowd, after leaving the new nine-story Blackfriars Theatre, modeled after the Parthenon at Athens, invades and overruns the all-night restaurants on Broadway. Yet the trains in the Subway are jammed, and Emmeline has to stand more than half-way to Belshazzar Court.

THE GREAT SPORTS MYTH *

By JOHN R. TUNIS

I HAVE an English friend who some thirty years ago was the champion of a little golf club situated on the Sussex Downs between Hove and Worthing. He went out as a subaltern in the Boer War and lost his left arm there, incapacitating himself for further golf. With zeal he turned to tennis, developed a good game, and in a few years was one of the best players in the local club. When the Great War came somehow he "wangled" a commission for himself and, leading a battalion into action on the Somme, lost his right leg. My last meeting with him was during the winter of 1927, at a British Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club on the French Riviera. He had learned croquet and was by then a low handicap player, pressing the club champion closely.

That man, I submit, is a sportsman. He knows the thrill of real sport, of playing not for championships, for titles, for cash, for publicity, or for applause, but simply for the love of the game. Everyone knows this thrill who has ever felt a golf ball soar from his club and seen it bound down the middle of the course two hundred and fifty yards ahead; who has finished a long, tense rally with a passing shot that cuts the sidelines and leaves a helpless adversary shaking his head in admiration at the net; who has followed two Airedales jumping and leaping through the Connecticut uplands on a mellow afternoon in the fall. A long cross-country walk with a dog, three close sets of tennis, a foursome on a day when the course is uncrowded and the sun

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shines high above—this is sport, real sport, the expression of the sporting spirit at its highest. On these occasions one tastes the full enjoyment of the game; one finds that complete and satisfying relaxation of mind and body which to the work-weary brain is such a perfect solace. In this informal and unorganized sport one discovers not only the game but the player at his best. Umpires? Referees? Officials? The need for them does not exist. Implicitly one trusts one's opponent because one trusts oneself; one never for a moment questions the score at each hole, or whether one's shot did or did not touch the line. One takes it for granted that a sportsman is also a gentleman. All that is best in sport can be found—and what is more, is found—in these friendly encounters upon the golf links and tennis courts of the country.

But of late years a curious fiction appears to have grown up throughout the nation regarding sport. It is doubtless caused by confusing the effects of friendly sport with those of the great highly organized competitions that are held each year from January to December. For this fiction the sporting writers of the big city dailies are very largely responsible; in their altogether human effort to glorify their trade they have preached unceasingly that all the values to be found in informal athletic meetings are present also in these huge organized sporting spectacles. All competitive sport, so they tell us, is health-giving, character-building, brain-making. Its exponents are young heroes possessing the best and none but the best of qualities; they are tempered and steeled by the white heat of competition, purified and made holy by their devotion to sport. Thanks to these gentry who pursue with such zeal our modern pastimes for the daily press, there has grown up in the public mind an exaggerated and sentimental notion of the moral value of these great competitive spectacles of sport, a fiction which may be termed The Great Sports Myth.

The sports writers regard the whole sporting panorama with an almost religious seriousness. So far as I am aware, Mr. W. O. McGeehan of the New York *Herald-Tribune* is almost the only member of the brotherhood who has dared publicly to question the sanctity of organized competitive athletics; he alone has suggested that the idols of the sporting world may be equipped with feet of clay. For the rest, everyone embroiders the fiction of The Great Sports Myth. When we are asked to rally to the defense of the Davis Cup before it is too late, the appeal is as solemn as if our national life were in the balance. The amount of space given to the different football systems of the colleges by the press, the thousands of miles traveled by sporting reporters, those literary camp-followers of the game, are proof enough of the hold that The Great Sports Myth has upon us. On the evening before the Harvard-Yale contests at Cambridge, even as sedate a newspaper as the Boston *Evening Transcript* devotes no less than four pages to the conflict; special writers, sporting writers, feature writers, editors, and their more humble assistants treating it as earnestly and sententiously as the forecasts of a Presidential election upon Election Eve.

The manner in which the American public is fostered and fed from one season to another by The Great Sports Myth is not only amazing, it is depressing for anyone who gets an opportunity to peek behind the scenes. The sporting heroes of the nation are our gods. From day to day, from month to month, from year to year we are deluged with a torrent of words about these sporting Sir Galahads: the amateur football players of the colleges, the professional baseball players of the big leagues, the "shamateur" tennis and golf players who often take a hand in the exalting of their own personalities through the medium of the press. In the winter months we are treated to columns of "dope" about these supermen, of chatter and gossip about their

every movement. In early spring the star of sport turns eastward; for six weeks in May and June we are regaled via the Atlantic cables with the feats of Mr. Tilden, Mr. Hagen, Miss Wills, or Mrs. Mallory in the French and British golf and tennis championships. By July the travelers are back once more in their native haunts, not infrequently with hard words about conditions and competitors across the sea; and then the deluge of sporting bunk begins in earnest. The channel swimmers are busy explaining why channels are so broad and trainers so thick. In August come the big aquatic events, the yachting regattas, the motor-boat races for the Golf Cup; in early September, the Davis Cup matches. Almost every fall we have a major prize fight. October brings colds, coal bills, and the World's Series with its front-page cavortings of Home-run Kings and Strike-out Emperors. And the sporting year draws to an end in late November when the nation goes completely daft over intercollegiate football. Except for the imposing lists of All-America teams composed by young gentlemen who have perhaps seen in action three hundred of the thirty thousand football players of the country, we have a rest in December. We need it, too!

Man has always, I suppose, been a hero-worshipper. Doubtless he always will be. We Americans do not seem to find religious prophets to exalt. We have no Queen Marie; we even lack a Mussolini to raise upon a pedestal. Consequently we turn hopefully to the world of sports. There we find the material to satisfy our lust for hero worship, there we discover the true gods of the United States. Messrs. Tunney, Dempsey, Ruth, Jones, Hagen, Tilden, Grange—these become the idols of America's masculine population, young and old. And why not? After all, we ask ourselves, are they not athletes? Have they not been cleansed (and so sanctified) in the great white heat of competition upon the links or the gridiron, the court or the

diamond? That competitive sport—any kind of competitive sport from prize fighting to squash tennis—makes for nobility of character is the first commandment of the American sporting public. It is, in fact, the foundation of The Great Sports Myth.

II

Yet the plain truth is that highly organized competitive sport is not character-building; on the contrary, after a good deal of assistance at various sporting events of all sorts and some competition in them, I am convinced that the reverse is true. It seems to me that far from building character, continuous and excessive participation in competitive sport tends to destroy it. Under the terrific stress of striving for victory, victory, victory, unpleasant traits of all sorts are brought out. The player's worst side is too frequently magnified; his self-control is broken down oftener than it is built up. I know this is heresy. I realize that the opposite is preached at us from every side. (Most fervently, however, by sporting writers, football coaches, "shamateur athletes," or those who have some other direct interest in the furtherance of The Great Sports Myth.) I am aware that the participants in American sport are all supposed to be little short of demigods upon Olympus. Yet if football, for instance, is the noble and character-building game it is popularly considered to be, why, I wonder, is it necessary to station an umpire, a referee, a field judge, a head linesman, and a half a dozen assistants to follow the play at a distance of several yards and to watch zealously every one of the twenty-two contestants in order that no heads and no rules may be broken simultaneously?

At this point I can imagine the raucous shouts of the devoted followers of intercollegiate football and The Great Sports Myth. Football, they will cry, is the most wonderful,

the most elevating, the most disciplining sport in existence. It is, in short, the perfect game. Yet occasionally things happen in this perfect game which give pause to the impartial observer. Only a year or so ago the Syracuse-Army game was so rough that a star quarter-back had to be disqualified for the season. To be sure, he was back on the field the next year and was later, I believe, elected captain. But surely the violation of the rules of the game has to be fairly serious to cause a successful football eleven to be disrupted in this manner. An exception? Possibly. But it was not so long ago that two players were separated in a Harvard-Yale game at New Haven only by the combined efforts of the other players and the officials, to be sent from the field with no more opportunities for character-uplifting until the beginning of the hockey season, several weeks later. Nor are the disputes confined entirely to individuals and combatants. Last December, after what the sporting brotherhood of the press called the most successful football season of all time, Columbia refused to speak to New York University, Harvard was still holding aloof from Princeton, and the Navy was in the act of severing diplomatic relations with the Army. In fact, it began to appear as though in the none too distant future no college in the United States would have anything to do in any way with any other college. All on account of football!

Have you ever heard of Fight Week? No? Let me explain. One of the most famous and successful football coaches instituted Fight Week when he discovered that his charges needed a moral stimulus to take them through their big game victoriously. Fight Week consisted of five days of practice in the middle of the season when fight was indeed in order. Murder was forbidden—but little else. In this hard, bruising contact of body on body, in the abandonment of mind and soul to the gods of war, came that supreme indifference to place and circumstance which enabled a nine-

teen-year-old boy to catch a punt or make a tackle before sixty thousand spectators, a play upon which hung perhaps victory or defeat. Such a felicitous idea was Fight Week that it soon became an annual institution—one not looked upon, is it necessary to say, with any great feeling of delight by the unhappy victims.

Other coaches discovered that in order to imbue an eleven with the proper fighting spirit a systematic campaign of hate must be indulged in prior to the big game. This is brought about in various ways. Astute members of the professional coaching clan have different methods. Some instil their charges with sentiments of hatred toward their enemies by a talk before the eleven goes out upon the field. As the listeners will inform you, these talks closely resemble the talks given by British sergeant-majors scattered through our army training camps during the war to teach the use and practice of the bayonet. Other coaches say little to their charges, preferring to create the hate atmosphere more subtly. They may perhaps read a slurring remark made by some graduate of the opposing college; they will possibly show the team a copy of the rival university's comic magazine containing a dirty dig or two. Such things, they hint, are as an insult to one's mother, and they bid the eleven to go forth to battle to wipe out the insult as best they can. Many and devious are the ways in which the idea is put across. All of this, needless to say, is kept carefully from the newspapers and the devoted disciples of The Great Sports Myth.

Doesn't any one rebel? Yes, occasionally. Mr. George Owen of Boston, Harvard's great half-back of post-war years, actually had the temerity to protest in a magazine article some time after his graduation. College football, he said in effect, had become drudgery. He confessed that the average player was heartily happy when, win or lose, the final evening of the season had arrived. And what was

the result of his confession? It was very much as if a soldier had returned to this country in 1918 and in the midst of all the recruiting propaganda had declared that war was not all it was cracked up to be. Mr. Owen was looked upon as a traitor to The Great Sports Myth. He was castigated in the press the country over, he was even attacked from the platform of the Harvard Union by—guess whom? Right the first time. By a football coach. And when last fall the *Yale Daily News* timorously suggested that an unpaid coach be placed in charge of the football team, the proposal was greeted with guffaws. How amusing! Give football back to the boys? What a ridiculous idea!

"Nerve-Tensed Stalwarts Keyed up for Supreme Effort of Season." So ran the headline of a pre-game football story in a New York daily last fall. Anyone who has seen a big athletic contest at close range will testify to the degree to which the nerves of the aforesaid stalwarts are tensed. Instead of being in sound mental and physical condition when they go out on the links, the gridiron, the court, or the river, our gods are actually in a state of nerves which often leads them to do things otherwise incomprehensible. The plain truth is that the intensive strain of modern competition, and the glare of publicity created by the press, the movies, and the radio, wear down and destroy the nervous tissue of the average competitor. How else can one explain the petulant outburst, the no less petulant actions of Mr. Walter Hagen on his return from his trip to England when he failed to win their golfing title several years ago? Or the performances of Mr. Tilden upon the court? Off the court, as his friends will willingly testify, Mr. Tilden is a charming and urbane gentleman. Once he gets into combat, however, he becomes with his zest for victory—a zest that every champion must have or go under in competitive sport—something totally unlike his normal self.

Nor would it be just to Mr. Tilden to single him out for

special blame. If you saw the Davis Cup Challenge Round of 1914 you may remember the childish performance of the man who is by many considered as the greatest tennis player of all time, Mr. Norman Everard Brookes of Australia. The first set of his match against McLoughlin the American was a long one, and captured by the latter only in the thirty-second game. The enthusiasm of the galleries was vociferous, spontaneous, and natural, and Mr. Brookes promptly clapped his hands to his ears and held them there as long as the cheering lasted. Anyone who has spent a winter in the south of France during the reign of Mademoiselle Suzanne Lenglen will testify to her strenuous efforts to avoid defeat by remaining out of tournaments in which she seemed likely to be beaten. In 1926, during the visit of Miss Helen Wills to the Riviera, her attempts to avoid the American player were so amusing that a famous Parisian daily ran an article entitled: *"Tennis ou Cache-Cache?"* (Tennis or Hide and Seek?). These, mind you, are not the actions of youngsters new to sport; they are the actions of champions and super-champions. Concentrating as they must to win, they hardly know what they are doing or saying. They become self-hypnotized for the time being. Follow them round the sport circle from week to week and from year to year as I have done and you will, I am sure, lose any illusions about the uplifting nature of competitive sport today.

The popular belief is that sport teaches self-control, that it shows us how to accept not only victory but defeat with a graceful smile and a sincere one. If you believe in The Great Sports Myth, I wish that you might visit the locker rooms and dressing quarters of our clubhouses and athletic buildings and mingle with the champions before and after their contests.

"He beat the gun, that's why he copped."

"I was interfered with in the last quarter on that forward pass or I'd have scored a touchdown."

"I'll beat that big stiff or burst a blood vessel."

"The decision in the third set cost me the match—sure the ball was on the line, I saw it."

"This man Smith has always been against us; we'll have to see he doesn't get a chance to referee at any of the varsity games again."

These—with embellishments unprintable—are the sort of things you hear from the inside at every big sporting event. You think, perhaps, that this is an exaggeration. It is no accident that Mr. Robert T. Jones is almost the only champion in any branch of sport who is genuinely popular with those who play against him and, therefore, see him under the stress of modern competition. The strain is too great for most men at the top of the heap.

Moreover, by thus elevating our athletic heroes to the peaks of prominence, by prying into their private lives, by following them incessantly in the pages of the daily press, by demanding of them victories and yet more victories, we force them inevitably to lose all sense of proportion—if, indeed, they ever had any. For it seems to me a debatable question whether any one with a sense of proportion—or a sense of humor, which comes to much the same thing—could lose himself in this sporting miasma far enough to become a champion. Judging by their remarks in public, one is forced to conclude that many, if not all, our sporting gods are muscle-bound between the ears.

III

Another tenet of The Great Sports Myth is the time-worn belief that international competition in sport strengthens the bond between nations and between individuals. It usually does nothing of the sort. Only those who have taken part in

international competitive sport of one kind or another know this to be a fact. Yet surely it stands to reason that if two football players from two of the oldest and largest colleges in the United States will indulge in fisticuffs before eighty thousand spectators in their big test of the season, there is little enough chance for a general kissing match at an international sporting reunion like the Olympic Games. In reality, the Olympic Games breed contention.

When, as these games approach, I hear the usual mouthings about the great good they do to international relations, I am minded of a small paragraph from the *Paris Auto,* the great sporting daily of France. Translated exactly, it reads:

"M. Moneton, the referee of the match between the Racing Club de Calais and the Stade Roubaisienne, thanks the members of the Racing Club de Calais team for saving his life directly after the match."

That an Olympic contest ends in a free fight as this encounter must have done is untrue; that they usually generate hard feeling is none the less a fact. Certainly it has been so within my knowledge of Olympic Games, which began with those of 1908 when the cry of foul was raised in the eight-hundred-meter run between Carpenter and Halswelle. In the last Olympics of Paris, in 1924, conditions were so bad that the captain of one American team openly threatened to withdraw his men from the contest. Speaking of the tennis events at Colombes that summer, a New York daily on July 17, 1924, carried the following despatch from its Paris correspondent:

"The discontent is not confined to Americans, but is general among most of the various nations assembled at Colombes. Jean Washer of Belgium, after his match with Francis Hunter yesterday, under a burning sun, with no comfortable spot to retire to in the rest interval, told his

friends he would never play another match under such conditions."

The French at Olympic contests dislike the English because of their natural athletic aptitude, the English in turn are jealous of the increasing ability of the French in sport, the Italians and Scandinavians are at swords' points, and everyone unites upon one common ground alone—that of hating the athletes from the United States. For it appears that our supremacy in sport, like our industrial supremacy, brings not popularity but unpopularity. Our sweeping victories on track and field, far from making us the adored and admired favorites of the crowd, have brought things to such a point that one American team at a recent Olympic contest was actually hissed when it appeared in the stadium. Another team from this country was ordered, to protect them from bodily harm, to remain indoors after nightfall. These marvelous Olympic Games which do so much good in promoting international understanding!

Exceptional? Extraordinary? Not at all. When the Irish rugby team played France last winter the crowd got out of hand, broke down the barriers, swarmed on to the field, and rushed for the referee, a former captain of a Scottish team twenty-five years ago. He managed to escape to the dressing room and, as the mob stood outside howling for his blood, was eventually escorted from the grounds under police protection!

You never hear much about these things? Obviously not. The sporting writers do not dwell upon this aspect of sport; is it not contrary to the precept that all is for the best in the best of all possible sporting worlds?

Some time ago a writer in the *Princeton Alumni Weekly* entitled an article "The Sublimation of War." His argument was to the effect that if all nations were "sport-loving and dominated by the true instincts of sport" war would be completely eradicated. This article was widely copied, and Mr.

Julian S. Myrick of the United States Lawn Tennis Association thought so highly of it that he had reprints made and forwarded to the secretaries of the various tennis associations throughout the world. The Sublimation of War! We had a taste of it a few months afterward when the break came between Harvard and Princeton in the fall of 1926.

Dignified in front-page headlines by the sonorous title of "*Severance of Athletic Relations*," this episode reflected credit upon neither of the universities nor upon their followers. According to the tenets of The Great Sports Myth, both Princeton and Harvard undergraduates ought to have been lifelong friends and good fellows on the field and in the stands. Such, as the saying goes, was not the case. The trouble began early in 1922, when one after another of the best Harvard players were taken from the gridiron in the Princeton game with various injuries which removed them from the sublimating effect of sport for the rest of the season. Murmurs of rough play were heard from Cambridge; they continued, these murmurs, during the next few years in increased volume as Princeton went on defeating Harvard by overwhelming scores. The climax was reached in the season of 1926, when the day before the game the *Harvard Lampoon* appeared with a disgraceful attack upon Princeton and her supporters. The actual game was a sorry spectacle; hisses and groans rose from both sides of the field, and in their comments during the following week even the most ardent devotees of The Great Sports Myth in the press agreed that such an affair was neither stimulating nor worth continuing. After the game the undergraduates of the two universities regarded one another very much as Germans and Americans regarded one another in 1918. Several days later the actual break came. With all the solemnity of a nation rupturing diplomatic relations with a powerful

neighbor, Princeton "broke with Harvard," as the newspapers screamed in headlines from the front pages.

Recriminations, insinuations, rhetorical attacks and counter attacks ensued; the press carried columns and pages of the effect of this break upon the world of sport—and not a soul who commented upon the fracas appeared to see the amusing side of the whole affair. Sport, the healer of relationships between nations, sport, the promoter of good feeling and comradeship, sport that brings forth all that is best in human nature, was producing—what? Gouged noses, broken ankles, bad feeling, cursing and reviling in the sanctity of dressing rooms, coarse accusations and cheap humor in the university publications. If sport cannot do better than this among the representatives of two of the best-known colleges of the country, how can it be expected to unite Gaul and Teuton, Arab and Oriental, black man and white, as it is popularly supposed to do by those who glibly prate of the sublimation of war?

If our highly organized sports taught us as much of mutual understanding, generosity, and forbearance as their advocates claim for them, there might be some excuse for the elevation of sport into a kind of national religion. Yet why is it that the United States, by common acclaim the greatest sporting nation in the world, is so sensitive to criticism, so open to flattery? What the fetish of competitive sport does most successfully is inculcate in us the desire to win. Not at any cost. Certainly not! There are far too many linesmen, referees, umpires, field judges, timers, and minor officials to permit of anything of the sort. But have you ever observed that our gods are all winners? It is Tunney, Hagen, Jones, Ruth, Miss Wills; not Mrs. Mallory, Dempsey, Johnston, or Ouimet who are worshipped and glorified. It is the champion and not the way in which the championship is won or lost that attracts the plaudits of the mob whose creed is The Great Sports Myth. The King

can do no wrong. And the King *pro tem* is always the man who sits at the top of the pile.

IV

The final commandment of The Great Sports Myth is that sport must be taken not smilingly, laughingly, as a pleasure; but discreetly, advisedly, soberly, with all the seriousness at one's command. Competitive sport is not regarded as a source of enjoyment and relaxation, as Mr. George Owen pointed out. It is a task, a duty, a bond which must be worn with a firm but courageous heart. Levity is not the vein in which our great athletic encounters are to be treated. To imply that they are not the all-important business of life is to break one of the principal canons of The Great Sports Myth.

Instance, the famous Caldwell case. Mr. Caldwell was a football player who had played—although briefly—on the Freshman team at Brown University. He then transferred to Yale University where he played on the Yale Freshman eleven, and two years on the Yale Varsity; this made four years of competitive football, which at present—and not unjustly either—is deemed sufficient for the modern undergraduate. For some reason his season at Brown was unknown and he kept on playing most of his fifth season at New Haven. Three days before the Yale-Princeton game his football services at Brown were brought to light, and he was quite properly declared ineligible by the authorities at Yale. The wave of indignation with which this eminently fitting act was received by the devotees of The Great Sports Myth throughout the nation, and the amount of hysterical and maudlin comment that the affair produced was amazing. Instead of being treated as a young man who had either knowingly or unknowingly transgressed a rule, Mr. Caldwell, thanks to The Great Sports Myth, was

treated as the unfortunate victim of a cruel freak of chance. He became, overnight, the martyr of American sport. One Yale graduate of twenty years' standing wrote a letter to a large New York daily which in spite of its extraordinary phraseology expresses perfectly the attitude of the public at the time. He said:

> For Caldwell the man I sing; not Caldwell the player of games. Shall this man be doomed that the technical gods be fed? Yale! Princeton! Harvard! Why destroy this man? Thy glory goes on, but what of him? Has he broken the spirit of the law governing tramp athletes? It seems that technically he has. He has done so unconsciously, while the athletic committee at Yale has done so inadvertently or through oversight. One might not expect that he would know the rule about tramp athletes, but one would expect that the athletic authorities at Yale would be zealous to guard the law they helped frame.
>
> Therefore, Caldwell is not in any way to blame; but the real blame rests upon the Yale athletic authorities. The injury, should he not be allowed to play, falls upon Caldwell, the man. More far reaching than acquiring his "Y," it affects his whole career. Yale! You are responsible for the wrecking of his whole career, if you carry out your present design! . . . All sportsmen . . . are depressed, chagrined, and ashamed to see a man like this defamed. Thy glory cannot stand on such little points as are claimed. It's a man that is called and that's up at the stake. To hell with such rules that down such as him. They never were made to destroy such fame. Now show that you're greater than the rules and stand first for a man that's a man clean through.
>
> Yale, 1907

Possibly you are somewhat astonished that a letter of this kind could have been written by a mature man, out of college twenty years. Not at all. He was simply a firm believer in the portentous seriousness of sport, a believer in The Great Sports Myth. There were others. A football writer, himself a college man, said of the Caldwell affair: "If Caldwell does not play Saturday the afternoon of 75,000 people will be spoiled and a boy's life will be ruined."

Quite the proper perspective. And listen to the following letter written to the New York *Herald* in 1926, shortly after the freshman crew at Yale had been suspended for cheating in an examination:

> The Yale freshman crew of 1926 was very fast, and, it is admitted by experts, would have won its race with Harvard easily. Six of the crew skinned through their examinations and admitted it, and the faculty have ordered them off the crew. . . . Let us propose a remedy —have all examinations of athletes at the end of the season; of rowing and baseball men a few days before the fall term opens, of football men ten days after the last fall match. By this plan the pedagogue is kept from interfering with training and not allowed to keep a crew in a state of suspense or worry. . . . It is not fair to a crew or a nine or eleven to upset their mental equilibrium on the eve of a great event. . . .

This remarkable epistle was signed "An Old Graduate of Yale."

But surely the writers of these letters were joking? Probably they were attempting to be satirical? Not at all. In discussing sports the believer in The Great Sports Myth is always serious, nor can he see any excuse for a boy being forbidden to play because he has transgressed the rules, or for a crew which might win a race being suspended for cheating. In the case of at least one of the two letters quoted above, the writer, on seeing his masterpiece in print, called up the sporting editor and ordered thirty copies of the paper. Not serious? Don't you believe it!

This fervid attitude toward sport is instilled into the American as a boy at school and college. Cheering is showing "spirit." You must support the team. Said a leading sports writer in an Eastern daily recently:

> The spirit of Notre Dame in football rises superior to defeat. I saw a letter yesterday which was written by a Notre Dame student to a friend here. Here is an illuminating extract from it. "No doubt the

Army victory over N. D. rather surprised you. Well, it did me. The boys must have been way off, or the Army must have been very good. The spirit here was stronger than ever. Monday at 6 A.M. the students got up and went to the station four miles away to meet the players who arrived at 7:17 A.M. The students cheered the players and sang the 'Victory March.' A few of the players had tears on their cheeks. They were a depressed outfit. The crowd snake-danced down Michigan Avenue at 7 A.M., rather early, I'll say. When the outfit reached the school the band met them, also more of the boys, and they cheered, yelled and sang. They also had yells and cheers at noon-time meal, when they met together. That is spirit."

That is spirit! There speaks the true fanatic of this new religion of deadly serious sport.

V

Several years ago a representative of a British university visited this country and made a tour of our colleges to find out what the reasons were for our success in athletics. His report on returning to England would make even the most hardened believers in The Great Sports Myth pause and think. In one college he discovered that the town's butcher had been enrolled as a member of the university because he had exceptional ability as a football player. The Englishman's researches up and down the country must indeed have been limited if he found but one case of this sort. Everywhere, so he says in his report, the stadium was pointed out to him with more pride than any other building in the university. He was also enlightened about the "jackpot" which wealthy graduates subscribe in their efforts to attract the best possible material in order to turn out winning teams. He described with horror how a great Eastern university spent two hundred and fifty thousand dollars between the first of September and the last of November on a losing football eleven. What, he asked, must a winning

team have cost? A pertinent question. When in one short season five thousand dollars are spent for rubbers and six thousand dollars for doctors' services in one college, when it sometimes costs over fifty thousand to take the squad away for a single game, might it not be amusing to know what a team like Notre Dame's spent last year merely in traveling expenses? Such figures are, I believe, seldom published. Certainly they are not usually accessible to the ordinary sports writer.

But there are signs that the whole thing has gone too far and that a reaction is setting in. Sir Philip Gibbs, a man who has played the most bitter of all games, war, sums up the situation in England as follows:

> It is good to play the game. I believe in it. It would be a bad day for this country if we lost our interest in sport, and especially that form of sport which is played on a village green, on the common where the grass wears thin, on a tennis court behind a row of suburban houses, on a golf course which the city man can reach on a Saturday afternoon, and in the playgrounds of our public schools. It blows the cobwebs out of our eyes, keeps our nerves steady and our tempers sweet, and is the best cure for the drudgeries of life.
>
> But . . . sport is not a religion. It is a healthy amusement. When it becomes the purpose of life, instead of a recreation, it is a weakness rather than a strength, a folly rather than a virtue. Unfortunately and alas, men must work before they play, and a school that puts games before its studies as some of our schools are doing, is not producing men who will be able to compete with the intelligence and knowledge of other countries and take a more serious view of life. . . .
>
> Let us at least acknowledge that the sportsman, however fine his qualities, however wide the pattern of his tweed, however long his cigars, is not necessarily the noblest work of God, and that there are other types of manhood—the doctor, the artist, the scientist, the scholar, the singer—who are as much worthy of public recognition.

That such a state of things can come to pass in the land of The Great Sports Myth is almost too much to hope. But

the clouds are not as thick as they have been. Despite the sporting writers, the sporting editors, the conductors of sporting columns, despite the paid college coaches and graduate managers of athletics, despite those who sneer when the suggestion of "undergraduate coaching" is made, despite, in short, all those who have an axe to grind in the matter, an ever-increasing number of sportsmen in this country are beginning to penetrate behind the smoke screen of The Great Sports Myth. The best hope for a saner and more sensible outlook on sports is to be found in the fact that if The Great Sports Myth grows but a little more it will defeat itself. It will fall from sheer topheaviness. There is a limit even to the credulity of a public brought up from childhood to believe in this fairy tale; possibly we are approaching that limit. At least let us hope so!

LESS MONEY AND MORE LIFE *

By Raymond Essen

Most studies of the rising standard of living deal with something quite different—the standard of expenditure. In many people's minds these two matters, which are in fact almost as far apart as the proverbial poles, are completely entangled. As a result, they spend their lives straining desperately, hectically, often miserably after a higher mode of expenditure, only to wonder in troubled moments why they have missed out in living. What I purpose to explore in this article is the fallacy of attempting to set or to rectify one's expenditures without knowing, to begin with, what one wants to get out of life—what "living" in fact is. Above the bare margin of subsistence there can be no rational standard of expenditure unless one has, quite independent of one's actual income, a genuine standard of life.

Such a standard should be a commonplace; in reality, it is very rare. My own range of friends and acquaintances includes a few millionaires at one end, a large number of professional people with incomes above the average in their special groups, a plenitude of middle-class friends, neighbors, and relatives, who go down the social scale into what used to be called genteel poverty, and a few stragglers, the very particular salt of the earth, who live in penury in order to devote themselves, with higher concentration, to their thoughts or their art. The ordinary distinctions between the rich and the poor, or the comfortable and the struggling, have no special meaning when I consider the economic status of these people. The only intelligent dis-

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tinction, I find, is between those who have an independent criterion of living, and those who merely try to achieve some current standard of expenditure.

The first class, in Ruskin's clear definition of the word, are wealthy—wealthy, literally, beyond the dreams of avarice. No matter what their income, they are those whom Thomas Dekker addressed in the verse: "Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers? O sweet content!" Among the second group there is, on the other hand, always a suspicious smell, not of poverty, perhaps, but of neediness. They live in a press of anxieties, exacerbations: on twenty thousand dollars a year one of them may get far less out of life than a member of the first group on a sixth of that amount. Those who know what living is, live, so long as they are not handicapped by what the economist calls primary poverty. Whereas those who are concerned chiefly with expenditures, and with keeping up an appearance of expenditure, are always getting ready to live; and by the time they have accumulated all they think necessary for the enjoyment of life they have missed most of life's opportunities and are unable to realize on what remains. For lack of an independent standard, they have exhausted themselves in the pursuit of illusory gains.

In the first group are the happy, intelligent, sensible, sweet-minded people of my acquaintance; and while there are, of course, a few of these among the second, that large group contains an undue proportion of the fretful, the unbalanced, the cynical and harassed and discontented. Those who have a true standard of living do not look upon themselves as martyrs if they have not as many superficial goods as their neighbors; nor are they fanatics who spend their lives in calculating where they can scrimp and shave: the chief fact that sets them off from the people around them is that they are getting what they want out of life—as far as it lies within their power.

Obviously, if the second group were well-disposed toward themselves they would do the same thing; indeed, they often try desperately to achieve the same state by grand resolutions at the beginning of the year, resolutions to reduce the number of taxi-rides or not to entertain so lavishly on week-ends. But before six months are over they are deeper than ever in their usual hole, and they find themselves working harder than ever for more money—as the only means that will help them out of it. Their intentions are perhaps honorable: unfortunately, they look for help in the wrong place, as if a sick man despaired of the doctor and called in the public executioner. The key to a genuine standard of living is not in any particular minimum of money but in a certain mode and habit of life. When that is firmly established, all the other things, with a little intelligent attention, will fall into place.

II

Before I attempt to show what a standard of living means, let me exclude from the discussion one whole class of people: those whose sense of well-being is positively increased by ostentation and luxury—those for whom the ermine assumes his winter coat, for whom a lump of carbon ennobles itself into a diamond, for whom Time turns commonplace furniture into ancient and expensive appurtenances. A genuine standard is of no use to these people: as long as their neighbors spend money on spurious articles, they will wish to spend theirs, too; if possible, a little more lavishly. Were ermine as plentiful as rabbit-fur, or could factory operatives buy Cinquecento pictures, these fine things would lose their value for such people: what social distinction would there be in acquiring them? A large part of the goods demanded by these excellent people is due, as Mr. Thorstein

Veblen pointed out in his satirical *Theory of the Leisure Class*, to a need for conspicuous expenditure.

I do not purpose to discuss whether the standards of this class are absurd or sensible, anti-social or sound. It is enough that they must remain the standards of a relatively small class, endowed by our present conventions of property with a share of the community's goods so extravagant, in proportion to rational human needs, that society will never be able to meet such a demand upon the part of all its members. And just as there are many sensible rich people whose personal needs are as modest and restrained as those of a college professor in a provincial university, so there are a large number of people among the middle classes, and even among the relatively poor, who will remain miserable all their lives because they will never be able to achieve the limit of their heart's desire in the way of luxury and conspicuous expenditure. Nothing that I can say will affect these people, or is intended to convert them. For them, spending *is* living: success in life means making a pile—a pile of money, dresses, motor cars, Ming porcelain, what not.

III

Let us return to that vast body of people who honestly desire to live, but who do not know how to manage it: the people who prize the healthy body above the gorgeous dress, the personality above the background, and the blood-and-bone of life above cosmetics and show. These men and women are usually a little dismayed to find themselves living expensively, on the verge of spending more than comes in: particularly when they discover—as they inevitably do unless they belong to the showy crowd we have just dismissed—that they are not getting fun out of life in proportion to the exertion and the expense.

These people have usually made the critical mistake of attempting to frame a family budget without ever separating essentials from non-essentials, real goods from fictitious ones, and vital expenses from those that mark their pecuniary status and caste. What are the chief items in their budget? Usually, they begin with food, rent, clothing; then there are domestic service, doctor's bills, insurance; and finally, with a wry face the accountant of the household puts in a few residual items that always seem to make the balance come out unfavorably—items called amusements, travels, and incidentals.

From personal experience and fairly wide observation, I believe that this sort of budget, for a family whose income is above the twenty-five hundred dollars that has become the margin of subsistence in a large city, is a topsy-turvy one. All the items that it includes are necessary; but there are far more important elements, with a prior claim, that are left out; and until these are introduced, no sound views can be achieved about either earning capacity, income, or expenditure.

The chief requirement for a real standard of living is neither food nor rent nor clothing: it is life; and the prime essentials of life are health, freedom, and leisure. A budget that does not aim primarily to provide these three elements is as deficient as a diet that, despite its generous supply of calories, lacks vitamins and mineral salts. No excesses in food or amusements, no wild splurges in house-furnishing, no grand attempts at patronizing the mechanical arts will make up for this deficiency. For there are equivalent forms of scurvy, or rickets, that attack the personality, when it lacks health, freedom, and leisure; and a good part of our irrational spending is an attempt to put back into our lives with the medicine dropper various elements that we have forgotten in the cooking.

Let us see how these three conditions are to be met, and

how their achievement alters the position and importance of every other item in the budget.

Health comes first; and I mean health in its positive and exuberant sense, not in mere freedom from functional or organic disorders. With due respect for the conditions for health that medical science lays down, there are two large matters that bottom all the others: one is a satisfactory occupation and the other is a physically favorable environment. The choice of work is by all odds the most important; and the essential of every good job is that it should promote health. The cynical observation of the money-grubber that "he is not in business for his health" is the most abysm l piece of stupidity that could be uttered: if one is not in business for one's health, one ought to change one's business. For the man or woman who finds a suitable career, whether it be turning a lathe, managing an office, or teaching children, the greater part of the compensation comes directly out of the activity in which he is immersed; it stimulates his mind, coördinates his bodily activities, focusses his energies, and thus tends to create an organism that works harmoniously, without apathies, diversions, and losses due to internal friction.

Indeed, the occupations that do all these things most satisfactorily tend to prolong life: painters and sculptors, with their fine balance of manual and mental activities, are notoriously long-lived, as a detailed study of their biographies will show. The grand desideratum of an occupation is not the money it produces but its potentialities for health. If it does not tend to create a whole human being, the resulting conflict and disruption will either wreck the individual, by lessening his working efficiency and undermining his family relations—or, as more frequently happens, it will drive him into all sorts of compensatory activities and dodges, and money spent to excess upon clothes or liquor or show will

eat up his apparent increase in income. Every piece of work should be, in a literal sense, a life-work.

Behind this generalization stands a row of people I know. Those who have been able to face illness and lean pocket-books without wincing and whining are those who have consistently worked for their health, and have never kept a job when they found it working against their grain. In their very worst periods, these people have never been so poor that they could not afford the luxury of abstaining from disheartening or disreputable work. One in particular, a manufacturer whose line of goods suffered a bad depression for three or four years running, calmly took his losses and stuck by his plant, instead of accepting the position offered him as sales manager in a much larger organization, with an income as high as he had known in his best times. Because he did not lose hold of himself and his work, he rode through the storm on an even keel, and when good times returned he still had, for his own satisfaction, the work he most desired. To work for one's health is not the luxury of the unpatronized artist: I can pick out people who practise it in every walk of life.

In contrast with such people, consider those who are doing work they loathe to the bottom of their souls, or work that, again in the quite literal sense, they are sick of: Z. the lawyer, for example, who should have been a playwright, and who, with a steady income of fifteen thousand dollars a year, has never been able to endow himself with the necessary time for the art nearest his heart; F. the publicity expert, who would be far happier in the technical branch of industry, and who, though under thirty, has abandoned all hope of taking up the studies which would enable him to make the change; or L., a chemist, an uninspired research worker, who should have devoted herself to motherhood, and who, by earning money for the luxuries of her home, has never dealt honestly with its necessities—

including her own need for children. No amount of success in a monetary way will ever wipe off their original debit. Such people's budgets cannot be balanced—unless they break loose and change their occupations; and once they are bound to the wheel, it requires more than Samson's strength to break the bond. They may boast sometimes of their infrequent visits to the doctor or their freedom from the common physical ailments: but ten minutes in their company will disclose to one more pervasive signs of maladjustment and ill-health in the set of their bodies and the posture of their minds.

IV

If health involves a reasonable choice of work it also involves a wise selection of living conditions. Here again, once a minimum standard has been effected, money is not a conspicuous item. One may have enough money to live on Park Avenue in New York and still be in the midst of what is essentially a slum: insufficient air and ventilation, no sunlight, crowded living quarters, bleak ugly outlooks. A dwelling that calls for the wasteful consumption of an hour or two of time every day, going to and from an office or a factory, will put any budget out of kilter: for something will be introduced, somewhere in the scale of living, to offset these blank hours and this stupid routine: there is no help for it!

The first rule of economy here is not to save money but to preserve health. To achieve this one may have to spend more on rent and less on other items; or again, one may prefer a small city to a big one, or a town that is economically laid out and developed with some regard to health and beauty over one that sprawls and luxuriates in its ugliness. The suburban trend in the last generation has largely been fostered by people who have made such a choice, in

behalf of their family's health and education; and it is unfortunate that, around a growing city, the suburban solution is only a temporary and partial one, which can do little immediately for the lower income groups, and which promises nothing eventually to anyone, since the suburb is but the first step toward more intensive development.

But the movement itself is significant. In one of the most infernal industrial slums in Connecticut the manufacturers are seriously concerned over the fact that they have begun to lose their skilled mechanics. These men pack their families into their cars on Sunday, go jaunting through the countryside, become aware of villages and homes far more genial to live in than the "prosperous" but grimy hive where they had lived before; and, even at a slight sacrifice in wages, these mechanics have begun to move to the place that offers greater amenities—more opportunities for life. One applauds these fellows for their good sense. They know the difference between nominal wages in cash and real wages in living; and if such intelligence should spread with motor travel, our badly planned and unattractive cities will be renovated speedily under penalty of losing a good part of their population.

At all events, such an intelligent choice of a dwelling place is a prime ingredient for a rational standard of living. Where there are public playgrounds and well-equipped schools and houses built to admit sunlight there will probably be fewer doctor's bills and less fretfulness, tension, discontent. When I find myself measuring my share of the world's goods against that of a friend of mine whose apartment has an address on Fifth Avenue with an actual frontage on the rear walls of other apartments, I set the fact that my house gets sunlight all day over against the fact that a pallid vapor of sunlight reaches her east and south windows for a few brief minutes every day. If I envy her her big rooms, she envies me equally my view of the sunset. I

pay for this privilege by having an address which lends no luster to my stationery, and gives, if anything, a more paltry view of my financial standing than my bank account warrants; but who doubts that I pay cheaply? I found that by living on the edge of a factory district I was farther from the edge of poverty and defeat: indeed, the neighborhood could boast of goods like sunlight and playgrounds for children and tennis courts that can scarcely be purchased for the rich on Manhattan Island. With such a rational standard, one sees that the power of money has been greatly overrated once one has ceased to worry about the shadow-power of prestige.

V

If health is the first thing a good standard must aim at, freedom is the second. Economically speaking, freedom is measured by the margin between one's income and one's expenditures. Below twenty-five hundred dollars in our larger cities, and somewhat less in our small towns and rural communities, freedom is an impossible state except for the unmarried; it means freedom to starve; but above this sum, freedom can be expressed in terms of the simple difference between income and outlay. The person whose expenditures are equal to or greater than his income has no room to move around in, unless he acquires a temporary margin by borrowing. I need not repeat at this point Mr. Micawber's famous words on the subject of balancing one's budget; but they cannot be improved.

Without a margin, a man may wish to change his work; but he cannot look elsewhere for it, particularly if he must make some special preparation for the change or if it involves moving to another city. He may need a rest: alas! he must plug on, until the doctor kindly commits him, with an elaborate disease, to the hospital or the sanatorium. He

may need diversion and stimulus and be going to seed for lack of them: but he is an ass, bound to the treadmill, day after day, week after week, month after month. His yearly vacation is a mockery so long as he can build up no reserves. When such a man becomes desperate, his morality may break under the strain: it is for protection against such as he that the bonding and surety companies come into existence. Such men are committed men; and, incidentally, there can be no integrity in the professions, no honesty in journalism, no decent relationships in business so long as this margin of personal freedom does not exist. What a precious avenue of self-respect is closed when a man dare not hand in his resignation!

I know a writer without unusual ability, a man who has husbanded his talents and used them with some skill, and has achieved a fairly solid place in American letters. The secret of his success is that, with a small inheritance to begin on, he has never permitted his expenditures to relieve him of his entire income—although he long ago spent the inheritance on his education. He has always a margin to work on—a margin that saves him from bad craftsmanship, from dishonest potboilers, and from the other sins and evils that threaten a writer who cannot choose his subject or take his time. Two other men come to mind, of much more brilliant talents, who have become venal and mediocre writers because they included every item in their budget except freedom. The writer who keeps his integrity may sometimes not have more than a single suit to his name; but the point is, when he is driven to sacrifice he follows Emerson's advice, saving on the low levels and spending on the high ones. As for the writers who spoiled their talents, they do not lack new shoes, new cravats, and they never abstain from hospitality; but by any rational standard they are paupers, for they cannot afford to be free.

The more servile a person's position in society is, the

more he reaches out for external props to reassure himself; and, contrariwise, freedom gives a man poise and self-confidence even under difficult circumstances. In the opportunity to choose one's occupation or one's mate, in one's readiness to travel or have children—all matters of spinal importance—freedom depends largely upon having this economic margin. The person with limited needs and a small income, who can save a few hundred dollars a year, is far better off than the very well-to-do who are forever racing neck and neck with their expenditures.

VI

Leisure is the third item in our true standard of living; and it is no less important. I assume that a person's work will remain his central activity: that it gives him satisfaction, health, at times positive joy. But during the last century we have grotesquely overrated the advantage and necessity of work; and as Herbert Spencer long ago pointed out, we are always in danger of overdoing it.

A hundred years ago, a Boston merchant of the old school, a contemporary of Bulfinch and Adams, looked upon leisure as the crown of his life: if he could retire at forty and enjoy it, he was a successful man. Within a generation, this sensible view of life had been completely undermined; and Americans, certainly Americans in business, had become a hard, restless, over-energetic people, who worked perpetually in their offices and factories, lost their appetites, acquired dyspepsia, forgot the art of play, and permitted themselves no vacations. If the business man was not hostile toward activities outside of business, he was apologetic toward them; and was comfortable only when, as in art collecting, they were an incidental witness to his financial success.

With our vast, steady increase in industrial production

since the Civil War, with all our labor-saving devices and the released energies of mine and waterfall, the number of people who can enjoy leisure in modern society is absurdly small. We boast of the eight-hour day or the five-day week, but we still lag behind the economically primitive communities of the Middle Ages, which spent about a third of the year, in Christian countries, in festivals and holidays. That is a standard of leisure not enjoyed even by the tenth of the population which possesses ninety per cent of the wealth. The reason for this anomaly is simple. Above satisfying the elemental wants of life, our machinery can be used either to free us for leisure or to produce a superabundance of goods, including more machinery and labor-saving devices. We are so far from appreciating the advantages of leisure that our whole economy would probably be disrupted, with widespread bankruptcy and suffering, if any considerable part of our population took leisure seriously and sought to enjoy it.

The concept of leisure or its actual enjoyment is so foreign to the industrial society we have created that many grave and important bodies have lately been cogitating over what should be done with the modicum of leisure we are now able to achieve, despite our furious consumptive activities. "The menace of leisure," "the redemption of leisure"—such phrases have become common, and the anxiety they record is comical. Leisure is not a problem when one achieves it: it is the path to all sorts of enjoyments, including the very right and grateful enjoyment of sheer idleness: the real problem is to get any considerable amount of it. Those of the richer classes who "perform leisure" in Mr. Veblen's mordant phrase, know nothing whatever about it: their balls, their fox-hunts, their soirées, their "social" duties are as burdensome as office routine, because they are equally unescapable. The people who have experienced leisure and know what to do with it, in my own

circle, belong to all income groups: they include the richest person I know and the very poorest—a fact which only emphasizes my point that above the margin of subsistence a standard of living has precious little relation to a standard of expenditure.

I myself happen to be in the position that a good part of our society would probably achieve if it set out to adjust its productive machine to the creation of leisure rather than goods alone. As a rule, I work intensely for about three hours a day in the morning; and at a much lower level, for about two hours more at other times. The greater part of the remaining period is devoted to leisure in the true sense of the word. In the country, I spend the afternoons in rambling, swimming, or sketching; in the city I stroll along the avenues, have lunch or tea with friends, drop into the art gallery or the museum or the special exhibition—or explore some remote corner of the waterfront. Both in city and country I have time to play with my children, watch their motions, activities, interests, participate in their lives.

None of these activities involves money, except lunch. What they do require is abundant time—for without time one can neither be a sympathetic parent nor a helpful friend nor yet a lover. How many men sweat in their offices so that they may give their wives a private car, a house with multiple bathrooms, or expensive furs! how many men whose wives would be far more happy, far more richly satisfied, with a little more of their husbands' time and a little more of a lover's attentions! Here again, goods are a compensation for an impoverished and defrauded sense of life.

It is, I think, only people who have been crippled by a stereotyped activity, and are devoid of other resources, who ask what is to be done with leisure. After a morning's purposive work, any sort of spontaneous activity is a pleasure: working at a carpenter's bench, watching the clouds, feeling the road wind under one's feet, or, on summer days,

merely lying still and being drenched by the sun. As for the higher activities of the mind, they all need leisure. If one wishes to enjoy a Bach concerto or read *The Brothers Karamazov,* one needs all one's senses at highest pitch; it is only already tired and depressed people who are forever finding the great poets "difficult" and the great novelists "morbid" and the great composers "tedious." Commonplace art is sedative and makes no demands; but all the art that is worth enjoying requires an organism keyed up for the most intensive sort of work.

In sum, when one has leisure, all those manifold activities and enjoyments which do not depend upon money and are not related to one's work, have an opportunity to come into existence—the goods attached to friendship, parenthood, mating, to vital recreation and all the higher activities of the mind. People who direct their lives steadily toward these ends do not fancy themselves put upon because they cannot afford the latest fashionable luxury; nor are they driven to strive desperately for extra compensations. With health, freedom, and leisure one can turn one's back upon a great many other items in the family budget, and one can reduce to utmost leanness expenses that would otherwise batten and fatten upon one's general discontent with life. Without health, freedom, and leisure, indeed, most of the other items are not worth having.

VII

But how is one to achieve sufficient leisure when the customs of the market extend the working day to a full eight hours? Let us admit that the professional man, who is not attached to any large organization, has a clearer road here than the business man. P. is an architect, highly successful, who five years ago ran a large office with numerous draughtsmen and a chief designer: he had been so successful with

his early commissions that he was forced to expand his office and then he found himself driving harder after new commissions in order to keep his men busy—and in the midst of his "success" he discovered that he was no longer an architect but a drudge, who had forfeited the happy hours he had once known over his draughting table.

P. decided that such success was not worth having. He reduced his force to a single assistant, and attempted no more commissions than he himself could carry out personally, with the aid of various short-cuts and labor-saving dodges in drawing and making details. His nominal income went down a little; but his days became more spacious and leisured; and his real income is much higher than it ever was. Had he measured his achievement in terms of gross output, gross income, and gross ability to spend, he would still be a slave, with no time he could properly call his own and no genuine interest in his work.

While this sort of course is not open to the business man, there are equivalent ways of obtaining leisure; and if there were a real demand for an increase of leisure, they would come into existence. Anyone who has been part of an office organization knows how much trifling and marking time goes on in the usual working day of even a busy and efficient office; and one who has studied the statistics of production knows how specious our eight-hour day is in the trades where activities fluctuate by the season, and for months at a time a whole plant may be shut down or reduced to half-time. The twelve-hour working day has gradually been reduced since the middle of the last century, to nine or eight; numerous public holidays have, likewise, been introduced; and still, when one considers the total of man-hours in all our necessary occupations, we have scarcely begun to take in the slack. There is plenty of margin in our society, inefficient though it is, for more leisure—by re-

ducing the working hours, by increasing the length of vacations, and by encouraging periodic leaves of absence, such as college professors enjoy, one year in seven.

In certain lines of business it is not looked upon as a suspicious frivolity when the executive heads leave the office an hour earlier for a round of golf: but why should golf be the only defensible claim to a little leisure? When men like P. are more numerous in the business world they will contrive ways for getting leisure: instead of accepting a raise in salary, they will suggest instead that they receive a longer vacation; and if their voices carry sufficient weight, they will attempt to organize their department, their corporation, or even their industry so that it will waste less time in "busy work"—wringing all the water out of their all-too-absorbent time-schedules. The thing can be done. In some of the garment trades in New York the clothing workers, who have a high standard of culture, have demanded and have been able to procure for themselves a greater amount of utilizable leisure by the better spacing of their working hours; and once leisure becomes acknowledged as the better part of one's income, the practice will touch other trades, businesses, and professions. It is their sheer hopelessness about breaking through the grind that makes so many business men concentrate so ferociously on the acquisition of power or money.

VIII

Now, health, freedom, and leisure are not open to the greater part of the community except by a certain sacrifice: the rest of the family budget must be adjusted to them.

There is no magic formula for this adjustment; no magic, except perhaps in the fact that if one enjoys the primary goods I have been describing, everything else in life, food,

clothing, amusements, fashionable "necessities," can be reduced to their bare essentials without giving anyone a sense of pain and constriction. The only poverty that it is odious to face is poverty of life. If life be properly nourished, one can get on quite tolerably without trying "to keep up with the Joneses." When one wants a baby, one must be ready to face the world, perhaps, without the latest English type of perambulator; when one wants to go to Europe one may have to give up one's motor car or the habit of regularly entertaining friends at dinner; when one wishes a few months of sheer idleness and relaxation, one may have to avoid the temptation to buy an expensive radio set, to have a picture of one's child done by an exclusive photographer, or to add to the contents of one's linen closet merely because a special sale makes it seem such a reasonable thing to do. Not merely the obvious luxuries, but a great many things that most people have come to consider primitive necessities, may have to be rigorously abandoned. When one realizes that every additional expense is a threat to freedom and leisure, one cheerfully avoids these temptations; for one realizes that no material comfort wears as long as the happy experiences and memories that spring out of a free, well-integrated life.

This is no consolation to those who wish to have their cake and eat it, who wish to buy thoughtlessly and continuously all the appetizing things the market offers and still desire to cultivate the more essential arts of living. But the answer is that we shall never, as individuals or as a community, have freedom and leisure so long as we set a higher value upon the possessive instinct and the goods it seeks, or upon the herd impulse and the silly rivalries it stimulates. Those who wish to keep their standard of living intact must hold up every expense to a strict criterion of utility; and they must not be deluded if some of our bankers

and industrial directors have sought to promote widespread spending in the luxury products before they have even partly covered the market in the necessaries of life.

The greatest labor-saving device known to man is that of doing without vain and unnecessary objects. Like all labor-saving devices, this one tends to throw honest laborers out of work and to ruin certain branches of industry; in this it does not differ from the power-loom or the oil-burning engine. The excellent fashion of going without corsets almost demolished a considerable industry; the fashion of going without hats in summer threatens the same in another industry. Rational budgeting, practiced on any considerable scale, would for a time work similar ruin. If our houses, for example, were designed after the plans of European architects like Le Corbusier and Gropius, the production of rugs, draperies, wall-papers, fashionable furniture, vacuum cleaners would drop almost to zero—along with all the defeat and monotony and lost motion of domestic dusting and cleaning. If the windows of our dwellings and schools permitted unadulterated sunlight to enter, the cod-liver oil industry, likewise, might be seriously deflated.

People who value freedom and leisure will not be dismayed by this. They will try to design houses and apartments for themselves which will require a minimum outlay for equipment; a minimum upkeep charge for menial service, either in one's own time or a maid's wage; and a minimum charge for replacement—no attempt at a "style" which will presently be followed by another "style" as soon as the market for the first is glutted. These people will satisfy their desire for graciousness and beauty by cultivating the painter and the florist rather than the interior decorator. Such design brings labor-saving and budget reduction in the full sense of the words; and the industries that would be threatened by it will doubtless be cheered by the consolation which the economist always offers to labor that has

been displaced by machinery—namely, that in the long run matters will adjust themselves. If, for example, any considerable part of our population demanded such renovated houses as I have hinted at, built for maximum living-efficiency, almost the entire population of the country, including many of the very well-to-do, would have to be rehoused; and that is the most gigantic of industrial enterprises, beside which the production of motor cars is merely an infant industry. Similarly, in the community where I live, with families whose incomes range between three and six thousand dollars, more than one family has renounced a motor car in order to give more attention to its garden or to sustain a private nursery school. The total expenditure of such families may remain the same: but instead of supporting mechanics, they support teachers and nurserymen; and instead of bringing more garages into existence, they have added a school house. Such a change in the allocation of our national budget might cause temporary upsets and inconveniences; but in the long run it would create a real standard of living.

I have not been pleading for mere abstemiousness or preaching the nobility of a mawkish parsimony which consists in never having a sufficiency of needful things. What I maintain is that one should have no more than a sufficiency of goods, that these goods should be vitally necessary—dear as life itself—and that one should devote one's surplus, not to more goods, but to life. If we had such a standard, it would be a fixed one, varying according to age and degree of family responsibility, but not varying because of an increase in the appetite for luxury or fashion or show. When, with good luck, one's personal income rose, or the income of the country as a whole rose, this would mean, not an increase in the number of motor cars or bathrooms, but an increase in freedom and leisure. That would be the sort of society worth living in: for its prosperity would be genuine,

and not contradicted by the statistical evidence and the actual state of the greater part of the population. I can testify from personal experience that the sort of life I have been describing is not impossible—and that it leaves one with few unsatisfied desires and no regrets.

THE APPRECIATION OF LITERATURE *

By George Edward Woodberry

Literature is an art of expression. The material which it employs is experience; or, in other words, literature is the expression of life. Action, emotion, and thought are the three great divisions of life, and constitute experience. Literature undertakes to represent such experience through the medium of language, and to bring it home to the understanding of the reader. It is obvious that literature makes its appeal to the individual mind and is intelligible only in so far as the individual is able to comprehend its language and interpret the experience there embedded. A good reader is an author's best fortune, for the writer strives in vain unless he be understood. The reader's own experience is the key to literature. It may be direct experience, events and passions personal to himself; or it may be indirect, events and passions observed in the career of others, or at least learned by report; but in any case the power to understand indirect experience, that is, experience not one's own, depends on the existence of a common human nature and on the share of it which the reader has already realized in his own life and self-consciousness. It is by sympathy and imagination that one enters into the lives and fortunes of others; and these two faculties, which are the great interpretative powers of literature, have richness, strength, and scope in proportion to the quality and quantity of individual experience, to the depth and range of one's own life. Sympathy and imagination are the faculties which literature most cultivates by exercise, and the enlightenment which literature brings is in

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the main achieved through them. It is plain that the appreciation of literature is a continuing process, and depends on increase of experience in the personal life and on growth of the imaginative and sympathetic powers; hence it is changeable in taste and standard, and varies from one stage of life to another. It is a measure of growth because it proceeds from growth; to love the poets is a certificate of manhood, a proof that one has put forth the powers and appropriated the means of life, that one is on the way at least to be humanized. Literature is the foremost of the humanities, of those instrumentalities by which man becomes more completely human; and in the individual this end is furthered in proportion as he understands human nature in others under its various modes and brings forth from it in himself the richest experience of its capacities. Openness to experience, or sensibility, is the prime quality of the good reader; and to this the writer adds, on the active or creative side, the power of expression through language. These two faculties are the essential constituents of literary genius. The appropriation of a work of genius is, in a certain sense, a repetition of the act of creation under different circumstances, and the good reader must share in the genius of his author in however pale a form and on however low a scale. It has long been recognized that this likeness exists between the two; for the act of reading is a blending of two souls, nor is it seldom that the reader brings the best part, vivifying his author with his own memory and aspiration and imparting a flame to the words from his own soul. The appreciation of literature is thus by no means a simple matter; it is not the ability to read, nor even a canon of criticism and rules of admiration and censure that are required; but a live soul, full of curiosity and interest in life, sensitive to impressions, acute and subtle in reception, prompt to complete a suggestion, and always ready with the light of its own life to serve as a lamp under its feet. Appreciation of literature, too, is

neither rapid nor final; it moves with no swifter step than life itself, and it opens, like life, always on larger horizons and other labors.

Experience, such as has been indicated, is usually found in literature in a complex form. It may be usefully discriminated as either personal, national, or universal, and in authors individually some one of these kinds is generally predominant. Byron is the type of the personal writer, interested in his own moods and fortunes, egotistic in all his life forces, creating his heroes in his own image and, repeating in them his qualities, his ambitions, and disillusions, giving his confession through their lips. Virgil is the most distinguished example of the national writer; one always thinks of Rome in the same breath—"Roman Virgil," as Tennyson begins his noble tribute. Virgil set forth the specific and peculiar experience of the Roman state, giving expression to common traits and interests, the tradition and ideals and manners of the empire that had come to be out of the toil of the fathers and was then the glory of the earth. Universal experience is that which is the same for all men, whatever their race, country, or age, and is exemplified most plainly by the stories of Scripture which have had greatest currency, and in a single author most purely by Shakespeare. The scale of experience with which literature deals, in other words, begins with the narrow circle of the writer's own life and widens out through his city, people, nation, his age, until it includes humanity as such; and in the final and simplest form this experience is of interest, not because it was one man's or one nation's, but because it may be the experience of any man put in such circumstances. Every man has this threefold ply in his life; he has that human nature which is common to the race with its unchanging passions, needs, and vicissitude of human events, and he adds to this the special traits of his age and country, which he also has in common with his fellows; and besides he possesses peculiarities of

character and temperament and fortune in life in which his individuality lies. Literature corresponds to this arrangement by presenting its work similarly woven of individual, national, and universal strands, and it has more breadth of significance in proportion as it embodies experience most purely in the Shakespearian or Scriptural type. The appreciation of literature in this type is most ready, in the greatest number of cases, because a certain preparation in history or biography is necessary to the comprehension of the national and personal types. The direct appeal to experience, in other words, without the intervention of study, is made on the ground of universal life; and to this kind, by virtue of the universal element in it, the most enduring literature belongs.

To approach the matter in another way, life is infinite in the number of its phenomena, which taken together make up experience; but there is great sameness in the phenomena. The monotony of human life is one of the final and persistent impressions made upon the reader as upon the traveler. It is natural, therefore, that a love song that was merely a personal effusion of feeling sung in Persia centuries ago should seem to pour forth the genuine emotion of some lover of to-day in a far-off land and should serve him as the verbal channel of his joy or grief. Emotion has thus prepared for it in lyric poetry of all lands a ritual already written and established. Action, likewise, whose poetic form is epic and dramatic poetry, has a literature of war and passion that passes current everywhere; and thought, the third great form of experience, which is set forth in philosophy or science, sums up its formulas of knowledge and wisdom which serve equally in all languages. The common element is so great, the limits of human experience in all its forms are so restricted, that there results this easy communication and interchange between races and ages. Literature, so built up and disseminated, while it always offers a wealth of expression for the normal and mediocre experience of life, the com-

monplace, nevertheless tends to prefer, in its high examples, that which is surpassing in emotion, action, and thought, and to conserve this, however far beyond reality, as the mode of overflow of the human soul in its aspiration and its dream of what is possible to itself. Man is a dreamer even more than he is an actor; his actions indeed are hardly more than fragments and relics of his dreams. This is the realm of the ideal, and literature treasures there its greatest works, those which are especially regarded as its works of high genius in creative imagination. The material is still experience, and the expression sought is still the expression of life, but it is experience transformed by being newly arranged and it is life expressed rather in its function of power than in its operation of reality. This change which passes upon experience and gives scope to the soul's power is brought about by the intervention of art; for literature is not a record of experience primarily and simply, but it is an art using experience for ulterior ends.

Experience, things as they occur, the mere material of expression, is raw material, a crude agglomeration, life just as it comes to pass. If a newspaper were the complete history of a day, as a journalist once defined it, this would be an example of the expression in language of such experience; but it would not be literature, because there would have been no intervention of art in the case. The primary step in art is selection from the crude mass of material of such parts as will serve the purpose of the writer; these parts are then combined so as to make a whole, that is, they are put in necessary relations one with another such that if any part were to be taken away the whole would fall to pieces through lack of support; a whole so constructed is said to have organic unity, the unity of an organism. This unity is the end of art, and the steps to it are selection and logical combination. This is true of the arts in general, and gave rise to Michael Angelo's well-known definition,—"art

is the purgation of superfluities." In literature such construction is illustrated by the general nature of plot, which is a connection of events in the relation of cause and effect such that each is necessary to the course and issue of the action as a whole, and none superfluous. Hardly inferior to the use of plot in the field of action as an artistic resource in literature is the employment of type in the field of character; here a similar process of selection takes place in consequence of which the person, or type, possesses all the qualities common to a class of individuals and no quality peculiar to any one individual; this is ideal character. Thus Romeo is all a lover, Achilles all a hero, Iago all a villain. Ideal character, or type, and ideal action, or plot, are the two great modes of creative art in imaginative literature; but there are besides many other artistic means employed by literature in its representation of life. These two serve sufficiently to illustrate the use of art made by literature, which is to clarify the experience which is its material; thus plot rationalizes events under the law of cause and effect, and type simplifies character by presenting it under a single and immutable aspect, or by restricting attention to a few phases of it within a narrow range. Without entering on the mazes of æsthetic theory, where there is little certainty, it is enough to observe that art in general seeks order in life and obtains it by a process of segregation and recombination, whether the order so found be something plucked from the chaos of nature and revealed as an inner harmony of the universe, or by merely the grace flowing from man upon the world and the illusion of his limiting intelligence. The presence of this order in art is plain; and also the principle of clarification, of simplification, of economy in the interest of an intelligible and comprehensive conception of experience, operating to disclose this order, is likewise to be observed. Whatever may be the validity of art, in the philosophic sense, what is essential here is the simple fact of its presence as

the mode by which literature deals with experience in order to draw from life its use and meaning for men. The conclusion is that literature represents life in certain formal ways; a degree of formalism is indeed inseparable from literature, as from all the other arts, and some acquaintance with its traditionary forms is indispensable to the appreciation of its contents, while, besides, the pleasure of the forms themselves is a part of its real value. The importance of the formal side of literature is not lessened by the fact that the perception of form and delight in it are not English traits in a high degree; in this respect the southern nations excel the northern peoples by far; it is probable, indeed, that for the English generally, in approaching their literature, there is a sense of artificiality in the mere form of verse greater than they feel in the case of a picture or a statue. The external form, which is generally described as technique, is really no more artificial than the internal form, which consists in the development of the theme independently of its melodic investiture; neither is truly artificial, but both belong under artistic formalism, which is the method whereby great imaginative literature takes body and acquires its intense and enduring life.

In correspondence with the three kinds of experience, personal, national, and universal, each recreated in artistic form, there are three modes of critical approach to literature in order to interpret and understand its contents. The first and simplest is the purely æsthetic, and is especially applicable to universal literature; it looks only at the work, which is freed from conditions of time and place and origin, analyzes its qualities, compares it with others, classifies, and so judges it under formal criteria by itself alone and for its own sake as an incarnation of that human life, an expression of that human spirit, which is the same yesterday, today and forever, at least within the range of the arc which art has thus far measured; it is this sameness in the soul,

as interpreted by art, which justifies the absolute nature of this mode of criticism. The second is the purely historical mode of approach, and is appropriate to the national element in experience and the works which most embody it in whatever form; it looks at the environment, examines race, country and epoch, and seeks to understand the work as merely the result of general social forces and broad conditions and as the necessary and, as it were, fatal expression of these, and allows the least possible part to individual choice or influence. The third mode, which is more proper to the personal element, is the psychological; it looks at the personality of the writer and seeks to interpret his work as the result and expression of his peculiar temperament and faculty under the personal conditions of his birth, education, and opportunities. All three are useful methods and are alike indispensable; and as literature normally presents the three kinds of experience blended, and seldom singly in a pure form, it is generally necessary to employ the three kinds of criticism, without giving undue advantage to any one of them, in order to grasp any great work fully in its personality, its historical significance and its universal and imperishable æsthetic value. It is nevertheless true that mere biography and mere history are not, properly speaking, literary elements, when literature is regarded as a fine art; they are adjuncts to the interpretation of the work just as grammar may be, or archæology, or any other subsidiary aid; but the characteristic value of any literary work, that which makes it literature, is independent of these and is a more vital and enduring thing. This value lies in its being a work of art.

The critical approach to literature by whatever mode implies study, an acquired knowledge of biography or history or of artistic forms. The direct aim of all art, however, is to please, and to please immediately; study may be a part of the necessary preparation for appreciation, but it does not

enter into the appreciation itself. It is useful to recognize at once the fact that literature is not an object of study, but a mode of pleasure; it is not a thing to be known merely like science, but to be lived. If a book does not yield immediate pleasure to the reader, as direct and intimate as sensation or emotion, it fails with that particular person to discharge the proper function of literature. The typical example of the operation of literature is found in the company of warriors listening to the old minstrel who relates the heroic deeds and tragic histories that make up the tradition of the tribe, or in the groups in the mediæval market-place who hung on the lips of the traveler telling tales, the poet chanting lays, or the players representing in rude scenes the comedy of human life. This is not to say that the hearer is without some preparation, but not that of study. Even the simplest books, such as those about nature, require that there should have been in the reader some previous life, some training of the eye, some curiosity about birds and beasts and the treasure-trove of the sea-beach. The having lived is the essential condition of any appreciation; or, in other words, the appeal to experience, lies back of all literary pleasure. The more direct this is, the better; and literature rises in the scale of value in proportion as the appeal is made to broader and wider experience, to more and more of life already realized in the reader himself. His life with nature must be wide and deep before he can appreciate normally and easily the greater works of poetic imagination in which nature is employed as the channel of high passion, as the symbol of philosophic truth, or even as the harmonious and enhancing environment of scenes of love or tragedy. That reader does best who in his use of literature insists on the presence of this immediate appeal to himself in the books he reads. If the book does not have this effect with him, if it does not coöperate with his own taste and interest, it may be the best of books for others, but it is not for him,—at

least it is not yet for him. Study, the conscious preparation to understand, begins when the difficulty of appreciation becomes insurmountable by private and personal experience. The obstacle is, in the main, merely a defect in experience such as to impair his powers of imagination and sympathy which interpret other lives and experience not his own to himself. This obstacle rises especially in past literature and it increases in proportion to the antiquity or foreignness of the literature, in general, in the degree to which the literature involves different conditions of life from those which are contemporary. It is here that scholarship of all sorts has its function in the endeavor to make contemporary in thought the past phases of life.

The soul is essentially the same in all men; yet its temperament, its consciousness of the world and of itself, its faith and the modes of its ambition and consolation are widely different in the various races and civilizations. It is extremely difficult even for a trained and instructed imagination to realize the world of a mediæval saint or of a Greek sophist or of a Jewish enthusiast of the age of the prophets. If one attempts to reconstruct the physical aspect of such a man's thought of the heavens and the earth, and then adds, as best he can, the intellectual and moral contents of such a mind and heart, he seems moving in a world of mistake and ignorance so different from our own as to seem a mad world. It is curious how often the past world of our own blood, its scheme of knowledge and scope of meditation and passion, take on this form of apparent madness in the eyes of a modern reader who stops to think. Still more, if one attempts to reconstruct the world of the Arab, the Hindoo, the Chinese, the task grows hopeless; looking into the faces of the orientals, eye to eye, is a blanker thing than gazing at the Sphinx; the mystery of personality seems unfathomable in men by whom fundamental ideas are so differently held and conceived as often to be unintelligible to

us and hardly recognizable; and we conclude briefly,—"the oriental is inscrutable." The attempt to fathom a foreign literature is like that of acquiring the language; at first it seems easy, but with progress it becomes hard; and it is the same, but in an infinitely greater degree, with the task of acquiring an Italian or an Arab or a Hindoo soul. The defect of experience in our case allows the imagination to work only imperfectly in constructing, and the sympathies to flow inadequately in interpreting, the scenes, passions, and moods of other lands and peoples; and literature loses its power in proportion as its necessary appeal to ourselves diminishes. We read Greek books, but not as the Greeks read them; and one of the strange qualities of immortal books is that they permit themselves to be so read and yet to give forth an intelligible and supreme meaning. The reader takes so much of the book as has affinity with him, and it is as if the book were re-written in his mind; indeed, it often happens that the book which was written is not the book which is read, so great is the reader's share in that blending of two souls which is the act of reading; it was certainly thus, for example, that Emerson read Hafiz. The reader's mind enters into every book, but especially into works of imagination; there is something private in his understanding of his author, and this is a greater element in proportion to the vitality and richness of his mind; what he makes of an ancient or a foreign book is often, it must be suspected, something that departs widely from the original author's design. The function of scholarship, in appreciation, is so to inform the reader with respect to the material and environment of the book that he may have the truest possible operation of imagination and the freest possible play of sympathy in appropriating the book; but, in comparison with contemporary and native appreciation, it is usually a limited success which is thus gained.

As the study of biography, history, archæology, and other

lights on past conditions or alien civilizations are aids to the reader in understanding and appropriating unfamiliar experience, so some study of artistic forms of expression assists him in appreciating literature, particularly in its higher and more refined phases. In poetry, especially, a modest acquaintance with the melodic modes of languages is indispensable; but it need not exceed the limits which would similarly be set for an elementary appreciation of music. It is not a knowledge of prosody, of the different varieties of meter and their combinations, of the technique of verse as taught in books that is necessary; such study is, for the most part, wearisome and fruitless. The essential thing is to be able to read verse, and to read it intelligently so that it declares itself to be verse and not prose by the mere fall of the syllables. It is extraordinary how rare this power has become. It is true that in older modes of education, such as the Greek, the melodic modes of the language were defined and held by the concurrence of the instrument and the dance with the choral movement of the words; but verse, even when not so sustained, has a clear movement of its own. The ear should be trained by the oral repetition of verse, if it is to be true; but this is seldom done in any effective way. It is not only the keen sense of the melody of verse which has been lost; the significance of the line and the phrase as units of composition is also seldom known. It is not possible to appreciate verse unless it is correctly read, nor to realize its beauty without some sense of its structure, that is, of the unitary value of phrase, line, and stanza, and of the mode of their combination to build up the whole into one poem. To perceive melodic time in verse with its subtle modulation of cadence and rhythm, and to be aware of the interlacing and close junction of phrase and line in which much of the grace and felicity of poetry resides, are labors neither difficult nor long; a little intelligent attention suffices to acquire this power and with it the formal pleasure of litera-

ture begins. The way once entered on may lead so far as to the appreciation of a Greek ode or even to pleasure in the intricacies of a Persian song. It is not, however, necessary to go to such lengths. The forms of poetry have their effect, like the forms of other arts, without elaborate study or developed knowledge of technique. Oratory is a mode of address full of artifice, but it is artifice grounded upon nature, so that it sways the "fierce democratie" by itself; and the forms of poetry are similarly grounded upon nature, and its music plays upon the heart and mind of men by a necessity of their constitution. A scientific and technical knowledge is by no means required of the reader; but an elementary acquaintance with melody and structure, such as to allow correct reading and the perception of the harmonious confinement of thought within the limits of the musical beats of phrase and line, is hardly to be dispensed with. It is questionable, on the other hand, whether much is gained by study of the artistic field in larger matters, such as, for example, dramatic construction. In that direction the reader turns his attention from the work to the workmanship, and may embarrass himself with theory, or preconceptions not universally applicable. But without setting limits to study of whatever sort, for all modes of study have possible uses, it is to be laid down in general that all study of literature in the way of preparation to grasp and understand, whether it be linguistic, historical, or æsthetic, exists to be forgotten and laid off as soon as it is completed; its end is to withdraw one by one the veils, and leave the reader alone with the spirit of the book, which then speaks to him face to face. All the rest was but preliminary; it is only then that he begins to read.

The uses of study in all its kinds being thus subsidiary and a means of remedying defects in the power of imagination, sympathy and perception of form, the reader is at last thrown fairly back upon his own experience, or the kind and

quality of the life he has lived, for his appreciation of literature; he is left to himself. If the light is not in him, he cannot see; and, in general, large parts of literature remain dark and, even in authors whom he comprehends in the main portions, continue obscure. This is especially true of the greatest works of genius. For the reader the measure of his understanding of the author is the measure of the author; and from this there is no appeal. It results from these conditions that literature is slowly appropriated and is a thing of growth. The reader cannot transcend at the moment his own season; as a child he reads as a child, and as a man as a man. A boy of ten may read Homer, but he reads him with the power of a boy of ten. It is a child's Homer. The dependence of the book on the reader being so strict, it is always advisable to keep literary study on a near level with life as it is in the individual case. The natural introduction to literature for the very young is by means of that universal sort which is selected from all ages and requires no study, such as the stories of Scripture, short legendary tales of history, beast and bird fables, fairy tales, and the like. They have, besides their intelligibility, the advantage of accustoming the mind to a make-believe world, natural to childish fancy, and so laying the foundation for that principle of convention which is fundamental in art and indispensable in its practice, and also of making the contemplation of imaginary experience habitual so that there is no shock between it and truth. The transposition by which human experience is placed in the bird and beast world is a literary fiction; as an element in early education it helps to give that plasticity to the world of fact which is essential to the artistic interpretation of life and the imaginary habit of mind. The serious study of one's own literature is most fruitfully begun by acquaintance with those authors who are in vogue and nearly contemporary, the literature of the century preceding, on the well-worn principle of proceeding

in knowledge from the better-known to less well-known, and because there is the minimum of necessary study intervening between author and reader. To approach and have practice in the literature that requires study there is nothing better for the beginner than Greek literature, and it has the peculiar advantage for broadening the mind of being a pagan literature and yet closely kindred to our own, presenting human experience under very different conditions from the present, and yet easily realizable in wise and beautiful forms. In Greek literature, too, the universal element is greater than in any other, and this facilitates its comprehension while the mind becomes accustomed to the mixture with the universal of the past, the temporal, the racial, the obscure, the dead. It is advisable, also, in these early choices and initial steps to consider the season of the reader, to begin with books in which action has a large share and postpone those in which thought is dominant, to favor those of simple rather than of refined emotion, to keep in all things near to the time of life and to that experience especially which is nascent if not already arrived in the reader. And what is true of the beginner is true for every later period. It is best to be honest with oneself, and to respect one's own tastes and predilections; not to read books because they are classics, if they yield no true pleasure, not to force a tame liking, not to feign to oneself, or in other ways to confuse what it is said one ought to like with what one does like sincerely. It is always to be borne in mind that appreciation is a thing of growth. A great book does not give itself all at once, nor perhaps quickly, but the maxim holds good—slow love is long love. Books naturally fall into three classes: those that are outlived, because the experience they contain and address is shallow or transitory; those that are arrived at late because the experience involved is mature; and those, the greatest, which give something to the youngest and have something left to give to the oldest, which keep pace with

life itself and like life disclose themselves more profoundly, intimately and in expanding values with familiarity. The secret of appreciation is to share the passion for life that literature itself exemplifies and contains; out of real experience, the best that one can have, to possess oneself of that imaginary experience which is the stuff of larger life and the place of the ideal expansion of the soul, the gateway to which is art in all forms and primarily literature; to avail oneself of that for pleasure and wisdom and fulness of life. It is those minds which are thus experienced that alone come to be on the level of the greatest works and to absorb their life; but the way is by a gradual ascent, by natural growth, by maintaining a vital relation with what is read. So long as the bond between author and reader is a living bond, appreciation is secure.

LITERATURE AND MODERN LIFE *

By PAUL SHOREY

I

No PREFACE or protest will save an essay or a speaker from misunderstanding. A few hours after an address which I made on this subject, one of my audience, meeting me with a *Saturday Evening Post* under my arm, was as shocked as if he had caught his "dry" Congressman in conference with his bootlegger. Yet I had said nothing that precluded me from reading the *Saturday Evening Post* or Mencken or Dreiser, or Sherwood Anderson or Aldous Huxley or Vachel Lindsay or Ben Hecht or Joyce or Frank Swinnerton or H. G. Wells or D. H. Lawrence or Floyd Dell or even Bernard Shaw or any other notoriety of to-day or yesterday that happened to excite my curiosity or engage my interest or respond to the mood of the moment. My admonition was directed to those who read nothing else but the best-advertised current literature and make it the staple of their thought and the attuner of their feelings.

My sermon was addressed to undergraduates who neglect the irrecoverable opportunity of four years of leisure for acquiring a literary background and perspective and taking possession of some portion of the precious inheritance that has been accumulating for them since Homer first "smote 'is blooming lyre" and the lawgiver of the Hebrews wrote, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

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I was preaching to my friends who live in in-a-door apartments and in whose very select libraries I often find no book earlier than 1910, as Mark Twain said that a good Southern library contains no book later than 1860.

But I realize the futility of this caveat. The student journal of my own university severely declared a few years ago that the nature of Professor Shorey's studies makes it impossible for him to appreciate or sympathize with modern thought. Yet I preach conservatism mainly because, though the ordinary Main Street American does not yet vote red, all intellectual America reads and talks pink. The clichés and commonplaces of modern radicalism, or liberalism, if this is the fairer word, are inculcated weekly in all the literary reviews without exception, and in at least ninety-nine out of a hundred of all university lectures and addresses. We never hear anything else. It can do us no harm to listen for once to a few qualifications of them.

Literature and life is a favorite topic of heavy-weight philosophers of history and light-armed belletristic feuilletonists. The philosopher steps in after the fact and proves that every literature must have been just what it was because of the economic, social, and political soil in which it was rooted. Literature is simply a by-product of superorganic evolution, they say. Man, says Taine, secretes literature as the silkworm spins its cocoon.

They proceed to correlate the epic with an abstraction called the heroic age, generalized from Homer, the *Chanson de Roland, Beowulf,* the *Nibelungenlied,* and the *Edda,* with total disregard of the quality that makes the *Iliad* the world's greatest poem. They show how the courts of the tyrants and the life of the Greek colonies that fringed the Mediterranean inevitably replaced the epic by personal and choral lyric. They demonstrate that the city-state of Athens and the London of Shakespeare were the predestined cradle of the drama; and they have no difficulty in proving that

the novel is the natural vehicle for the portrayal and criticism of modern life.

The prophets of a new and different American literature, and Walt Whitman, their later mouthpiece, proclaimed that all European art was undemocratic, feudal, monarchical, petty, obsolete, and predicted that the untrammeled democracy of America would create a literature as much broader and sturdier as America's prairies are wider, its rivers longer, its mountains higher, its buffaloes shaggier. It is a pretty game; but, whether it be science or pseudoscience, I need not stop to play it or criticize it further here.

No less fertile and ingenious in suggestion are the literary critics. They sometimes start from the thesis that literature and literary criticism have no appreciable influence on the life of the great mass of mankind. Literature is the affair of select, but small and, except to themselves, insignificant coteries. This entertaining paradox was frequently sustained by such French critics as Anatole France and Jules Lemaître, and found echoes in England and America. "What in the name of the Bodleian has the general public to do with literature?" exclaimed Mr. Augustine Birrell. And Mr. Mencken, in his disdain of democratic "boobery," abounds in the same sense, though the books that he rebukes the public for neglecting are not on the same shelf of the Bodleian with those that constitute real literature for Mr. Birrell.

Under the pen of a ready writer this self-depreciation of the littérateur assumes an engaging air of modesty. How should I, he seems to say, a mere scribbler, flatter myself that I can influence the conduct of the great mob of dollar-chasers and breadwinners to whom the name of the author is as unimportant as it is to the adapter of a film continuity, and who, if they read at all, read not to criticize life, but to escape from it and kill time?

It is love and hunger and the pursuit of wealth, votes, and power that make the world go round, and the writer of books

is only the fly on the wheel, the cock who thought he crowed the sun up. The course of history is determined by deep-seated social and economic forces, not by sentences out of books. This depressing view of his own insignificance may overcome any writer in his discouraged moods. Plato himself asked, "What man would choose to be Homer the singer if he might be Homer's hero, Achilles the doer?"

Tennyson cries:—

> Ah, God! the petty fools of rhyme,
> That shriek and sweat in pygmy wars
> Before the stony face of Time
> And looked at by the silent stars.

And Kipling in his last book, *A Diversity of Creatures*, moralizes:—

> What man hears aught except the groaning guns?
> What man heeds aught save what each instant brings?
> When each man's life all imaged life outruns,
> What man shall pleasure in imaginings?
> So it hath fallen as it was bound to fall,
> We are not, nor we were not, heard at all.

An amusing inversion of this thesis is Oscar Wilde's paradox that life imitates literature and not literature life. There are fashions in complexions, stature, and conversation, as well as in gowns; and in both cases they are often dictated to life by art and literature, not copied from it. Gibson and Beardsley created the Gibson and the Beardsley girls. For many years French boulevard fiction determined the ideals of all Latin youths who would be devils of fellows, and of the young gallants of all Latin America, Russia, and the minor European nationalities. Pierre Loti's novel, *Les Désenchantées*, is an interesting example of this reverse French. Loti thought he was expressing the life of the new Turkish women and the new freedom of Constantinople. He was in fact writing up a hoax played upon him by three cosmo-

politan dames of Constantinople who had read the books which record his other adventures in this kind. And yet, so intricate are the interactions of literature and life, this very book, based on an unreality, went into two hundred and twenty thousand copies and did much to further the cause of the emancipation of Turkish women.

II

These and other variations on the theme might be reduced to two heads—the attempt to make the study of literature a science, and the endeavor to free literature from all social responsibilities, all obligations to conventional decencies and traditional moralities.

With the pseudoscience, which makes much of the teaching of English literature a pretentious futility, we are not further concerned here. But the other topic, in its various ramifications, is the indispensable prelude to what I intend to be my main text—the cumulative effect of our habitual reading on our lives. All philosophies of literature that overlook or deny this influence stand in the way of any serious consideration of it. Take, for example, the entertaining topic of fashion in literature, on which I have in my barrel a perfectly good Phi Beta Kappa oration, though not so good as Mr. Galsworthy's clever skit, "Time, Tides and Taste." Some of the world's keenest critics have said that they know of only one established law in the "science" of literature,—the law of the reaction of the sons against the taste of the fathers,—a law illustrated, for example, in well-known scenes of Aristophanes' *Clouds* and Thackeray's *Newcomes*. There are undoubtedly fashions in speech, philosophy, scholarship, and medicine—to which last, satirists from Molière to Alphonse Daudet, Bernard Shaw, and Jules Romains have done ample justice—as there are fashions in

art, music, dancing, girls and girls' names, and Bohemian restaurants. Matthew Arnold cites as too ludicrous for criticism Pope's translation of the moonlight scene in Homer, which Tytler, writing in 1790, selects to show how nobly Pope has improved on his original. A heroine of Jane Austen is "driven wild" by "those exquisite verses of Cowper" which would leave a flapper of 1928 "more than usual calm." From hundreds of like instances it would be easy to infer the absolute relativity of all literary tastes and judgments, with the practical conclusion that no literary criticism is of the slightest use. We need not select our own or guide our children's reading. We have only to follow the fashion in the lists of best sellers. Plausible as a clever writer can make the argument, the conclusion revolts common sense.

A well-known aphorism of a German materialist runs: "Der Mensch ist was er isst," or, in the vernacular, "it's eats that win the battle of life." But in speaking of or to the college-bred it would be more pertinent to say that what you've read makes your head. There are plenty of exceptions, but, broadly speaking, the dependence of culture upon reading still holds for the student in an American university of the Middle West. As Tom Corey says in Howells's *Rise of Silas Lapham,* speaking of bookless Americans, "They are not unintelligent people, they are very quick and they are shrewd and sensible. I have no doubt that some of the Sioux Indians are so. But that is not saying that they are civilized. All civilization comes through literature now, especially in our country. A Greek got his civilization by talking and looking [Howells is evidently thinking of a passage of Macaulay about Athenian education, too long to quote]; in some measure a Parisian may still do it. But we who live remote from history and monuments, we must read or we must barbarize."

Other theories that would emancipate literature from all

responsibilities and controls, and relieve us from the burdens of choice and guidance, are the apologies for realism, the repeal of reticence, the assertion of the sacrosanct right of the artist to follow his own inspiration or caprice, and, summing them all up, the flat denial that literature has anything to do with morals or that society has any right to censor or a conservative critic to censure.

These theories are, so to speak, interlocking directorates and need not be kept sharply apart. The initial fallacy of the realists, or, as they sometimes call themselves, the veritists, seems to be the assumption that only the ugly is real, and that the seamy side should always be turned outward. There is a profounder philosophy in the warning of Keats, Ruskin, and Alfred de Musset that in the deeper sense nothing is real or true that is not beautiful. That is not mere sentimentality; at the wedding of Cadmus and Harmonia—of letters and harmony, let us say—the Greek muses sang, "That which is lovely we love, and that which is ugly we love not." Whether the sense of beauty refers us to a Platonic idea that "sweetly torments us with invitations to its inaccessible home," or whether it be a God-given instinct or only a by-product of superorganic evolution,—whatever, in short, our theory of its origin,—the instantaneous and peremptory perception of beauty is the surest sign we have that something is right and true, as the shock of the ugly is the most certain warning that something is false and in the highest sense unreal. An unbeautiful fashion in literature is self-condemned and cannot escape damnation by the trick of calling the characteristic the beautiful or exhorting us to "face the facts." What facts are most significant is the very question. "God defend me," says Emerson, paraphrasing Plato, "from ever looking at man as an animal." But the pseudoscientific doctors who deduce their criticism of life from biology tell us that we ought to think more and

not less of our animal nature and origins, that we ought to gloat and brood on the subject as Christian novices were taught to meditate the life of Christ—and they have converted poets. "Open my eyes to vision," prays Mr. Untermeyer, "but always let me see the dirt and all that spawn and die in it." "Behind the hedge of cactus the smell of a dead horse mingles with the smell of tamales frying," writes Mr. Fletcher, and Miss Amy Lowell comments, "I have heard it objected that tamales are never fried—as a matter of fact, that is so, but is not the soul of Spain in that poem?" That is, never mind the facts; if it only smells bad enough, it is realism.

The allied topic of "the repeal of reticence" is not easy to discuss, because to talk of it at all is to violate the principle of reticence and lose the touch we talk of. For the rest, the common sense of the matter has been so conclusively declared by Cicero and Quintilian and scores of successors down to Lowell, O. W. Holmes, and Howells that further elaboration of the argument would be unprofitable. This is not the first or the second time that fashion has tried to banish decency from literature, and the effects on literature have never been encouraging. The joke, if it is one, soon grows stale. Back in 1683, in the days of Charles II of licentious memory, Shadwell wrote:—

> The gloss is gone that looked at first so gaudy.
> 'T is now no jest to hear young girls talk bawdy.

Or, as a recent epigram puts it: "Now they have found they can talk about everything, they don't talk about anything else." If the canon of Victorian literature was "Thou shalt not shock a young lady," the slogan of to-day might seem to be "Thou canst not shock a young lady." I have no license or authority to preach. It is the cheapness, the ease, the triviality, the tiresomeness of the thing that justify a protest. Any-

body can talk or write sex. It is the line of least resistance. And the habit not only, as Burns implies, "hardens a' within, and petrifies the feeling," but it monopolizes the attention and distracts the mind from the infinite variety of better things—better things to talk about, at any rate. Not of any practitioner of the new "frankness" will it ever be said, as Sir Rennell Rodd wrote of Tennyson:—

> Never a girl in England, or in England over the sea,
> But wakes to her life's first love-dream sweetlier souled for thee.

The passionate assertion of the artist's independence, his right to treat any subject in any way, will always win the favor and excite the fervor of the artist himself. "I have as much right to write of Chicago as Dante of Florence," cacophonously exclaims somewhere the bard of the hog butcher for the world. To which the aptest answer is that of Socrates to Polus in Plato's *Gorgias:* "It would be monstrous if in the city where there is most license of all the world you were not allowed to say what you please. But it would be equally unfair to deny me the right of not listening."

III

The absolute right of the author to liberty of prophesying was first emphatically proclaimed by the French, German, and English poets of the romantic revolution. His genius, his inspiration, his personality, were the only laws to which the artist owed allegiance, and to thwart, control, or in any way interfere with their impulsions was the sin against the Holy Ghost. The realists invoke the human and democratic equality of all subjects and all styles for the same purpose.

Lastly came the Italian philosopher and critic, Croce, whose followers, from his assumption that all art is ex-

pression, deduce the conclusion that the successful expression of the ugly is beautiful, the convincing expression of the trivial is significant, and the intense expression of the immoral is moral.

The net outcome of these and similar philosophies of criticism is that affirmation of the autonomy and self-determination of literature which is the entire stock in trade of the most conspicuous school of present-day critics and reviewers. All other laws, duties, truths, and obligations are subject to exceptions and doubt. But the right of the literary artist to disregard all possible social, moral, political consequences of his teaching, and consult only his genius, his inspiration, his caprice, is the one stable point in a Heraclitean and Einsteinian universe of relativity and *panta rhei.*

The contrary view, the necessity of some form of social control of art and literature, whether by law or by public opinion, is first and most impressively maintained in Plato's *Laws* and *Republic,* and then by a long line of successors whose arguments I cannot even summarize here.

In America the discussion has degenerated into a logomachy and issued in a deadlock because of the persistent refusal to make elementary and indispensable distinctions. The ground constantly shifts without warning from the abstract right of social control to the expediency of advertising a particular indecent or scurrilous novel by persecution.

It is the systematic tactics of radical critics to treat all expressions of disapproval and all deprecation of the abuse of the freedom of literature as a proposal to invoke the secular arm. But nowhere in this discussion do I intend to suggest the censorship of literature by the police. I speak solely of the preferences and discriminations of individual taste, and the legitimate exercise of personal influence. Mr. Mencken talks recklessly of libraries that burn the works of Miss Jane Addams and ban beautiful books that speak frankly of sex,

and he tells of librarians intimidated by the town parson and the American Legion or the mayor. There may be a few other such villages besides Chicago. But in the country as a whole the balance inclines far the other way. The banning of one indecent or antipatriotic or irreligious book raises a hue and cry throughout the land. But nobody pays any attention to the fact that the reading commended to the attention of the young by libraries, university reference shelves, and book reviews is in a steadily increasing proportion erotic, revolutionary, antinational, socialistic, amoral or immoral—radical, in short, in its suggestions when not in its direct teachings. And the most pertinent fact in my experience of American freedom of speech is that I could not without giving deep offense criticize soberly and seriously Miss Addams's published works now on the reference shelves of the Chicago Public Library or speak in Denver a paragraph which I have cut out from this paper, about a Denver author whose works I found well-thumbed in the women's dormitory of a Southern college.

Now the common but often overlooked cause of these contradictions and diversities of opinion is the simple fact that nearly all current literary criticism, discussion, and reviewing of books expresses the point of view of the producers of literature, of the authors and the publishers. But what chiefly concerns us as readers, parents, and teachers is the interest of the consumer. The two may sometimes, but need not always, coincide. The world of literature is open to the reader, and an old book, if it meets his needs, is as good as one published yesterday. It is the writer who is jealous of the competition of the dead hand. The normal, the classic, the familiar technique of story telling, dramatic composition, poetic rhythm and diction, combined with wholesome matter, is to the average reader as good as, and for the child in school better than, the latest tricks and fashions of art. It

is the practising novelist, dramatist, or poet who cares more for what he may learn from the latest experiments than for all old fashions and procedures that have stood the test of time. And so it comes to pass that the loan library of a great American university hands out to young girls the unspeakable soliloquies of the nastiest of Irish novels that blasphemes the name of Homer. Is it not an example of the modern technique of the "stream of thought" on which Mrs. Gerould descants in the *Literary Review?*

So of book reviews. The reader wishes a review to inform him of the contents and character of a book, and to pass a reasonable judgment on its merit from the point of view of common sense and accepted traditions and standards. The reviewer desires to display his own talent, to support a propaganda, to flatter a friend or depreciate an enemy. The reader's interest is to discover, in spite of misleading reviews and untrustworthy advertisements, some of the many sane and well-written books that have not won popular vogue and are virtually unknown. The publisher's temptation is to force upon all readers the books that have reached the rank of best sellers, which are not always, or even usually, the best books. For no reasonable person can maintain that there is to-day any presumption that the best-advertised and best-selling books are the best. Take the novels that we read. For example, Mr. Reginald Wright Kauffman's *A Man of Little Faith* is unquestionably a better novel than the far more notorious *Elmer Gantry*. It is a true, penetrating, faithful, and sincere, if not entirely friendly, study of the problems that embarrass the minister of the ordinary American Protestant church in our age of transition and readjustment. It is not, like Mr. Sinclair Lewis's best seller, a venomous and irresponsible caricature.

So in the field of literary criticism all my students know Mr. Mencken. Few of them are acquainted with Mr. Las-

celles Abercrombie or Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, not to go back to Andrew Lang and Matthew Arnold and Leslie Stephen, and not one of them has heard of Mr. Gosse. But no intelligent person who had read both Mr. Gosse and Mr. Mencken could have any doubt which is the more edifying and in the end the more profitable and interesting reading. Everybody is acquainted with Mr. Norman Angell's sophistries; how few have ever heard of Mr. Coulton's *Main Illusions of Pacifism* in which they are exposed. The radical propagandas of Mr. H. G. Wells spread throughout the world. Nobody heeds the splendidly eloquent reply to them of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones.

In short, quite apart from the counsel of perfection that is supposed to bid us to read only the greater classics, there is another consideration of more direct practical significance which we disregard. Both in our reading of contemporaries and in our selection from the literature of the past we prefer the sensational, the flashy, the paradoxical, the irrational, the flimsy writers to the reasonable, well-informed, judicious, fair-minded thinkers who did not happen to achieve the front page with murderers and bandits, but whom a little inquiry would enable us to discover. One of the best-informed American critics recently permitted himself to compare Godwin, Shelley's disreputable father-in-law, with Plato. But nobody tells a young man how much more profitably, and, if he has any intelligence, more pleasantly, he would be employed in reading Sir James Mackintosh's *Dissertation on the Progress of Ethical Philosophy* than in the study of Mr. Durant's *Story of Philosophy*. Current criticism exalts Thoreau above Emerson and above Lowell, whom it rarely mentions without a sneer. But the undergraduate who read Lowell would receive a liberal education in English and comparative literature. The reading of Thoreau might quicken his sensibility for nature, but other-

wise would do little for him except confirm him in moods of fruitless revolt and sentimentality. This does not mean that you should not read Thoreau and his kind. Read him if he appeals to you. But read also Lowell's essay on him, and reflect. Don't accept on faith and parrot the radical formulas of the New York weeklies.

IV

But to return to the literature of the day and the opposition between the consumer's and the producer's interest. The reader, and still more the parent and teacher, may rightly consider the moral influence and spiritual tone of the books that are to color his own imagination and determine the direction of his children's thoughts. The writer fiercely resents the slightest hint of restriction on the caprices of his inspiration, on his right to paint the world as he sees it, and to propagate whatever his mood holds for truth without regard to any consequences to his readers or society. Whatever exceptions may be taken to some of these antitheses, whatever possible reconciliations may be found for them, the broad fact of the opposition between the two points of view remains. It is fundamental to any serious discussion of the relation of literature to the actual human life of the great mass of readers.

In current discussion everything is made to turn on the question of censorship and the regulation of our reading by the police. The arguments are familiar to weariness: the principles of Milton's *Areopagitica* and the indignity of prescribing to free spirits, the impossibility of finding a censor whom we can trust, the futility of advertising sensationalism and indecency by the very endeavor to suppress them. I shall evade these tiresome repetitions by not considering the question of official censorship at all. But our right to

select and to censor our own and our children's reading will hardly be challenged by the most radical denouncer of American puritanism and hypocrisy. It is not only a right, but, so far as we can have duties toward ourselves, a duty. The choice of our reading in its cumulative effect year after year is no slight matter; and most of us always and all of us sometimes allow it to be determined for us with incredible levity. "A man's life of each day," said Matthew Arnold, "depends for its solidity and value on whether he read during that day, and far more still, on what he reads during it." "Do you know," asks Ruskin, "if you read this you cannot read that?—that what you lose to-day you cannot gain to-morrow? Will you go and gossip with your housemaid when you may talk with queens and kings . . . or . . . jostle with the common crowd for entrance here and audience there while all the while this eternal court is open to you?" But familiar to satiety as we are with these admonitions and exhortations of eloquent essayists on books and reading, we manage our own reading as if we had never heard of them.

This is not intended as a pedantic counsel of perfection, that we should read only classics or works on the list of the hundred best books or on President Eliot's five-foot shelf. It is as permissible to read for entertainment or escape or even to kill time as it is to use the movies, bridge, or solitaire for a like purpose. Ruskin himself makes ample allowance for the literature of firm fact telling and portrayal of contemporary life. And there is the further consideration, developed by Mr. Balfour and by the late Mr. Payne in an essay on hypocrisy in literature, and abused by the new pedagogy, that we sometimes like to be fed from a low crib, and that we learn more from and may be more stimulated by the literature that is nearer the habitual tone and level of our own thoughts. We cannot always breathe on the

heights; even Lowell once wrote, "The Grecian gluts me with its perfectness." Supreme literature sometimes affects us as the marbles of the Parthenon did Keats:—

> My spirit is too weak, mortality
> Weighs heavily on me like unwilling sleep.

But, all these allowances granted, it remains true that life-long habituation to the winnowed and sifted best of the world's literary inheritance brings its sure and ever acceleratingly increased reward in the clarification of our ideas, the ennobling of feeling, the refinement of sentiment, and the self-companionship of a mind stored with high thoughts and gracious and beautiful images.

In a world where final happiness so often eludes the convulsive grasp of our more ambitious strivings, is it not folly to neglect so sure and certain a provision for a happy old age as this?

It is dangerous to argue from a metaphor. But the comparison of our reading to food is a real analogy which might be developed, wit or fancy aiding, with balanced ration—whole-wheat bread, made dishes, sauces, condiments, pepper, and sweets. Books are, in the inscription over the Berlin Library, *nutrimentum spiritus*. But there is this difference between ideas and food, says Plato, that you can take home food in a vessel and eat it or leave it as prudence and the advice of a physician determine; but ideas you take at once into the vessel of the mind, which is helped or hurt by them. As Lowell puts it,—

> For reading new books is like eating new bread:
> One can bear it at first, but by gradual steps he
> Is brought to death's door of a mental dyspepsy.

But, to drop metaphor and come to grips with the simple facts, the literary artist may prefer to read new books to learn the latest tricks of technique. An inquisitive elderly

or middle-aged mind may indulge its discursive curiosity with no great harm. The scholar, stabilized by heavy ballast of better reading, may safely explore these waters to prove himself an adventurous spirit or learn why the people imagine vain things. But why should the mass of educated men and women, or those students whose reading will still exercise a formative influence on intelligence and character, feed their minds exclusively or mainly on the innutritious, if sometimes stimulating, confections of contemporaneous literature? Of any contemporaneous literature, but especially that of an age of jazz or transition and disintegration? Why, above all, should we encourage or allow such literature to preoccupy the attention and the memory of high-school and collegiate youth?

One of my brightest pupils, who, however, cannot write clear, unaffected English, has read all of Anatole France's clever and charming, if you please, but sex-spiced, incoherent, leering, sneering, ironical novels. He has never read a word of the novels that constitute Howells's American *Comédie humaine,* the English of which alone would have served his education better than a score of courses in the improvisation of daily themes. And another too much advertised undergraduate admirer of Anatole France may be presumed to have meditated on the great sentence in the *Jardin d'Épicure:* "C'est beau, un beau crime." Others have all the catchwords of Nietzsche, Freud, and Schopenhauer's lightest and most cynical essays at their tongue's end, but have never read a line of John Stuart Mill. Mill is out of fashion—there is no other reason. For there is quite certainly no better, saner, more edifying, instructive, disciplinary, and formative reading available for a young man to-day than the four volumes of Mill's *Essays* and *Dissertations.* Others have read Mr. G. B. Shaw's mountebank preface to *Androcles and the Lion,* but have never heard of the

nobler treatment of the conflict of Christianity and Paganism in Corneille's *Polyeucte* or read Arnold's penetrating essay on 'Pagan and Mediæval Religious Sentiment.' They know Professor Murray's fantastic *Rise of the Greek Epic,* but not Arnold's basic essay, "On Translating Homer." Others are alive to an allusion to Spoon River or Amy Lowell or Vachel Lindsay, but do not react to a latent quotation from Tennyson, Milton, or Shakespeare. The dozen volumes of John Morley, replete with thought, instruction, and suggestion, are *terra incognita*—they think you are referring to the estimable Christopher Morley. It would be tragic, were it not comedy of the kind portrayed in Howell's literary conversation between an uncle and a niece who had never heard of the *Spectator* or Leigh Hunt. The uncle admits, "I can't stand Ben Jonson at all," to which she replies, "Oh, yes, *Rasselas,* I'm quite with you there about Ben Jonson—too much Johnson, you know." At which the uncle in turn looks blank; and, as Howells wrote a few years ago, the younger readers will be baffled by the antiquity of the allusion, as the uncle was by its then contemporaniety.

The retort is too cheap and easy that this is just fathers and sons over again, and that I am enacting the rôle of Horace's "Laudator temporis acti se puero," of Colonel Newcome, and of "Old English." But the true spirit of the classicist's teaching and the answer to the modernist's gibe are summed up in Mr. Chesterton's antithesis, "Tradition does not mean that the living are dead, but that the dead are alive." And even to-day Virgil and Horace have quickened the sense of poetry in more minds than any living poet.

I am acquainted with both fashions and am as weary as anybody of what was merely temporary fashion in Victorian literature. But the tyranny of present fashion prevents our young people from giving the good older literature that has survived, and by which they might profit, a chance. The

fault is not theirs; it is in the teachers, the reference shelves in their courses, the open shelves of the public library, and the dispensaries of up-to-date literature only.

V

To estimate literature by the residuum of knowledge, common sense, and sane habits of thought that it deposits in the mind will seem a crude criterion to the craftsman, interested only in the progress of technique, or to the Utopian, indifferent to everything but the propaganda of his world-saving idea. But it is one perfectly reasonable test to apply to the reading of the undergraduate, or to your own reading, so long as you still regard it as contributing to the moulding of your mind. Concede all that is claimed for the superior artistry and stimulating power of the fashionable books of the day. They are certainly less instructive than their predecessors. I mean something very simple. An ambitious French youth who had mastered his Taine, his Sainte-Beuve, and his Renan would know a great deal more history, literature, and philosophy than one who had steeped himself in Anatole France and Remy de Gourmont—or, I am tempted to say, who had run through all the hundreds of authors mentioned in René Lalou's *Histoire de la littérature française contemporaine*. An American youth who had assimilated the entire contents of Lowell's writings, or, to take a living author, of Paul Elmer More's *Shelburne Essays*, would be better prepared for serious university work in English and comparative literature than one who had dabbled in all the authors selected for overpraise in Van Doren's *American and British Literature since 1890*.

What would a reader who had at his fingers' ends, I will not say Amy Lowell or the laureate of Spoon River, but so excellent, so varied, so human, so expressive a poet as John

Masefield—what would such a reader know as compared with one who fully understood his Tennyson or his Browning? What would a wilderness of Ben Hechts, D. H. Lawrences, Scott Fitzgeralds, Sherwood Andersons, and Aldous Huxleys teach an undergraduate compared with what he might learn from the nine volumes of the real Huxley's collected essays, or the writings of Leslie Stephen or Matthew Arnold? Concede the doubtful proposition that Mr. Dreiser in *An American Tragedy* has at last produced a masterpiece. What will collegiate youth learn from the time-wasting perusal of its nine hundred pages that they might not and do not acquire as well or as ill from newspaper reports of the Loeb and Leopold trial? The great truth, perhaps, that a Salvation Army education is a poor defense against the solicitations of life, and that it is difficult to determine the responsibility, the moral culpability, of weak wills and undisciplined minds. These may or may not be vital truths. But contrast their elementary simplicity and crudity with the range, the wealth, the subtlety of thought, the observation of character, the experience of literature and life, condensed in George Eliot's *Middlemarch,* and ask yourself which book you would prefer a class of students to have read whom you were trying to civilize. And, unfortunately, the very brightest students are betrayed by this literature that teaches them so little into a most un-Socratic confidence that they know all. It may be open-mindedness that leads them to the most adventurous experiments and speculations, but the outcome of such reading is the reverse of the open mind. It provides a few ready-made formulas, snap judgments, and peremptory prejudices by which to estimate and condemn out of hand everything in the literature and thought of the past that to superficial inspection seems to contradict the prevailing fashion of the present.

If modern science has confirmed the dictum of Heraclitus

that all things flow and change, if Westermarck and Frazer have shown that moral ideas are only the herd instinct and taboos of the tribe, if Darwin has proved that the species and kinds of things are not fixed, but flow into one another by insensible gradation, if Nietzsche has proclaimed that Christian ethics is the slave morality of the weak, if Remy de Gourmont and Anatole France reiterate that the decency of the older American literature is only the impotence or the jealousy of undersexed and fanatical Puritans, if Einstein's mathematical doctrine of relativity, which nobody can understand, has become confounded beyond all unscrambling with the vague notion that nothing is certain and all things are relative, which everybody can too easily understand—the victims of the crude but insistent propaganda of these and similar notions in recent literature inquire, discriminate, distinguish, and define no further. These formulas become the touchstones by which they interpret, judge, and often dismiss without any effort to understand them, the entire literature, history, and philosophy of the main European tradition as if it were yesterday's *Chicago American,* last week's *Saturday Evening Post,* last month's *American Mercury,* last year's best seller, or last decade's theory of the atom or the germ cell.

And once more, since it is so easy to be misunderstood, let me protest that I am not indiscriminately disparaging the literature of to-day, though I do think that the genius of our age manifests itself more effectively in science and big business than in pure literature. I am not maintaining the preposterous thesis that we ought to read only or mainly the classics of the past. I am merely repeating what ought to be a commonplace of common sense, that we should try to preserve some perspective and some sense of values in our reading, and that there is a presumption that the selected best of thirty centuries outweighs the productions of any

single decade, however progressive, smart, sophistical, and scientific.

VI

But there is something deeper than mere knowledge that is cumulatively determined by the habitual quality of our reading. The coloring of our imaginations by the images on which we allow our minds to dwell is more than a metaphor. The text that bids us think on whatsoever things are honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report may not have been precisely so intended, but it is applicable here. Yet, under the specious pretexts of realism, verity, facing the facts, and the scientific attitude, the most widely advertised literature of to-day is accustoming a whole generation to brood persistently on whatsoever things are cynical, unjust, hideous, squalid, and of ill report. The forward-looking thinkers of the entire American newspaper press ridiculed the aged Tennyson for his denunciation of the literature that would "set the maiden fancies wallowing in the troughs of Zolaism." America no longer needs to import such literature. We produce it, praise it in the weekly literary reviews, and place it on the reference shelves for classes in English. We have plenty of ready-made formulas in justification of this new freedom and the truth that has made us so free. But we are going directly against common sense, the experience of the race, and the admonitions of the wisest teachers from antiquity down.

One ancient version of the petition, "Lead us not into temptation," was the prayer of the philosopher Democritus that he might meet gracious and propitious images in his passage through life. It is no less significant because of its reference to an obsolete scientific theory. The theories of science come and go, common sense and fundamental criti-

cism of life abide. Democritus was thinking of the atomist doctrine that every object and every event in the universe is represented by detached films or scales that float about the world and may find an entrance into our minds, and he asked whatever gods may be that the casual contacts of life should fill his mind only with gracious images.

When the poet of atomism, the Roman Lucretius, felt insanity creeping upon him, the first symptom was the besetment of his mind by horrible images which in Tennyson's poem he styles

> The phantom husks of something foully done
> And fleeting through the boundless universe.

Is there any better designation for much of the most loudly commended new fiction and new psychology? And may we not ask ourselves the further pertinent question,—

> How should the mind, except it love them, clasp
> These idols to herself?

The insanity of a nation is, I suppose, a figure of speech, and there are many causes of the Russian madness besides the books which the literate classes of Russia wrote and read. Yet there must be some connection of cause and effect between the doom that overtook educated Russians and the thoughts, the images, the formulas in which their literature had been steeping their minds for fifty years. We may find still more pertinent and practical texts in the words of another great teacher of antiquity of the opposite school from Democritus in science and philosophy, Plato. I am not going to quote again the eternally true but hackneyed passages of the *Republic* in which Plato anticipates the Wordsworthian doctrine of the moulding and formative influence of a beautiful environment on the spirit and temper of academic youth. Very slight changes would transfer their application

from the material environment of natural scenery, noble architecture, beautiful pictures and statues, to the like qualities in the literature that shapes their thoughts, ennobles their feelings, and colors their imagination. But Plato has a more distinct and explicit warning for educators who, in the pursuit of a scientific attitude, disregard the cumulative effect of early impressions on the plastic and sensitive mind: "It is not allowable for a soul to have been bred from youth up among evil souls, and to have grown familiar with them, and itself to have run the gauntlet of every kind of wrong-doing and injustice so as quickly to infer from itself the misdeeds of others as it might diseases in the body, but it must have been inexperienced in evil natures and uncontaminated by them while young if it is to be truly fair and good and judge soundly of justice. For which cause the better sort seem to be simple-minded in youth and are easily deceived by the wicked, since they do not have within themselves patterns answering to the affections of the bad."

VII

But what have these academic preachments and jeremiads to do with creative literature and the reading of mature men and women? Nothing, as I have already said, except for those who take their reading seriously, who plan it and refuse to be stampeded by the natural ambition of publishers to swell the output of best sellers, the natural jealousy of the producing modern author for the competition of the dead and sceptred sovereigns, the natural *empressement* of journalists and reviewers to please authors and publishers and keep things going. There is not the slightest danger that any of us will close his mind to the modern ideas that blow upon us from every quarter of the wind and find entrance at every pore like an African sandstorm. The

commonplaces of modernism are thundered with interminable iteration from every speaker's platform. Every teacher knows that there is no danger of his students missing these. The danger is rather that we shut ourselves out from our rich inheritance of the past, winnowed and selected and treasured by all-wise time and the secure judgment of the world.

If we are to give our minds the balanced ration of which we were speaking, it must be by deliberate choice and conscious effort. And the only practical help I can offer in conclusion is the experience that this is not so hard or distasteful as it seems, and that it is only the first step that costs. Older literature, even the literature of the Victorians, seems remote from present concerns. Its contemporary allusions are unintelligible or uninteresting; its fashions, its mannerisms, are distasteful. A lifelong bookworm and student is less exposed to this feeling. Yet it overwhelmed me in 1914, when, on the ship that bore me back from Europe, I wondered whether I could ever get interested in dead classics again. That fear passed in a week of teaching Homer. But even to this day I select among modern novels one that postdates 1914 in preference to one that portrays a life that did not know what was coming. And I have not yet recovered my lost interest in the political and military history of Europe from, say, 1600 to 1870. It seems so insignificant and petty in its scale. That is an accident. A more serious obstacle is the fact that while we can recover in a few moments the mood for the supreme things, for Homer and Shakespeare, there are many secondary and tertiary masters, the thought of reading whom is often distasteful—say Virgil, even, or Racine or Pope or Scott or Dickens. But, and here is the moral, we can always recover the taste for these by a few hours or days of reading. That may be a little easier for a professional student. But I do not think the difference amounts to much. "The true humanists," says

Pater, "can never wholly lose interest in anything that has ever deeply interested humanity." You can overcome your first shrinking distaste and recover or acquire an interest in almost any good author, period, school, or fashion of literature by a few hours, days, or weeks, as the case may be, of resolute reading. I once acquired in a week's reading a taste for eighteenth-century translations of the classics into Popian couplets—or at least an imaginative sympathy with the taste.

Is it worth while? Everyone must answer that question for himself. Those who have tried it, however imperfectly, would reply as Phædrus answered Socrates under the plane tree by the Ilyssus, while the cicadas overhead were chirping the tale of how they were once men, but, forgetting to eat in their passion for song, were promoted to be the mouthpieces of the eternal muse. Why else, said Phædrus, should one care to live, save for the satisfactions that endure and leave no unhappy aftertaste?

The literature of escape is a fashionable catchword of current criticism. But what fantastic fairy tale, what photographic or reportorial reflection of contemporary life, what Utopian forecast of better bread than is made of wheat or earned in the sweat of the brow, provides so sure and lasting an escape from the besetments, bewilderments, obsessions, and terrors of the modern mind in a mechanical and too high-geared civilization as does the habit of dwelling in or sometimes visiting that serene world where the makers of European literature and the real creators of our true civilization breathe the ampler ether and the diviner air of the unity of the human spirit?

We may stay glued to our seat in the eye-baffling, three-ringed circus of unmitigated modernity, if its clownings, its stunts, its gyrations, its curiosities, are all that our taste, our hearts, our minds, require. But the world's palace of art, where Plato the wise fronts large-browed Verulam, and the

Ionian father of the rest smiles down on the long line of his poetic descendants, still stands open to us night and day. We have but to enter in to be made free of the one great society that alone exists on earth—the noble living and the noble dead.

TRADITION *

By Stuart Pratt Sherman

To lengthen the childhood of the individual, at the same time bringing to bear upon it the influences of tradition, is the obvious way to shorten the childhood of races, nations, classes, and so to quicken the general processes of civilization. Yet in the busy hum of self-approbation which accompanies the critical activities of our young people, perhaps the dominant note is their satisfaction at having emancipated themselves from the fetters of tradition, the oppression of classical precedent, the burden of an inherited culture. By detaching the new literature from its learned past they are confident that they are assuring it a popular future. Turn to any one of half a dozen books which discuss the present movement, and you will learn that people are now discovering, for example, "often to their own surprise," that they can read and enjoy poetry. That is because poetry has been subjected to "democratization." The elder writers, such as Shakespeare, Milton, Emerson, and Longfellow, constantly gravelled them with strange and obsolete phrases, like "multitudinous seas incarnadine," and like "tumultuous privacy of storm." The ancient writers sent them to out-of-the-way reference books to look up obscure legends about Troy, not the city where collars are made, and old stuff about war in heaven, and the landing at Plymouth Rock. It is therefore a relief to countless eager young souls that Mr. Mencken has dismissed all this as "the fossil literature taught in colleges," and that Mary Austin insists that native verse rhythms must be "within the capacity of the democratically

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bred." It is a joy to hear from Mr. Untermeyer that modern readers of poetry may now come out from the "lifeless and literary storehouse" and use life itself for their glossary, as indeed they may—or the morning's newspaper.

Those who encourage us to hope for crops without tillage, learning without study, and literary birth without gestation or travail are doubtless animated by a desire to augment the sum of human felicity; but one recalls Burke's passionate ejaculation "Oh! no, sir, no. Those things which are not practicable are not desirable." To the new mode of procuring a literary renascence there may be raised one objection, which, to minds of a certain temper, will seem rather grave: all experience is against it. Such is the thesis recently argued by an English critic, Mr. H. J. Massingham, who reviews with mingled amusement and alarm the present "self-conscious rebellion against tradition." In the eyes of our excited young "cosmopolitans," whose culture has a geographic rather than an historical extension, Mr. Massingham's opinions will of course appear to be hopelessly prejudiced by his Oxford breeding, his acquaintance with the classics, his saturation in Elizabethan literature, and his avowed passion for old books in early editions, drilled by the bibliomaniac worm, "prehistoric" things, like Nares' *Glossary* and Camden's *Remains*. But it is not merely the opinion of our critic that is formidable: "The restoration of the traditional link with the art of the past is a conservative and revolutionary necessity." It is not the supporting opinion of Sir Joshua Reynolds: "The only food and nourishment of the mind of an artist is the great works of his predecessors." Sir Joshua, too, was prejudiced by his position as a pillar of the robust English classicism of George III's time. It is not even the opinion of Henry James, whom Mr. Massingham proclaims the profoundest critic since Coleridge, and who even our own irreverent youth seem to suspect should be mentioned respectfully: "It takes an endless amount of

history to make even a little tradition and an endless amount of tradition to make even a little taste and an endless amount of taste, by the same token, to make even a little tranquillity."

The formidable arguments against the radical engineers of renascence are just the notorious facts of literary history. The fact that a bit of the "fossil literature taught in colleges," the story of Arthur, written in Latin by a Welsh monk in the twelfth century, has flowered and fruited in poetry, painting, and music generation after generation pretty much over the civilized world. The fact that Chaucer and his contemporaries, in whom poetry had a glorious rebirth, had previously devoured everything in what Mr. Untermeyer would call the "lifeless and literary storehouse" of the Middle Ages. The fact that the Elizabethans, to quote Mr. Massingham's vigorous phrase, flung themselves on tradition "like a hungry wolf, not only upon the classics but upon all the tradition open to them." The fact that Restoration comedy is simply a revival of late Caroline in the hands of men who had studied Molière. The fact that the leaders of the new movement in the eighteenth century, when they wished to break from the stereotyped classicism, did not urge young people to slam the door on the past, but, on the contrary, harked back over the heads of Pope and Dryden to the elder and more central tradition of Milton, Shakespeare, and Spenser; and sluiced into the arid fields of common sense, grown platitudinous, the long-damned or subterranean currents of mediæval romance. The fact that "Childe Harold," "Adonais," "The Eve of St. Agnes," "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and "The Castle of Indolence" were all written by imitators of Spenser or by imitators of his imitators. The fact, to omit the Victorians, that Mr. W. B. Yeats, the most skilful living engineer of literary renascence, set all his collaborators to digging around the roots of the ancient Celtic tree before we enjoyed the blossoming of the new

spring in Ireland. The fact that John Masefield, freshest and most tuneful voice in England, is obviously steeped to the lips in the poetry of Byron, Shakespeare, Spenser, and Chaucer.

Why is it that the great poets, novelists, and critics, with few exceptions, have been, in the more liberal sense of the word, scholars—masters of several languages, students of history and philosophy, antiquarians? First of all because the great writer conceives of his vocation as the most magnificent and the most complex of crafts. He is to be his own architect, master-builder, carpenter, painter, singer, orator, poet, and dramatist. His materials, his tools, his methods are, or may be, infinite. To him, then, the written tradition is a school and a museum in which, if he has a critical and inventive mind, he learns, from both the successes and the failures of his predecessors, how to set to work upon his own problems of expression. As Mr. Yeats is fond of pointing out, the young poet may find Herbert and Vaughan more helpful to him than the work of his own contemporaries, because the faults in the elder poets, the purple patches that failed to hold their color, will not attract and mislead him.

But tradition is more than a school of crafts. It is a school of mood and manners. The artist who is also a scholar cannot fail to discover that what distinguishes all the golden periods of art, what constitutes the perpetual appeal of the masters, is a kind of innermost poise and serenity, tragic in Sophocles, heroic in Michelangelo, skeptical in Montaigne, idyllic in Sidney, ironic in Fielding. This enviable tranquillity reigns only in a mind that, looking before and after, feels itself the representative of something outlasting time, some national ideal, some religious faith, some permanent human experience, some endless human quest. Nothing begets this mood and manner, the sovereign mark of good breeding in letters, like habitual association

with those who have it, the majority of whom are, in the vulgar sense of the word, dead. Izaak Walton, a minor writer in whose work there is a golden afterglow of the great age, calls, in one of his Angler's Dialogues, for "that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe, now at least fifty years ago," and for the answer to it "which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days." If some of our modern imitators of the auctioneer and the steam calliope would now and then, instead of reading one another, step into the "lifeless and literary storehouse" and compare these "fossils" conscientiously with their own recent efforts to make verse popular! "They were old-fashioned poetry," says Piscator apologetically, "but choicely good, I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age."

Out of the tranquillity induced by working in a good literary tradition develops form. The clever theorists who insist that form alone matters, that form is the only preservative element in literature, forget that form is not "self-begotten" but a product of the formative spirit. Mr. Massingham is a bit fastidious in his use of this word. He denies form, for example, to Pope and to Swinburne. Though both have technique, that is another matter. "Form," he declares, "is a vision contained and made manifest." He attributes the unproductiveness of our age in the field of satire to a vision without a traditional base, reeling and shifting in the choppy waters of contemporary opinion. His remarks on the deficiencies of Gilbert Cannan as a satirist and novelist further elucidate his idea; and they may serve also as a comment upon many of the younger writers in America:

> The works of Mr. Cannan seem to say, "That is what life is—a surge of base and beautiful forces, intensified in the consciousness of man." But that is a fallacy. Life is like that to the layman, but it is the business of the artist to see a clue in it, to give it shape and order, to weld its particles into congruity. Here is where his lack of a con-

structive or satiric purpose growing out of and controlling the material tells to his hurt. He knows life in the raw, but the satirist would put it in the oven and dish it up. So he wanders in the dark, and we blunder after him. But we want light, if it be only from a tallow candle.

Now, many of the young writers in America are disposed to reject the English tradition as unserviceable lumber. They scorn equally the greater part of the American tradition as puritanical, effeminate, or over-intellectualized. If they seek foreign allies, it is with those who help them forget our national characteristics, our native bent and purposes, our discovered special American "genius." In what measure is the revolt due to the conduct of the movement by writers whose blood and breeding are as hostile to the English strain as a cat to water? Whatever the answer, I suspect that the young people who are being congratulated right and left on their emancipation from tradition are rather open to condolence than to felicitation. They have broken away from so much that was formative, and they suffer so obviously in consequence of the break. Their poets have lost a skill which Poe had: though they paint a little, and chant a little, and speak a great deal of faintly rhythmical prose, they have not learned how to sing. Their novelists have lost a vision which Howells had: though they have shaken off the "moralistic incubus" and they have released their "suppressed desires," they have not learned how to conceive or to present a coherent picture of civilized society. Their leaders have lost a constructiveness which a critic so laden with explosives as Emerson exhibited: though they have blown up the old highways they have not made new roads.

Am I doing the "young people" an injustice? I turn from their anthologies of verse, where I keep searching in vain for such music as the angler's milkmaid sang; and from the novels of Mr. Cabell, in whom I have not discovered that ascending sun heralded by the lookouts; to *A Modern Book*

of Criticism, recently collected and put forth by Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn. The editor's desire is to show us that "a group of critics, young men or men who do not grow old, are at work upon the creation of a civilized cultural atmosphere in America." The idea resembles that, does it not? of Mr. Waldo Frank, who recently informed us that literature began in America in 1900—or was it 1910?—at Mr. Stieglitz's place in New York. It is related also to that recent comprehensive indictment edited by Mr. Harold Stearns and ironically entitled *Civilization in the United States*. The implication is clearly that the country which developed Bradford, Franklin, Emerson, Lincoln, Thoreau, Whitman, Mark Twain, here and there in villages and backwoods, had no "civilized cultural atmosphere" worth mentioning. It does not seem quite plausible.

But let us proceed with Mr. Lewisohn. His critics:—"Like a group of shivering young Davids—slim and frail but with a glimpse of morning sunshine on their foreheads—they face an army of Goliaths." The slim and shivering young Davids turn out on investigation to be Mr. Huneker, Mr. Spingarn, Mr. Mencken, Mr. Lewisohn, Mr. Hackett, Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, and Randolph Bourne. It is not a group, taken as a whole, however it may be connected with the house of Jesse, which should be expected to hear any profound murmuring of ancestral voices or to experience any mysterious inflowing of national experience in meditating on the names of Mark Twain, Whitman, Thoreau, Lincoln, Emerson, Franklin, and Bradford. One doesn't blame our Davids for their inability to connect themselves vitally with this line of Americans, for their inability to receive its tradition or to carry it on. But one cannot help asking whether this inability does not largely account for the fact that Mr. Lewisohn's group of critics are restless impressionists, almost destitute of doctrine, and with no discoverable unifying tendency except to let themselves out into a homeless

happy land where they may enjoy the "colorful" cosmic weather, untroubled by business men, or middle-class Americans, or Congressmen, or moralists, or humanists, or philosophers, or professors, or Victorians, or Puritans, or New Englanders, or Messrs. Tarkington and Churchill. A jolly lot of Goliaths to slay before we get that "civilized cultural atmosphere."

By faithfully studying the writings of Mr. Mencken, Mr. Lewisohn, and other "shivering young Davids," I have obtained a fairly clear conception of what a "civilized cultural atmosphere" is not. It consists of none of those heart-remembered things—our own revenue officers probing our old shoes for diamond necklaces, our own New York newspapers, and Maryland chicken on the Albany boat—which cause a native American returning from a year in Europe to exclaim as he sails up the tranquil bosom of the Hudson and rushes by a standard steel Pullman, back to the great warm embrace of his own land, "Thank Heaven, we are home again." No, it is none of these things. If, without going to Munich, you wish to know what a "civilized cultural atmosphere" really is, you must let Mr. Lewisohn describe it for you as it existed, till the passage of the Volstead act, in one or two odd corners of old New York: "The lamps of the tavern had orange-colored shades, the wainscoting was black with age. The place was filled with a soothing dusk and the blended odor of beer and tobacco and Wiener Schnitzel. *I was, at least, back in civilization.* That tavern is gone now, swept away by the barbarism of the Neo-Puritans."

To the book from which this quotation is made, Mr. Lewisohn's recently published autobiographical record, *Up Stream*, students of contemporary critical currents and eddies are much indebted. The author, like many of the other belligerent young writers who have shown in recent years a grave concern for the state of civilization in America, has ostensibly been directing his attack against our national

culture from a very elevated position. He has professed himself one of the enlightened spirits who from time to time rise above the narrowing prejudices of nationality into the free air of the republic of letters, the grand cosmopolis of the true humanist. From his watch-tower—apparently "in the skies"—he has launched lightnings of derision at those who still weave garlands for their Lares and Penates, at the nationalist with his "selective sympathies," at the traditionalist with his sentimental fondness for folk-ways. Those who feel strongly attracted, as I do myself, to the Ciceronian and Stoic conception of a universal humanity and by the Christian and Augustinian vision of a universal City of God, may easily have mistaken Mr. Lewisohn for a "sharpshooter" of the next age, an outpost from the land of their heart's desire. But in *Up Stream,* Mr. Lewisohn drops the mask and reveals himself, for all his Jewish radicalism,[1] as essentially a sentimental and homesick German, longing in exile for a Germany which exists only in his imagination.

Even the purified and liberated mind of a Child of Light, living according to nature and reason, is unable to rid itself wholly of "selective sympathies." It betrays under provocation a merely "traditional emotion" for a cultural atmosphere compounded of the odors of beer, tobacco, and Wiener Schnitzel, with perhaps a whiff of Kant and a strain of Hungarian music floating through it, while two or three high

[1] In a notably competent article on "The Case of Mr. Lewisohn," which appeared in *The Menorah Journal,* of June, 1922, Professor Jacob Zeitlin writes: "Whether entirely just or strongly colored, it is evident that Mr. Lewisohn's criticism of State Universities has little relevance to his character as a Jew. It indicates nothing more than that his sensitive æsthetic organism recoiled in pain from an environment that was uncongenial. And the same observation holds concerning his reaction toward American life in general. He but adds his voice to a chorus of growing volume, reiterating the now familiar burden of the crudeness and narrowness of our political and social ideas. There is ample ground for such a protest as he makes, but it is not a protest that can be identified with any recognizably Jewish outlook."

philosophical spirits discuss what a poet can do when his wife grows old and stringy. I do not think it necessary to remonstrate with a man merely because his affective nature responds powerfully to a vision of felicity thus composed; but I think it a bit impractical to ask "a nation of prohibitionists and Puritans" to accept this vision as the goal of cultural efforts in America. It is a help to fruitful controversy, however, when a man abandons his absurdly insincere professions of "universal sympathy"—his purring protestation that he desires "neither to judge nor to condemn"—and frankly admits that he likes the German life, what he knows of it, and that he regards American life, what he knows of it, as "ugly and mean."

The militant hostility of alien-minded critics towards what they conceive to be the dominant traits of the national character is, on the whole, to be welcomed as provocative of reflection and as a corrective to national conceit. But the amendment of that which is really ugly and mean and basely repressive in our contemporary society is less likely to be achieved by listening to the counsels of exiled emancipators from Munich than by harking back to our own liberative tradition, which long antedates the efforts of these bewildered impressionists.

When we grow dull and inadventurous and slothfully content with our present conditions and our old habits, it is not because we are "traditionalists"; it is, on the contrary, because we have ceased to feel the formative spirit of our own traditions. It is not much in the American vein, to be sure, to construct private little anarchies in the haze of a smoking-room; but practical revolt, on a large scale and sagaciously conducted, is an American tradition, which we should continue to view with courage and the tranquillity which is related to courage. America was born because it revolted. It revolted because it condemned. It condemned because its sympathies were not universal but selective. Its

sympathies were selective because it had a vision of a better life, pressing for fulfilment. That vision, and not a conception of life as a meaningless "surge of base and beautiful forces" liberated its chief men of letters. Thence their serenity, in place of that "gentle but chronic dizziness" which a critic of Young Germany, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, says "vibrates among us." Thence, too, their freedom from ancestor-worship and bondage to the letter. Listen to Emerson:

> Ask not me, as Muftis can,
> To recite the Alcoran;
> Well I love the meaning sweet;
> I tread the book beneath my feet.

Thence, too, the traditional bent of the American spirit toward modernity, toward realism. It was nearly a hundred years ago that our then-leading critic wrote in his journal: "You must exercise your genius in some form that has essential life now; do something which is proper to the hour and cannot but be done." Did he not recognize what was to be done? I quote once more from him a finer sentence than any of our impressionists has ever written: "A wife, a babe, a brother, poverty, and a country, which the Greeks had, I have." The grip and the beauty of that simple sentence are due to a union in it of an Athenian vision with Yankee self-reliance. It is the kind of feeling that comes to a man who has lived in a great tradition.

BOOKS *

Speech delivered at the Dinner of the English Association, 28th October 1927

By Stanley Baldwin

My first duty to-night, as President of this Association, is to apologise to it—though it failed in an apology to me—for not having written for it the customary address of the President. I don't think that any Association ought to ask the Prime Minister to write any address. I am quite clear that no Prime Minister ought to accept the invitation. I did it, and I have failed you. I do not think I need waste any time in explaining to you the impossibility in these days of anyone holding my office being able to give the time that is necessary to write such an address as would be worthy of presentation before such a body. I had hoped to have attempted it this summer when I returned from Canada after nearly two years' work with no holiday—for I cannot count the short time I was away from London last year as a holiday. I was too tired to sit down to do the necessary thinking for such a piece of work. It would have been quite easy to have produced something; I felt that was not treating you with the respect that was due to you from your President, and I must content myself, having made my apology, by offering such observations to-night as occur to me.

It is no easy task to stand up before a gathering of this kind, so representative and knowing so much more than I do, but there is one bond between us. We are all lovers of our own tongue and our own literature, or we should not

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be here. However humble the lover may be, surely that bond is sufficient to bind you to him who speaks to you at the moment, and to unite us in that common love.

Now it struck me in the presence of so many who are much younger than I, that I might make an apology for us older people, like Lord Ernle and myself, and many another, and ask you to remember that, after all, we have not been able to share many of the advantages which have fallen to you. If we throw our minds back to our childhood—that most impressionable time—and we ask ourselves what it was then that moved us and how we first began to forge those links that have gone on being strengthened throughout our lives, you must remember that we had not the advantage of reading one single word of any author who is alive to-day.

I can look back through the ages to a small boy. I can see him far away in Worcestershire, reading all day in that most comfortable attitude, lying on his stomach on the hearthrug in front of the fire. He was brought up with none of our modern conveniences, and none of what, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, we call labour-saving appliances. I merely mention that in passing, because as Prime Minister I recognise there is not a single labour-saving appliance that has not doubled, trebled and quadrupled the work of a public man.

Now when I look back on those far distant years I think I can recognise my own good fortune, which may have been shared by many here. I was left to myself to find my own provender in the library. If you do that with a child, he will always take the nourishment that is suitable to him, just as when you look over a meadow over which cattle are grazed you will find certain grasses are taken and certain are rejected. You may depend on it that the cow knows what is suitable to her own health. It is the same with the child. You may leave the child with perfect safety in any library

you like, and if that child has a natural turn for books he will take the right sustenance and thrive on it.

The first sustenance I had was Scott. I was left alone in the country sometimes for long periods with an aunt who was fond of being read aloud to; and I read aloud to her, by the time I was nine years of age, the whole of *Guy Mannering, Ivanhoe, Red Gauntlet, Rob Roy, The Pirate,* and *Old Mortality*. I owed to Scott my first introduction to poetry. I was not a great reader of poetry as a small boy. That came later; but I lived for a time in those early days on "The Lay" and on "Marmion," and I can see myself now striding along the country lanes and reciting long passages, and I remember a line that seemed so to strike my youthful imagination that I used to repeat it over and over again, and it was "William of Deloraine, good at need." It is an extraordinary thing that, to any child that has been brought up amongst books for years, the people you live with and know in books are far more real than the phantasmagoria of the world and, as life goes on, the words, the phrases, the sentences, come back to you in the most unexpected places and illuminate the darkest portions of your path.

My first introduction to history was *The Tales of a Grandfather,* and that only confirmed me in what I said in a speech some time ago, that I am convinced that the best and most readable history is that written with the strongest bias. Mark you, there is nothing old-fashioned in that.

My mother used to try to introduce me to poetry by reading to me pieces, which I wrote down at her dictation. Her selection was admirable, but she put me for years against Wordsworth because there came a line which my youthful critical mind felt was not poetry. It was this—and I submit it as a devout disciple of that great man—"The street that from Oxford hath borrowed its name." I remember now the look of wonder I turned upon her as she read that out and

expected me to put it down on paper as poetry. She was more successful in introducing me to Blake, and I do not think I ever go to the Zoo and look at the tiger but those words, which I see you all know, come back to me.

Well now, besides Scott there was an Englishman—a common or garden Englishman—that I loved more than most, and that was Bunyan. I have heard people say *The Pilgrim's Progress* is rather boring, because of its theological discussions, but there I say again that a child may be trusted to know everything that is good for it. I knew every part of *The Pilgrim's Progress* that I thought was good for me, and I never touched the theological discussions. The book itself I knew by heart. That was my first introduction to the work that the unlettered Englishman can do. It is a subject on which I have often felt that an interesting paper could be written by some person capable of doing it. Whence comes that gift of writing our language perfectly on the part of a man who has had no education, and why is it that so often education takes from him that gift of simple expression? You may see that gift throughout the story of Abraham Lincoln, though of course there must be many instances which go to the other extreme. Another book I browsed in a great deal was Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*. I have a copy I remember taking with me when nine years old on a voyage to Madeira, and I am always affected on seeing one of the dirtiest little thumb marks on that book that I have ever seen on any book. I keep that privately in my library. No thumb marks should be allowed to get loose in these days. I think perhaps all unconsciously there one laid the foundations of a love for the wonderful English that was written at that time, which perhaps was enhanced by sundry excursions into Berners's Froissart. I cannot say that I read much of him as a child, but there was a glorious volume which belonged to William Morris and was given to my mother as a girl of twelve. It was a volume of illuminations

from Froissart, and from them I learned a great deal not only of mediæval history, but of the appearance of the mediæval world. Being familiar with those pictures I remember with what pleasure I read some observations of Mr. Belloc many years ago, in a delightful book he wrote on the City of Paris; he was pointing out that one of the things that would surprise us most, if we could drop back into the Middle Ages, would be to see the newness of all the buildings, all the cathedrals and castles that are so old and grey, and many in ruins, bright and shining white. These Froissart pictures showed the buildings of many a castle and church with the masons at work on them; and towns, around which the armies sat in siege, were not then old and grey, like the castles we see, but white and shining—and so different from anything I have noticed being built!

Then, to come to another field, I remember *Grimm's Fairy Tales,* which I still think the finest collection ever made. I knew them every one, and my world was peopled with witches, maidens, and dwarfs from them. I don't know whether it was the sure instincts of childhood, but I always felt they were the real thing, and I think what the grown-ups used to say is true, that Hans Anderson winked at the grown-ups over the heads of the children. Grimm seemed to me to be not only something that had happened, but something that might easily be happening at that moment—at any moment—in the world—even in Worcestershire. Then I think I learnt a good deal from a book I was very fond of reading when I went down to dessert with my parents at dinner—I was an only child, and I might have been indulged in that—I used to pull down the two volumes of Hone's *Every Day Book.* I don't suppose anyone has ever looked at that? I like to hear those cries of "yes." My word, I am really beginning to enjoy myself! I was merely going to observe that anyone who is not familiar with those works has never heard of the Storm at Bungay, or realised what

happened in the interview between St. Dunstan and the Devil.

There are some people who can claim that, by the time they were ten, they had read the whole of Shakespeare. I hadn't. I approached Shakespeare in a very simple manner through Lamb's *Tales* and Lamb's *Tales* I used to read with immense enjoyment. Shakespeare I only got in fragments, but I think of all the debts we owe to the Lambs there is none greater than that for their paving the way for children to get into the heart of Shakespeare.

My first touch with the classics was through Kingsley's *Heroes,* a book I think I have not seen since I was a boy. My only recollection is that it was extraordinarily good. By the way, I am only giving my own views, and do not commit the Government in any way.

I remember someone lending me a book called *Tanglewood Tales*. I don't know how or why, but I felt Kingsley had the stuff in him, and that Hawthorne hadn't. That is just the thought of a child. Now, my apprenticeship to Dickens—I reverence Dickens as in some ways the greatest genius this country ever produced—my introduction to Dickens was slow. Of *Pickwick* one heard a good deal being read aloud by the grown-ups, and there were certain bits one used to read and, even in those days, appreciate fully. When I used to ride a little pony I appreciated to the full, "'What makes him go sideways?' said Mr. Snodgras in the bin, to Mr. Winkle in the saddle," and every year I live I ask that question with more wonder. That again would bear a digression of some minutes. The first book of his, oddly enough, which I read in those early days—although that was not till I got to a private school—was *The Tale of Two Cities,* which thrilled me to the marrow. But as I am only dwelling on the recollections of a very early date my acquaintance with Dickens must stop there; and I turn from him to another book of a very different kind, a book bound

in very soft green leather, bearing for its frontispiece the immortal work of Dürer "Death and the Knight," and that book was *Sintram,* which I must say caught hold of my youthful imagination and held it for a long time. And from *Sintram* I think we might well fly to the Antipodes to a man who gave immense joy to my generation, and that was Captain Marryat. I think by the time I was nine I knew *Peter Simple* and *Midshipman Easy* by heart. I was talking a minute ago to Lord Ernle about children's books. Of course, nothing varies more from generation to generation, and I think in the early and middle seventies, although we had the great joy of being introduced to *Alice,* who was then very young, plus Tenniel, we had for the most part books one's parents had known—*Sandford and Merton,* with the inevitable Mr. Barlow; *Holiday House, Harry and Lucy, Rosamund, Rosamund and Her Terrible Charge.* I often think Cabinet Ministers are very much like Rosamund. There was another great work which came out in my childhood besides *Alice,* and I think in some ways it was the best book that came from across the Atlantic for young people. It struck a new note. It was natural and there was nothing forced in it, as always seemed to me was the case with the later works of the great man who wrote it, and that was *Tom Sawyer. Huckleberry Finn* followed a little later. I read it during one of my regular visits to London with a cousin of mine, and we enjoyed it enormously. It opened up a new world to us—a world we should very much like to have joined. Then I remember dabbling in a very different kind of book, introducing me to a subject I have always been interested in, and this was comprised in two admirable volumes by Miss Byrne and Miss Jackson on Shropshire folklore and Shropshire words; and much of the folklore was folklore which was still alive to some extent in my own neighbourhood. It is dead now, but it was alive then—I came in just at the end of it—and I don't think anyone

ought to forget the books one got after consultation with one's nurse and the cook. Then I come to one or two books Lord Ernle was fond of. I was reminded of these by an article he wrote. From the cook and my nurse I heard of *The Children of the Abbey* and *The Romance of the Forest,* but when I saw that Lord Ernle had put his *imprimatur* on them as books of the times, I felt I had not lived in vain. Then there were two books of poetry. I have forgotten whom they were by. One was about a young lady who went for a walk in Cavendish Square—a name I have the greatest difficulty in pronouncing. In the other I remember one verse:

> The monkey's cheek is very bald;
> The goat is fond of play;
> The dog will come when he is called;
> The cat will run away.

I know these lines were written by a woman, but I cannot remember the name, and if anyone can remember it I shall be very grateful for it before the evening is over. I have never known more literal and graphic truth than is contained in that stanza. I should just like to mention one more book a little bit outside that period, but which I got when I was about thirteen, because it was a book, I suppose, that no one ever reads now. I don't know whether it was purely a matter of temperament or partly a matter of the period that caused it to impress itself on my young mind so much, but the book was *John Inglesant.* I think whatever fault you may find in the writing of that book—and I admit critics may find many faults—yet there are two passages in it which will live. There is about half a page describing the appearance of the ghost of Strafford to King Charles, which, I think, is about as fine as anything in our language, and the whole of the passage of the ride down to Minton of John and his brother, Eustace, when Eustace is murdered by the Italian in the end. There is an atmosphere there which is

unmistakable, and you have that kind of atmosphere in *The Beleaguered City*, in Jonas Chuzzlewit's drive to Salisbury, in—to take a very different type of book—*Uncle Silas*, and in many other books. In *John Inglesant* you have it in concentrated essence, and I seldom go to bed in my room at Chequers, where there is a Tudor fireplace with the fire flickering on the ceiling, without seeing Eustace Inglesant's body lying on the hearthrug with the knife of the Italian in him. Now all these things are woven into one's very being. There are yet two more things I want to put before you which I think must have played their part in the lives of many children who were brought up at that time, and who have preserved into their mature years a great love of their own tongue and a desire, so far as they can, to use that tongue in a worthy manner. Fifty years ago all children went to church, and they often went reluctantly, but I am convinced, looking back, that the hearing—sometimes almost unconsciously—of the superb rhythm of the English Prayer Book Sunday after Sunday, and the language of the English Bible leaves its mark on you for life. Though you may be all unable to speak with these tongues, yet they do make you immune from rubbish in a way that nothing else does, and they enable you naturally and automatically to sort out the best from the second best and the third best; and the other great advantage to us who lived in the country in those days was that we were brought up among the country people, and we moved in and out on terms of perfect equality among the old country people of England. No one who has not done that can realize what the power of expression and speech is amongst those people, whom—and now I am going to use a beastly word—the *intelligentsia* would call illiterate. If we in our part of the world, the lineal descendants of Shakespeare, could have spoken our tongue to him, he would have understood it, and he would have heard more power of concentrated dis-

cussion among our folk than, I think, is represented in ninety-five per cent of the books written by educated and intellectual people. I do not think that anything in my education, using the word in its widest sense, has stood me in better stead in after life than that close heart-to-heart knowledge that I had of our own common people. And perhaps one or two more words and I have finished. One got much, I think, from the talk of the grown-ups when one was fortunate enough to live with grown-ups who lived with books. Through that talk one was introduced, without knowing it, to all the best people in the best sense of the word. It seemed perfectly natural to look on as friends and to take on the friends of one's parents, and in that way one came on naturally and gradually into "Bozzie" and into Lamb, of whom my mother and her sisters never spoke unless as "Dear Lamb" with a sort of wistful look as of a friend they had buried only four or five years ago. I did not then associate the name of *Elia* on the back of a book with a book of Lamb. I took him on as a friend of my mother's, and it was the same with Thackeray, Trollope, Jane Austen—God bless her! And it was the same with Borrow, whom then I could not read, but in whose names I revelled—the name of Petulengro—what a name! We had the real Romanies on the common near us, and I remember going with John Kipling into a Romanies' camp when he was anxious to find out whether his Hindustani would carry him far with the Romany. And there was another friend that I gained in this way, whom my dear friend Mackail mentions in *Morris' Life,* where he refers to Jorrocks. I came to him later, but again, like Dickens, I am always meeting his friends. It is always a pleasure to me to meet him. I am never asked out to dinner when I go to the country without writing: "Where I dines I sleeps." I walk every morning in the park, and when I wander at the beginning of winter up to the Victoria Gate and see that the dahlias have caught the frost, I say:

"Blister my kidneys, I see the dahlias has fruz." What I feel in the life I lead is this: I think of those words, "I have sought for peace and I have never found it save in a nook with a book." And back to the nook some time I go. I do not know whether physical conditions will allow me to enjoy my reading as a child; whether I can balance myself on the hearthrug as I did when a child, time alone will show. But that I hope to do before I die, and then I have no higher ambition than that of my cousin, Rudyard Kipling. If the first people to greet me in the next world should be good Sir Walter and Jane—and may I just add a little Schubert music?—who so happy as I, provided always that afterwards I may be allowed to sit in a corner for a real good talk with Mrs. Gamp?

"THINGS ARE IN THE SADDLE" *

By Samuel Strauss

Something new has come to confront American democracy. The Fathers of the Nation did not foresee it. History had opened to their foresight most of the obstacles which might be expected to get in the way of the Republic: political corruption, extreme wealth, foreign domination, faction, class rule; what history did not advise them of, their truly extraordinary understanding of human nature and of political science supplied. That which has stolen across the path of American democracy and is already altering Americanism was not in their calculations. History gave them no hint of it; what is happening to-day is without precedent, at least so far as historical research has discovered. And surely nothing approaching what has taken recognizable shape in the twentieth century ever entered the mind of any philosopher of the eighteenth century, of any economist, any forward-looking statesman. No reformer, no utopian, no physiocrat, no poet, no writer of fantastic romances saw in his dreams the particular development which is with us here and now.

I

This is our proudest boast: "The American citizen has more comforts and conveniences than kings had two hundred years ago." It is a fact, and this fact is the outward evidence of the new force which has crossed the path of

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American democracy. This increasing stream of automobiles and radios, buildings and bathrooms, furs and furniture, liners, hotels, bridges, vacuum cleaners, cameras, bus lines, electric toasters, moving-pictures, railway cars, package foods, telephones, pianos, novels, comic supplements—these are the signs. And it is just these which we accept naturally. We think of them as particularly American, as the logical growth from that particular beginning which was ours; these we think of as America's second chapter. The first chapter was concerned with the Fathers and their struggle, the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution. The second chapter is the present—the chapter in which we use the opportunity secured for us, the chapter in which every American comes into his own, the chapter in which every American lives better than once a king lived. This America to-day, this vast magazine of things, is regarded as the successful development of the Fathers' work, the natural fruit of that democratic seed which they planted in the fertile American soil.

But, although to us this development may seem natural, be sure it would not have seemed natural to the Fathers; be sure it would have seemed abnormal to them. Is this to say that the Founders of the Republic never looked forward to the time when every citizen would have his own conveyance, his own house with abundant furniture, when every wife and daughter would have silk garments and a piano to play upon like a princess? No; it might be said that this was precisely that to which they did look forward; this was an essential part of their expectation. Surely they saw a nation of free citizens in a land flowing with milk and honey, gradually lifting themselves to a new economic level; they saw that citizens would be educated to more and more comforts; that men's tastes would improve; that women would want better surroundings. But they could not foresee what has happened. They could not foresee at what

a rate the machine would multiply things; they could not foresee how the prosperity—indeed, the very existence—of the nation would come to depend upon people being forced to use what the machine pours out.

What is the first condition of our civilization? In the final reason, is it not concerned with the production of *things?* It is not that we must turn out large quantities of things; it is that we must turn out ever larger quantities of things, more this year than last year, more next year than this; the flow from mill and mine must steadily increase. There are a thousand programmes cooking throughout the country, there are a thousand isms and causes and parties, each with its own notion of what *must* be done for the national good and the human good. Some of them are at war with each other, but at one point they are allies; some of them are worlds apart, speaking languages strange to each other—yet one word they have in common. The minister in the pulpit cries out upon materialism, commercialization, science, politics, rum, divorce, the young folks. He offers this or that or the other as the cure. But no minister in any pulpit offers any cure which requires that what is called the nation's "standard of living" sag back. The Capitalist and the Socialist are at each other's throats, but the issue between them is, Which can ensure the distribution of the most goods to the people? No statesman, no pacifist, no League-of-Nations enthusiast, would entertain his pet scheme for a moment longer if he believed it would mean that ten years later people would buy half of what they buy to-day. For the standard of living to sag back, for the people to buy but half of what they used to buy—everybody knows that that means ruin, and not the ruin of business alone. The national prosperity gone, the national safety is in danger. This is not a fear; it is a fact. If anything were to happen to industry, there would be first confusion and then decline in all our institutions; our

great system of free education for the nation would wither, our organized charities would dry up, the thorn and the nettle would spring up in our parks, our slums would become fever spots, our roads would fall into decay; more than all, our ideals of political authority would be a heap of jackstraws; we should hold the kind of government the Fathers gave us to be a broken reed.

Production has played many parts in history; it has taken various forms. The form which it takes in this, the Machine Age, is strange and new. Consumptionism is a new necessity. Consumptionism is a new science. Through the centuries, the problem has been how to produce enough of the things men wanted; the problem now is how to make men want and use more than enough things—"the science of plenty," it has been called. Formerly the task was to supply the things men wanted; the new necessity is to make men want the things which machinery must turn out if this civilization is not to perish. To-day we dare not wait until men in their own good time get around to wanting the things; do we permit this, the machine flies to pieces. The wind blew and so the windmill went around. Under the new order, the windmill goes around and so the wind must blow. It is becoming a matter of general remark that the economic emphasis is changing; it is shifting from how to make things to how to dispose of the things that are made so that the machine can be kept in constant operation. The problem before us to-day is not how to produce the goods, but how to produce the customers. Consumptionism is the science of compelling men to use more and more things. Consumptionism is bringing it about that the American citizen's first importance to his country is no longer that of citizen but that of consumer.

The purpose of this paper is to point out how the new factor in our national life has already wrought recognizable changes in American democracy. There are some who be-

lieve that representative government has served America's purposes, and that in the new stage of her progress another form will serve her better; a few even say that democracy is not a good form for any good purpose. This paper does not attempt to argue such questions; it seeks only to show that already Consumptionism is making important changes in the American use of law, in the American Press, in the political freedom of the American citizen.

II

No great changes are ever the result of temporary conditions; they must have been long on their way; as Lord Halifax remarked, they are half made before it is plainly visible that men go about them. Prohibition is the expression of a change which has been a century in forming. It is reasonable to explain why Prohibition happened to come in the year it did come rather than in some later or earlier year; but it is unreasonable to believe that but for this or that particular circumstance there would have been no Prohibition. It is unreasonable to believe that Prohibition is here because the church people and the fanatics caught the nation off its feet in war time, or because the young men were in France, or because the women had come to have an influence in public affairs.

The movement which now reveals itself in the form of Prohibition has been stretching its massive might through more than a hundred years. Men first saw the Temperance movement as something sentimental, as springing from religious and ethical convictions, as being a loving, spiritual force which moved against disease and poverty, against drunken husbands who beat their wives in hovels, against liquor dealers who prospered when their customers lay drunk in the gutter. Looking back upon it now from our vantage point, it is not difficult to see how this was but the super-

ficial aspect of the Temperance movement; the deeper meaning can be seen showing through even in this initial stage. The demand, for example, that no child be robbed of its chance in life by parents who drank—did not this already suggest the movement's real character?

But it is in the shape which the Temperance movement next took that retrospection obtains a plainer view of its essential nature. For in the second half of the century the denunciation of drink for the cruelty and suffering it causes has dropped down to second place in the Temperance platform; now the first plank is the plank which describes the liquor traffic "to be a nuisance and a crime" because it is bad for the factory. Now the crime of drink is that it retards the worker's reactions, wastes his energies, endangers the costly machines he operates; drink, in short, keeps down the national output, and so deprives the nation of its full measure of prosperity. The voice of Temperance still sounds in church and in tabernacle, but it sounds louder now in the mill and on the railroad; it is still moral in guise, yet morality has now ceased to predominate. Temperance now presents itself as the agent of efficiency, as the friend of machinery.

This movement has been from the beginning a purposefully broadening stream. Narrow at first, only wide enough to take in the drunkards and wasters, the stream next broadened to include the workers, particularly those who worked with machinery. Finally with a great rush it swept out and reached everyone; no longer a stream, it became a sea. The twentieth century has seen it spread to include more than the nation's workers; the twentieth century has seen it reach out and take in the entire people.

What was it brought this latest extension of the Temperance movement? Was it still the needs of efficiency, and was Temperance but following the development of machinery, following the machine from the factory out upon the

city streets and country roads? None but workmen used to run machines; to-day everybody runs machines: workmen, clerks, merchants, doctors, school-teachers, men, women —everybody.

The automobile can be made to account for Prohibition plausibly enough. The argument runs easily along the line of the facts. So long as machinery was in the mill and on the railroads only, so long as the question of drink lay between employers and workmen, there was authority enough in the pay envelope to command abstinence where abstinence was needed. But machinery on the streets and on the roads, machinery tended not by workers but by citizens, creates altogether another problem. The authority of the pay envelope does not reach to the citizens on the streets; only the authority of Government can reach to them. The factories turn out four million motor cars in a year. With this amazing development a saloon on each corner and a drinking-place at every crossroads do not quite fit. A man refuses to contemplate the prospect of his wife and child in daily danger of being run into by the driver whose eyes are blurred and whose hands are unsteadied by drink. Machinery becomes more and more necessary to existence; if existence is to be safe, the use of machinery must be attended with safety. Was, then, the attainment of safety the ultimate purpose of the Temperance movement? Had it no further goal than this? Is the Eighteenth Amendment thus to be accounted for? The argument does not go far enough.

The deep purpose of the Temperance movement was no more to provide safety for citizens than it was to provide efficiency for workers or morals for drunkards. These were incidentals. Had the only need been to do away with drunkenness and immorality and the brewers' white horses, private philanthropy and public opinion had amply sufficed without going so far as an Eighteenth Amendment. The

factories and the railroads took care of their drink problem; they needed none of Government's thunderbolts. And as for the safety of citizens upon streets and roads swarming with automobiles, would not the police and the people between them have managed without invading the Constitution? Between Government's power to punish drunken drivers and the people's fear of being hurt by drunken drivers, would not the streets and roads eventually have become reasonably safe? To be sure, this corrective fear of the people would have meant a less great consumption of automobiles; accidents would have considerably restrained the passion of the people for this new convenience; the increase in the number of cars on the streets would have been not stupendous but gradual. True, this would have meant that four million cars could not have been sold in 1923. But Prohibition was not merely the response to the need for disposing of four million automobiles in 1923.

The Eighteenth Amendment was the response to closer pressing Consumptionism. Prohibition is not here for the sake of the automobile industry; the automobile is but one member among many. When Mr. Henry Ford, who is a man born into his time, says we must give up either drink or industrialism, he is not moved to say so merely because drink would make people buy fewer automobiles. Instinctively he understands that drink makes people buy less of everything, and so less of automobiles. When Mr. Gary says that drink and prosperity are incompatible, he is not moved to his conclusion by mere questions of efficiency in the steel mills.

Consumptionism is the science of intensifying consumption. It is not enough that the desire for this or that particular thing be made to increase; desire must not run into any blind alleys; every thing of any kind in the great variety of our output must be able to stimulate the appetite for more things of every kind; consumption is all interrelated,

feeding upon itself and stupendously growing by what it feeds upon. Under the old order, the products of brewery and distillery added up in the prosperity columns just as steel did, and ploughs, and corn; beer and liquor were equal with all the others. Under the new order, drink subtracts from the total. Drink cuts down general consumptive power; drink takes from the nation's ability to use up goods; drink takes from a man's efficiency to consume; drink lessens the desire for things. Drink, to be sure, limits its own consumption; when it has its man under the table, that is the end; there is a limit to the amount a man can drink. But what is intolerable is that drink makes inroads into the consumption of all else. Consumptionism cannot suffer drink because in drink men find a substitute for that satisfaction which is in the acquiring of luxuries; the pleasure in drink takes the place of the pleasure in things. The more things men have, the more they need—this is the working philosophy of Consumptionism. The more drink men have, the less things they need. Consequently we have the Eighteenth Amendment.

There is a righteous resentment of Prohibition. Lawyers, for example, cry out that "something must be done about Prohibition"; politicians, men in office, publicists, political philosophers, are genuinely alarmed by what they call the Prohibition mess. Prohibition is seen by this sort of men to be a failure; the country has tried Prohibition and found it cannot be enforced; to keep it longer in the basic law of the land is to incur gravest risk; something must be done, they reiterate—what they mean is that something must be done to preserve the integrity of Government.

In other quarters, however, there are a great many people, not inevitably Prohibitionists, who are for Prohibition to-day, a large class who never had any moral convictions or any sentimental notions about drinking. These do not see Prohibition as a failure or a menace. Perhaps they

once believed that wines and beers must be restored, but they are doubtful now if they would lend their votes to even a wine-and-beer modification. These citizens see how the liquor laws go widely disregarded; some of them do themselves disregard the laws; they know all about the bootleggers and the stills; they see the struggles of Government. And they are satisfied; they are complacent. According to the rules, Prohibition has proved not enforceable. But they find it well enough enforced for all that; they may not be able to put their finding into words but instinctively they feel it.

"Enforced"—what do they mean by "enforced"? The Eighteenth Amendment makes liquor dear; a man's circumstances do the rest; his circumstances enforce Prohibition so far as it needs to be enforced for the purposes of Consumptionism. Those who break the law—what do they amount to in the view of Consumptionism? For mostly those who can afford bootleggers and roadhouses are already provided to the point of saturation with furs and motor cars and entertainments; it is the millions with the hankering for these things still hot within them who matter just now to Consumptionism. From this point of view, Prohibition has proved a success, not a failure at all. If it were not for Prohibition, less money would to-day be going to the department stores, the garages, the movies, the bookshops. There are more lawbreakers in the nation because of Prohibition. But because of Prohibition there are both more consumers and better consumers. A great number of America's citizens—and the number does not decrease—feel that it is the consumers who count first to America.

Those who go through the land crying out that "something must be done about Prohibition" imply that Prohibition was a mistake, a slip, a misadventure. They imply that the difficulty of getting rid of Prohibition is not very much more than a legal difficulty.

Prohibition was not made by a mistake; it was made by a movement. It was not American democracy that needed Prohibition. The purpose of Prohibition was not to make more valuable citizens. The purpose was to make more valuable consumers. If more valuable consumers could be made only at an expense to citizenship, at an expense to democracy, at an expense to Americanism, it could not be helped; Consumptionism had to be considered first; all else has come to depend upon Consumptionism.

Prohibition is the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution. But it is not of the same stuff as the other amendments. Prohibition is the first Consumptionist amendment.

III

Turn now to the Press. "The Press is the chief democratic instrument of freedom," wrote De Tocqueville. Americans have truly believed it.

Something has happened to the Press. All have remarked it. What is it? Radicals have no difficulty in putting their finger on it; they can tell you that the advertisers and the "Interests" control the newspapers, that is what the trouble is. The Radicals are a generation behind their time. The conservative citizens have their own way of saying it; they say the whole trouble is that the Press has become commercialized, and by "commercialized" they mean that greedy men have used the newspapers to make great fortunes for themselves. And this explanation is, on the whole, no more accurate than the explanations from the soap-boxes. It is obvious to anybody who turns over the forty pages of his morning newspaper, nearly every page half advertising, that the newspapers do make a great deal of money. In scores of communities the newspaper is now as profitable as the department store, while in former days one could count on the fingers of the hands the number which made more than

a decent livelihood for the publisher. But this change has not come about because men with itching palms saw the newspapers as their opportunity. It has come about because the movement of the time, the movement of the industrial forces, has had need to make use of the Press, and is adapting the Press to its own necessities.

Advertising is part of the circulatory system of twentieth-century industry; without it the system chokes up. Industry's need to make use of advertising is forcing certain changes in the newspapers, certain developments, additions, improvements, a certain new kind of progress by which the newspaper is rapidly tending to become another sort of institution. It is because this has not yet begun to be generally recognized, because they would describe to-day's newspapers in terms of yesterday's newspapers, that those who criticize the Press make irrelevant criticisms. They see that something is not as it should be, but they give only the old, old reasons.

"The palladium of our liberties" was the way of describing interchangeably the Constitution and the newspapers. And the people meant just that. So long as Americans might publish without first having obtained the permission of somebody in authority, and so long as there were no unlighted corners in the nation, Government was safe. It would seem, then, as if the newspapers should be doing the work of freedom better now than ever before. Certainly few corners of the nation are left unlighted, and never have so many readers read so many newspapers. To say nothing of the news of events which was never before gathered with such completeness, the views and prejudices of the community have never been given such generous publicity. Whatever is spoken at meetings that has any news value at all, whatever is said in pulpits, put forward in statements, embellished in interviews, is printed for millions to read. By all the rules, the newspapers should be more than ever

capable to lead the citizens; compared to those pitiful, biased, limited, amateurish sheets of 1850, of 1830, how magnificent seems the newspaper of the twentieth century, how fit to inform and incline, to direct and guide!

Yet what is the fact? Many and many have observed how little of late the people are influenced in their political decisions by what they read in newspapers, how often a candidate or a policy succeeds in face of opposition from substantially all the largest and most important newspapers; or just the other way about—how often a measure or a nominee supported by all the newspapers fails utterly. The most striking instance was the League-of-Nations affair; here the voice of the people on the editorial page and the voice of the people at the polls were two flatly different matters; the preponderating newspaper influence of the country was thrown for the League and the preponderating will of the country was registered dead against it.

The newspapers are losing the ability to lead citizens. They are exchanging it, more of it each year, for the ability to lead buyers. To business, a newspaper strike has come to be of grave consequence. A week's interruption of a city's newspapers, and business is damaged. Without the facilities for daily advertising, the custom of stores, of places of amusement, falls off dangerously. The power of the Press is not growing less; the power is being shifted; the Press is powerful still, but not so much to direct men how to think, how to feel, how to vote, as to direct them how to buy.

America's newspapers used to be, before all else, the expression of the tempers and beliefs which set small groups of citizens apart from one another. Newspapers are coming to be, before all else, instruments for those needs and desires men have most in common. Large communities which formerly had a dozen newspapers are being reduced to two or

three newspapers; what logical reason eventually to have even so many as two or three?

Industry did not set out to deprive the nation's thousand opinions and prejudices of their means of expression. Industry set out to reduce overhead. Industry set out to substitute for the many financially uncertain newspapers a few financially certain newspapers. Small groups of readers, those who happened to feel alike in regard to the tariff or immigration or vivisection, did not efficiently serve the advertiser. The advertiser needed readers to be centralized; he needed the largest possible number of readers divided into the smallest possible number of groups—divided, that is to say, not according to what readers believe, but according to what readers are likely to buy. The advertiser has small interest to know whether the circulation of a newspaper is composed of Republicans or Democrats; but to pursue his advertising efficiently he must know whether the newspaper's readers buy on the main floor or in the basement.

A half-dozen newspapers, one for each stripe of belief in the community, was good democracy. It was bad business. Why a separate building and machinery for each newspaper? Why not a single plant for the half-dozen? Why not one newspaper to include all opinions, instead of several newspapers, each excluding all beliefs save its own?

The newspaper to-day is a mammoth institution. It requires prodigious capital. No newspaper publisher with little means can possibly get his head above water now. Where formerly it needed thousands of dollars to run a newspaper, it takes hundreds of thousands, even millions now. Rich men? Of course the publishers are rich men. They have to be.

And the public is not in the least disturbed that this is so. Recently a publisher in New York City, announcing another merger, stated that now at last all the metropolitan newspapers are owned by very rich men—which, he said,

is a most desirable consummation. And the public acquiesces. Once such a condition would have seemed impossible in America, or, if it had secretly developed, any publisher would have been thought demented who openly boasted of it. The public would have been in a panic of fear and indignation. To-day no one is even perturbed; the people see what the publisher means, and they are willing it should be so. They see it *must* be so. Formerly men would have demanded to know what was to become of the freedom of the Press, the safety of democracy, in such a circumstance; they would have cried out against having all measured to them by a millionaire's bushel. But now they make no demur. They see it must be; if it were not, how could there be the comics, the rotogravure supplements, the folded-in pictures for framing, the songs and puzzles, the magazine sections, the cut-outs, the "features," the extravagant rations of news, all the great variety which gives every sort of reader something to his particular taste, all the great quantity which "carries" the ever mounting volume of the advertising that must lead buyers to buy. The readers understand very well that it takes wealth to provide such a wealth.

Consumptionism is steadily substituting rich newspapers for poor newspapers, inclusive newspapers for clannish newspapers, forty-page newspapers for eight-page sheets. And what of it? Is not this all advantage? Is not all that was of value still here? Fourteen editors in one place instead of fourteen editors in fourteen places: what has gone save waste, and inefficiency, and instability, and poverty? Has nothing gone then? Is the freedom of the Press nothing? For it is no less than the freedom of the Press that is going.

Why the freedom of the Press? In order to have a free Press, must we have a financially unstable, inefficient Press? How should it take from the freedom of the Press to have one strong newspaper with room for all prejudices and all

preferences, rather than to have many weak ones with room for only one pet abomination and one passionate predilection? Should this make the difference between a newspaper Press with political influence and a newspaper Press with a rapidly diminishing political influence? Perhaps it should not: perhaps there is no logical reason why it should. But that is what it does just the same.

Liberals talk of consolidating the churches. Well, suppose the churches were to be really consolidated, not only all the Baptist churches merged with the Methodist, but the synagogues, the Friends meetings, the Roman Catholic churches, the Greek Catholic churches, and all the variety of Protestant churches reduced to one or two very large, strong, centrally located churches fitted with plenty of amplifiers. The Sunday-morning service would not be the meagre, narrow, intense service of the old churches; there would be something to every taste; there would be a sermon by the rabbi and one by the Quaker, a reading by the Christian Science leader together with an exhortation by the priest, a discourse by the Naturalist and one by the Supernaturalist. The churchgoer, sitting there among his twenty or thirty thousand fellows, would not exactly "hear both sides"; he would hear only what could give offense to none; real differences would change automatically to merely formal differences. These consolidated churches would be financially better based, more efficient. And religion would be free, very free indeed, broad, so broad it would eventually be pretty nearly flat.

IV

One more consideration; it relates to the manner in which leaders elicit opinion, obtain the public will. A change is taking place here. So far in our actual experience there is but little more than a hint of what may come. It is difficult to

think that it will ever come, that free Americans will go through with this. But meanwhile there can be no doubt of what it is and whither it tends.

The new terminology in this field of our activity is itself significant of what is taking place. When heretofore it was a matter of shaping public opinion, when it came to eliciting the public will, America's leaders said they sought the approval of the people, they talked of "going out to the people" with their plan for a tariff, of "educating the people" to the gold standard, or "winning the people's consent" to a centralized banking-system. These are the phrases which have been usual. Now the proposal is to "sell" the people a plan for a merchant marine, now the job is to "sell" them a taxing programme. Yesterday the candidate, the Senator, the Cabinet member, put his scheme before the American people; to-morrow he will put it over. These are not merely new words for old ways; they are new words for different ways.

They are honest words too. They say what they mean and they mean exactly what they say. To seek the approval of the citizens meant to persuade them, it meant to use the human arts of eloquence, argument, rhetoric, advice, personal influence, and often a good deal of expedient deception. To sell citizens a scheme, to put a programme over, means something else than this; it means to use the power of suggestion, of association, to use "stereotypes," mechanical repetition, "dramatization," "interrupted ideas," to use the new and complicated science of Publicity—Publicity, which is not meant to deceive the people as did the old-fashioned propaganda, but which is meant only to overpower them.

Where does the idea of Publicity come from? Publicity comes from business; it is an adaptation of a method which business developed for its own purposes and which has become indispensable in the business world.

The office of business is to supply men's material wants.

Men have several kinds of needs; for their educational needs, for their need of freedom, they look to other institutions; for their religious needs, for their need of freedom, they look to other institutions; for their physical needs, the need of shelter and clothing and transportation and food, they look to the industrial institution. How does it come about that the particular instrument of industry is adopted by those agencies which supply us, not with our physical needs, but with these other needs; is adopted by the university and the church; by the charity organization and the reform association; by Causes and Movements—above all, how does it come about that it is adopted by Government?

The manufacturer who has something to sell to a man appeals to what he should appeal to—he appeals to the man's love of comfort, to his interest in health and personal safety, to his appetites, to his love of novelty, to his acquisitive instincts; he does not appeal to his reason, his prejudices, his judgment, his moral sense. So-and-so's milk —cleanest; So-and-so's powder—finest; this make wall paper—different; that brand flour—satisfaction. With these devices it is sought to fix in the reader's consciousness the association of the article to be sold with the quality of desirability. This is done through the eye, not through the mind. This result is brought about by reiteration. The suggestion of the perfume, of the package food, and desirability must confront the consumer over and over again. The consumer will not stop to read the poster on the billboard, the card in the car; he will scarcely glance at them; almost it could be said they do not gain his attention. But the posters and cards are doing their work just the same; the association which is to be established is silently deepening in that part of the consumer's psyche which the psychologists call the subconscious; slowly, steadily it is bringing about the desired result.

But now when it is a matter of organizing for a tax pro-

gramme? Or, let us say, organizing for a peace programme. The publicity expert suggests some brief device be chosen —"Let there be Peace," for instance. These four words are to do the work, these four words are to elicit the public "will." These four words are printed in black capitals across the white fronts of pamphlets, on wrapping papers, on stickers; they are displayed in colors on the billboards, on the fences; shown at the movies, placarded on the motor buses. The programme itself is printed at length in millions of folders with which the entire nation is flooded; it is discussed by this leader and that society; an interview here, a statement there; the newspapers are full of it. The people do not read all that is printed; they are contented to know that the details are public, are available, and have been examined by "authorities." The four-thousand word arguments and expositions and analyses come to the same result in the public consciousness as do the four words; they result in the association of this peace programme with the notion of desirability.

The specific merits of the peace programme? What are its defects? Does it fit in with American policies? Is it practicable? "Why, the programme must be all right or there would not be so much said in favor of it by so many people; it must be a good plan or you would not hear of it everywhere you go." The impression, you see, has been made, the reiteration, not of facts, not of reasons, the reiteration of sheer words has done its work; the people have been overwhelmed; "public opinion" on this particular programme is formed. If on Election Day the man at the polls should be asked to vote yes or no on this peace programme, he would vote as a man in a trance; up from the subconscious, up from the region where reason, where patriotism, where morals never operate, comes the command to vote yes on the peace programme.

Is it because many of the men who are leading the nation

in the matter of its tax programmes, its peace programmes, its agricultural programmes and all the rest, are men ignorant of the science of government, are men who can use only the methods to which they are accustomed, the methods of business? No, nor do political leaders use Publicity in the feeling that this new complicated science can better elicit the will of the people than could the old natural method. The leaders have no choice. They must act less and less through men's reason and men's enthusiasms and men's faith, and more and more through men's subconscious abilities, through their irrational powers.

Is it that the American to-day has not the time to compare and weigh and estimate for himself? Partly this, to be sure. How can the citizen have time to form a judgment who must crowd forty pages of newspaper into the twenty minutes before work in the morning, or thirty pages into the fifteen minutes after work in the evening; or who, as often as not, tries to do both? How much reflection can a man indulge in who must turn on the radio when dinner is done, and who falls asleep reading the latest best-seller? How can the man have time to feel who runs to catch the seven-thirty to the office and runs to catch the five-eighteen back again, so as to be in time for a motor ride before dinner? Feeling takes time, patriotism involves leisure, indignation does not thrive in the five minutes between the evening meal and the hour the movies begin.

But it is not really a question of the time which men have at their disposal; it is not really a question of their being "too busy." It is not that they are too busy to read through a considered argument on taxes or a foreign policy; no other people at any time have ever read so much as do to-day's Americans. It is a question of a new habit of mind. In a world which is dominated by things, men are gradually becoming accustomed to act in all the relations of life as they act in relation to things. The processes by which

they obtain good things are coming to them to seem the processes by which they obtain good government. That an obsession with things makes a difference in the fibre of citizenship, in the stuff of character, must be true. But this leads down into subtle moral considerations; it is enough for the purpose here to consider just the difference in the purely psychological processes, the difference in the point of attack, the difference in the "reaction," as the psychologists seem to call almost any kind of action.

The consumer can take on trust the suggestion that the new yellow soap is a good soap; he need ask no questions; there is that in the nature of industry now which justifies his trust. He knows that the soap-manufacturers would not spend the handsome sums needed to bring him to buy unless they had a good article to sell. The day is long past when industry will misrepresent its wares to the public. Industry's interest lies all the other way now; the first thing the expert will tell the manufacturer is that no amount of promotion can make a success of a bad article.

That is the check and balance in industry. But what sort of government would this be? What kind of government is it in which the people ask no questions, ponder nothing, use no judgment? What kind of government is it in which the people take on trust the assurances of those with political projects to sell? What kind of government is it in which the citizens accept without demur what their leaders prepare, acknowledging that the leaders could not afford to offer a poor article, confident that it is to the interest of the leaders to bring about what is best for the people, secure that the leaders always know just what is best for the people? It is not a new form of government, by any means, neither is it the government Americans set out to live under.

No one will pretend that the history of public opinion in America has been all a pleasant democratic revelation, that all which glittered in it was gold. But even if it might

be shown that the public will has been more of an involuntary than a voluntary result, more a will extracted from the people than a conviction of the people, this at least must be conceded: it was the whole presupposition of democracy that the people have judgments, judgments from which they can be swayed undoubtedly, but judgments which can help correct the mistakes they endorsed when so swayed. It was the whole presupposition of democracy that the reason of the people, the judgment, the spiritual sensibilities of the people, would improve with exercise. This growth through exercise was what was meant by democratic progress.

V

Men subscribe to-day to what they call "the economic interpretation of history." They mean by this that history is the record of Nature's forces, of extra-human forces; they mean that this human will which we brag about, this power of choice with which we fancy ourselves invested, is non-existent; men do not move, but are moved only; they are only cogs in the great machine. This may be the truth as it lies under the aspect of eternity. But the fact as it shows itself in the workaday world seems to be that a man can choose most of his courses but none of the results of them. A century and a half since, men came to want more things. Men became enthusiastic over things. Men preached a new creed—the faith in things. Men set to work to make and to get things; men devoted the best of human energies to things, men pinned their progress, their civilization to things. To-day the force of things which they developed, the industrial force, may indeed be regarded as having the dominion over men. To-day men may be regarded as cogs in the great machine. But this machine they themselves chose to build.

AMERICA AND CULTURE *

By Booth Tarkington

It is a general habit of mind for people to think they see what they have expected to see and what they have been trained to see and what it is the fashion to see. There is an old story about someone's asking Columbus if he'd ever seen any mermaids, and he said yes, but they weren't nearly so good-looking as they were cracked up to be; he was honest; he believed what he said, but what he'd seen and thought were mermaids were seals.

A great many people believe that the Wild West still exists, that Chinamen are reliable in business, that Japanese are unreliable, that Frenchmen are excitable, that Englishmen are phlegmatic, that Italians are passionate, that Germans are stolid, that negroes are lazy, and that Irishmen love a fight. Many of us Americans believe, more or less, that such things are true; though of course true with modifications and exceptions; we should not be surprised, therefore, if certain traditional characterizations of ourselves persist upon foreign soil, as they undoubtedly do. To the Frenchman, the Briton, for decades, appeared to be epitomized as John Bull in loud tweeds and a monocle, bellowing "Ros' bif! Goddam!" and, to both Briton and Frenchman, the caricature of Uncle Sam, lank and nasal, drawling "Wal, I swan!" seemed not too exaggerated to be representative of something actual.

Pleasant traditions are difficult to establish and unpleasant ones are more difficult to destroy. Some years ago at the Odéon in Paris there was presented a charming and sig-

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nificant play called *La Française;* a work peculiarly interesting to Americans. Two Americans, in fact, were therein depicted by the playwright and French actors, the only discernible flaw in the portraiture being made audible when these fictitious Yankees now and then uttered a phrase supposedly in their native tongue; at such times what they said was, "Oh, owl rawight." Otherwise they did indeed almost perfectly appear to be Americans on French soil, speaking the French language with an American accent. But what gives this play its special significance for us is the attitude of the heroine in relation to what the playwright evidently felt was the typical American conception of Frenchwomen.

His heroine is a lovely French lady, the wife of a distinguished French engineer who wishes to interest American capital in a great business project. The scene is the Normandy coast; the French engineer and his wife have invited an American millionaire and his nephew to visit them at their villa, and the hostess does everything she can to make the Americans pleased with herself, her husband, and things generally. She is gay, alluring, fascinating, even a little coquettish; and the American millionaire, finding himself for the first time alone with her, immediately throws his arms about her and kisses her heartily. She is dumfounded, indignant, and yet, when the American shows astonishment as well as contrition, she is humorous enough to think him not only offensive but amusingly perplexing, and instead of calling for her husband she asks for an explanation. The American apologetically says that he naturally supposed the osculation to be what she had expected of him. He has had experience of other French ladies, and that was what they expected him to do.

"French ladies?" the heroine exclaims. "You don't mean ladies."

"I do," he replies. "I mean ladies to whom I was introduced."

"Who introduced you to them?" she inquires.

"A young man I met in front of the Grand Hôtel in Paris."

She explains to him that the ladies whom he has met through the connivance of a boulevard guide are not typical and that he had no right to base his idea of Frenchwomen upon them.

But he replies, with some spirit: "I didn't base my conception of Frenchwomen upon their conduct alone; I based it upon the literature of your country—in particular upon the conduct of Frenchwomen as depicted in your novels and your plays. In almost every French novel that I have read, and play that I have seen, the married French ladies are shown to be engaged in love affairs and in deceiving their husbands. The triangular situation seems to be the principal basis of your drama and your fiction. If your literature has any truthfulness as a mirror held up to Nature, what other conclusion could I come to but that you would like me to kiss you? You had been doing everything you could to fascinate me, hadn't you?"

"Yes," she replies. "I tried to put you in a pleasant mood, so that you might feel more like helping my husband. I forgive you for kissing me, because I understand. Our literature has made you believe that French ladies are light in character, and I see how natural it is for you to believe it. Our novelists and writers of stories and playwrights are to blame, not you. They have established a tradition among foreigners, but the tradition is a lie. We Frenchwomen are not light."

"Then why," the American inquires, "do your novelists and playwrights so voluminously represent you as light?"

The lady laughs good-naturedly. "It is simple. The girls and unmarried women of your own nation, for instance, may

have romances before marriage; they may have the adventure of choosing their own husbands, of falling in love, and marrying the men of their choice. We have a different system here; our marriages are arranged for us by our parents and relatives, but that doesn't mean we are less true to our husbands than the women of other countries. It does mean, however, that the novelist and playwright has little opportunity to find a theme for romance in the love affairs of young, unmarried people. This material so copiously treated by your own, and English, writers is closed to the French authors. It is for this reason that our fiction and our drama have misled you. You acted upon a natural assumption that an established foreign tradition concerning Frenchwomen represents the truth; whereas of course it is false."

The author of this excellent and sensible play, *La Française,* thus protesting against a foreign tradition damaging to his fellow countrywomen, amusingly fell a victim himself to foreign traditions not much more truthful than the one against which he was arguing. For one thing, his American was a millionaire, and there is a foreign tradition that Americans are generally millionaires; in addition, this American was a "crude man of business," and so inexperienced, so ignorant, gullible, and dull as to be unable to distinguish between the girls he had met through a hired guide and a French lady of the finest type—and this is to say nothing of his instant readiness to make love to the wife of his host. Of course it was to the purpose of the playwright thus to construct this supposedly American type; nevertheless, the type was already constructed, ready to his hand, and he had only to take it from the shelf where the French keep their "American types."

The European and British tradition that America is the land of the Almighty Dollar, and of no culture, still prevails abroad, not only among the unlearned and untraveled

but also among the sophisticated; undoubtedly it will prevail for a long time to come. It is a tradition that was established almost a century ago; Charles Dickens and Mrs. Trollope did much to build its foundation, and many successive waves of our newly rich, traveling abroad conspicuously, have helped to give it substance. So have our expatriate apologists, as well as our expatriate detractors; and when we are tempted to defend ourselves we are at once in peril of adding weight to the tradition that we are an uncultured race. "Bragging again!" the opposition may so easily retort, and laugh in our faces. If cleanliness is nearer to godliness than is culture, and we point to American plumbing and hygiene, the opposition may laugh again and remind us that the topic is not godliness but culture; when we bring forth statistics concerned with universities, with libraries, with publications, with galleries of works of art, with symphony orchestras, the opera and conservatories of music, with our new tremendous impetus in architecture, with scientific institutions, with learned societies, with honorary degrees, with medals and prizes, with popular education, with philanthropic bequests, with scholastic attainment and scientific research and invention, the opposition may continue to laugh, and might pertinently inquire if culture is a thing ever demonstrable by statistics.

On the other hand, we shan't get along very well if we assume the offensive ourselves and say to our detractors, "Where's your own culture? How are you going to prove it without statistics?" The reply of the Briton, the Frenchman, the German and the Italian would be one of imperturbable serenity: "Ours has never been questioned. If you seek to prove your own culture by questioning ours, you ruin your case, since the question itself is a perfect demonstration that you are an ignoramus." When a British painter asks us "Who looks at an American picture?" we convince him of nothing when we retort with the names of

Whistler and Sargent; and in reply to the antique gibe of a British writer, "Who reads an American book?" we might find it best to say, "Should you have asked it? We read yours."

Two people who dispute the question, "Which of us is the more peaceful?" are not peaceful people; and I think it could be maintained that two people who would dispute the question, "Which of us is the more cultured?" would not be cultured people. If this is true, it might seem to follow that we needlessly disturb ourselves by being sensitive to the foreign view, sometimes expressed, that American culture is of an inferior quality, or indeed does not exist. The fact remains, however, that we still do exhibit some sensitiveness upon this point.

We know that our country is respected abroad, or feared perhaps, or in some quarters possibly envied and detested for its power and its riches; we have no sensitiveness here, and if a foreign critic called us weak or poor or commercially unprogressive we should suppose him a little mad and forget him. But when Mr. Norman Douglas informs us, even in the kindliest manner, that "progress is not civilization," we begin to be a little hurt with him and feel that he has not wholly understood us. Mr. Douglas is not condescending, because condescension is not a part of his individual nature; but when most of his British fellow countrymen, in friendly mood, speak of American civilization, there is that note, as of adult graciousness toward adolescent effort; and when amiable Continental Europeans speak upon that topic, the condescension is likely to be more marked, even when they defend us against the attacks of their compatriots. It is somewhat as if they said, "Oh, no, you must have patience; this good little fellow is doing his best to be cultured."

This foreign graciousness does not make us happy and allows us to feel that we have not been much more accu-

rately observed by those who thus benignantly defend us than by our assailants. In fact, we seem to have reached the point at which we no longer care to be defended; we are not delighted to have it thought that we are consciously struggling to be cultured, and in the defense of us we detect something resembling that classical fragment of song perpetuated for us by the late Mr. Dan Daly: "Of course you can never be like us, but be as like us as you possibly can be!" We might, indeed, respond to our foreign defenders that we are not disposed to be like them; on the contrary, we are disposed to be like ourselves. The imitation of culture is not culture, and as a people we are not imitative. But we must be grateful for the good will that prompts defense of us, and also we should be tolerant of both defenders and assailants; especially because most of them have had little opportunity to know us well, and even when such opportunity exists, we are a people extremely difficult for a foreigner to know well. The size of us, alone, would make that sure, of course, and although there are other things more intricate that make it true, we need not here enumerate or discuss them. It is enough to take into account the fact that we are less simple and infinitely less of a pattern than foreigners suppose; and to aid our tolerance we should recall that critics and defenders are often betrayed into generalizations and conclusions by Americans who are not representative of America, but exceptions.

A great many of our fellow countrymen and countrywomen, finding congeniality and charm in a life abroad, enthusiastically become more Royalist than the king; and the foreigner in contact with them, perceiving them to be imitative of himself and engaged in the adulatory task of trying to absorb his own kind of culture, will easily believe that in them he sees the best of us doing the best that the best of us can do. Moreover, he will obviously receive from them not the most accurate account of the country from

which they are emancipating themselves. Indeed, he will hear not only a great many things gratifying to his *amour propre* but a great deal of nonsense concerning American manners, customs and lack of culture. He finds the nonsense readily plausible, however; and few little social scenes are, for instance, pleasanter, to an observer possessed of some favor on the part of the Comic Muse, than that of an interview between a French gentleman and an American lady who is telling him that "no American knows how to enter a drawing-room." This particular art—or perhaps it should be spoken of as a ceremony—is probably the one most often denied by expatriate ladies to their compatriots who know no more cultured way of getting into any room than by walking into it.

But it is not only the expatriate who adds obliquity to the foreign scrutiny of us; the foreigner traveling in this country—perhaps intending the subsequent publication of a critique—is also likely to receive from various quarters an oversympathetic confirmation of the foreign view that we have much money and little culture. He may encounter sophisticates and their sharp contempt for the "one hundred per cent American," and since he himself is perhaps a one hundred per cent Frenchman or a one hundred per cent Italian—for nearly all Frenchmen and Italians are of that percentage—he will be extremely susceptible to the derogatory information offered him; also, if he meets the more painful kind of one hundred per cent Americans, he will not be happily impressed—the proud boasts of alien nationals are seldom ingratiating—and he may be misled, too, by our habit of making fun of ourselves, a custom not usually intelligible to people of the Latin races and less constantly congenial to our British cousins than to ourselves.

For it is easy to be misled or to become confused upon so elusive a topic as culture. The word itself is subject to disputatious definitions; it is almost as difficult to define

as "gentleman" or "art." It is one of those words for the meaning of which the dictionaries fail to represent a court of final appeal, because these authorities are reduced to definitions in terms likewise subject to argument and opinion. Thus, a dictionary may tell us that culture consists in part of "refinement of mind, morals, or taste; enlightenment"; and that cultured means "educated, refined"; whereupon we are at once on disputatious ground and must seek agreement upon the meanings of "refinement," "taste," "enlightenment" and "educated." And also, it seems possible that a cultured Arab may differ from a cultured Spanish cardinal upon the meaning of "morals." However, although there may always hang upon our use of the words some vagueness of outline, we may be clear, at least, that it means cultivation, and cultivation with results—that is to say, the ground cultivated is rich enough to respond with fruition, and the fruition reaches a rather definite degree of opulence. Practically speaking, a cultured person must have had intelligence to begin with, and his intelligence must have been cultivated until it has attained a fine kind of enlightenment —for we are forced back upon this term, itself so shadowy.

The scientists have borrowed the word "culture"; they use it to mean the growth of little organisms in a medium best fitted to develop them, and in this usage of the word we may find a parallel not perfect but helpful to enlighten us. British culture grew upon British soil; it is not quite the same thing as Gallic culture across the Channel, and if it seeks to become the same thing as that Gallic culture it loses quality and descends to the spurious substance of all mere imitations. American culture must grow upon American soil; it has grown there, of course, and is not represented by an Anglicized American or by a Gallicized American. What might confuse the Briton seeking for evidences of culture in America may be a natural but localized conception of all culture as being of the British kind. The French-

man traveling in this country believes he pays us his highest compliment when he says, sometimes, "Ah! This bit here is a little like a part of France!" or, "This seems almost French!"

Provincial or even national definitions of the nature of culture must ever prove fallible. There is perceptible in the writings of some scholarly English authors, not all of the distant past, a conviction that no one deserved to be called cultured who could not speak Latin or read Greek; but this excludes the cultured Chinese, no matter how profound their knowledge of their own classics, as of course it would exclude the more ancient Greeks themselves. That is to say, any definition of culture that demands a specialized knowledge or a specialized education proves itself absurd, for surely a salient component of any person's culture is his awareness of other kinds of culture than his own. Probably a voluminous history could be written of illusions concerning culture and what constitutes it; fashion is mistaken for it continually—even to speak in the fashion has often been mistaken for a sign of culture. There is undoubtedly a quality of voice recognizable as cultivated, or regulated with some regard to the auricular comfort of listeners and also with respect to the better traditions of pronunciation; but these traditions are many, and often they are disputable.

Pronunciation is comparable to costume in the fashions it has followed and follows; our ears are probably the most provincial of our organs in their love for native sounds and dislike of the alien. As a race, we have been accused abroad of being nasal, and it is true that some of our American climates have produced a great deal of catarrh, but that is a physical token and not a cultural one. The pronunciation of Matthew Arnold was at times almost unintelligible to his American audiences, and no doubt he found our Midland short *a* and burred *r* surprising and perhaps disagreeable to his ear; but even the type to which we some-

times rather loosely allude as the Oxford Don may not with safety to his own culture deny the culture of those whose quality of voice and method of pronunciation differ from his own; not the American would here die hardest, but the Scot.

A specialist, then, even in art or a branch of learning, is not necessarily cultured, but may be, in the realm of the mind, a provincial; and cosmopolitanism in point of view is a requisite of the kind of enlightenment that constitutes culture. A people progressive in their own civilization will seek to understand and appreciate the civilization of other peoples; they will pay the tribute of pilgrimage to the cultural altars of other peoples; nor would this mean that they have no cultural altars of their own. Even in the seventeenth century, cultured English gentlemen, like Evelyn, were not content to rest on the English cathedrals, but went to Rome. Such pilgrimages have been made by Americans in numbers so increasing from generation to generation that our patriots and railroads and hotel keepers have raised the cry, in which there seems to sound a note almost of desperation, "See America first"; and even they do not entreat us to see America only. Our enormously multitudinous pilgrimages do not prove that we are a cultured nation, for it is the mind that sees, and not the eye, and a cultured person may have traveled only mentally; nevertheless, the pilgrimages do suggest that we may to a degree possess the cosmopolitanism of point of view, and also the awareness of the culture of others, that are requisite components of culture.

If these components are requisites—as they seem to be—and if we possess them to the degree that we seem to possess them, it appears to follow that we need not feel injured by the criticisms of our culture, or the patronizing defenses of it, made by persons who thus reveal themselves to be lacking in those same requisites. When an Englishman is disappointed in us because he does not find among us an

English kind of culture, the time has come for us to feel entertained, not indignant, as he would himself be entertained and not indignant if the positions were reversed. We need be sensitive on this point no longer, not even to the foreign traveler's time-worn discovery that we are in too great a hurry, too busy in the rush for the Almighty Dollar to have acquired culture. A rolling stone gathers no moss, but culture is not necessarily mossy; it can grow in a living and ever-quickened soil, and grow there in a bright and living profusion.

A living and growing culture, eager to discern and appreciate the kinds of culture other than its own, has the vigor and generosity that will save it from self-worship; for self-worship means stagnation. American culture is still moving, and more than ever appreciative of other culture; it has not crystallized into rigidity or turned back upon itself to become decadent. It lives and is safe even from its defenders.

IS PROGRESS A DELUSION?*

By Will Durant

The Greeks, who seem, in the enchantment of distance, to have progressed more rapidly than any other people in history, have left us hardly any discussion of progress in all their varied literature. There is a fine passage in Æschylus where Prometheus tells how his discovery of fire brought civilization to mankind, and where in fifty lines he gives such a summary of the stages in cultural development as would be considered immorally modern in Tennessee. And there is a fleeting reference to progress in a fragment of Euripides (*The Suppliants*). But there is no mention of the idea in Xenophon's recollections of Socrates or in Plato; and Aristotle's cold conservatism puts the notion implicitly out of court.

The Greeks conceived history for the most part as a vicious circle; and the conclusion of Lucretius, that "all things are always the same" strikes the note of classic opinion on the subject from Zeno to Aurelius. The Stoics counselled men to expect nothing of the future. Even the Epicureans took their pleasures sadly and seem to have felt, like the late Mr. Bradley, that this is "the best of all possible worlds, and everything in it is a necessary evil." Hegesias, the Cyrenaic, pronounced life worthless, and advocated suicide; doubtless he lived as long as Schopenhauer.

Pessimism was to be expected in an Athens that had lost its freedom; but the same despair sounds in Roman letters at every stage of Roman history. Horace is a praiser of

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times past; Tacitus and Juvenal deplore the degeneracy of their age; and Virgil turns from his fancies of a new Saturnian glory to phrase with his melodious felicity the gloomy notion of an Eternal Recurrence, a perpetual cycle and aimless repetition of events: "There will again be a Tiphys and another Argo to carry beloved heroes; there will be also other wars, and great Achilles will again be sent to Troy." The hourglass of æons will turn itself around and pour out the unaltered past into an empty and delusively novel present. There is nothing new under the sun; all is vanity and a chasing after the wind.

What were the causes of the hostility or apathy of the Greeks to the idea of progress? Was it due, as Bury thinks, to the brevity of their historical experience, the very rapidity with which their civilization reached its apex and sank again? Or was it due to their comparative poverty in written records of the past, and a consequent absence of the perspective which might have made them realize the marvel of their own advances? They too had had a Middle Age, and had climbed for a thousand years from barbarism to philosophy; but only towards the end of that ascent had writing graduated from bills of lading to the forms of literature. Parchment was too costly to be wasted on mere history. Or again, was this unconcern with progress due to the arrested development of Greek industry, the failure of the Greeks to move appreciably beyond the technology of Crete, or to produce in quantity those physical comforts which are at the base of the modern belief in progress?

In our own Middle Ages it was a similar dearth of luxuries which kept the notion of progress in abeyance, while the hope of heaven became the center of existence. Belief in another world seems to vary directly with poverty in this one, whether in the individual or in the group. When wealth grows, heaven falls out of the focus, and becomes thin and

meaningless. But for a thousand years the thought of it dominated the minds of men.

Wealth came to Western Europe with the Renaissance and the Industrial Revolution; and as it multiplied it displaced the hope of heaven with the lure of progress. That greatest event in modern history—the Copernican revelation of the astronomic unimportance of the earth—made many tender souls unhappy; but its reduction of heaven to mere sky and space compelled the resilient spirit of man to form for itself a compensatory faith in an earthly paradise. Campanella, More, and Bacon wrote Utopias, and announced the coming of universal happiness. Europe, *nouveau riche,* imported luxuries and exported its asceticism and its saints. Trade made cities, cities made universities, universities made science, science made industry, and industry made progress. Gargantua writes to Pantagruel, "All the world is full of savants, learned teachers, vast libraries." "In one century" (the fifteenth), says Pierre de La Ramée, "we have seen a greater progress in men and works of learning than our ancestors had seen in the whole course of the previous fourteen centuries." This has an uncomfortably contemporary sound; what century has not heard some spacious self-estimate of this kind? But it was the keynote of the Renaissance; we hear it as an organ point in every line of Francis Bacon; it strikes the dominant chord of the modern soul; and the idea of progress is for modern Europe what the hope of heaven was for medieval Christendom. If man does not really progress, then the last prop of our faith is fallen, and we stand frustrate and ridiculous in the sight of the smiling stars.

This dearest dogma of the modern mind found its most confident expression in the exuberant optimism of the eighteenth century. Rousseau was out of key, and preferred America's savages, whom he had not met, to the cruel Parisians who had rasped his nerves; he thought that think-

ing was a form of degeneracy, and preached a Golden Age of the past that was obviously a *Nachschein,* as Teufelsdroeck would say, of the Garden of Eden and the Fall of Man. But when we come to the irrepressible Voltaire we catch at first breath the exhilarating air of the Enlightenment. This "Grand Seigneur of the mind" had no delusions about the Indians; he knew that man was better off under civilization than under savagery; he was grateful for the slow and imperfect taming of the human brute; and he preferred Paris to the Garden of Eden.

It was his disciples Turgot and Condorcet who made the idea of progress the moving spirit of our day. Condorcet, escaping in 1793 from that consistently savage Rousseauian, Robespierre, wrote, far from his books and his friends, one of the most optimistic books ever penned by man—*Sketch of a Tableau of the Progress of the Human Spirit.* Having finished this magnanimous prophecy of the coming glory of mankind, Condorcet fled from Paris, was captured at a village inn, and confined in the village jail. The next morning he was found dead on the floor of his cell. He had always carried about with him a phial of poison to cheat the guillotine.

To read Condorcet is to realize to what a bitterly disillusioned and skeptical generation we belong. What eloquence he pours forth on the subject of print!—he is sure it will redeem and liberate mankind; he has no premonition of the modern press. "Nature has indissolubly united the advancement of knowledge with the progress of liberty, virtue, and respect for the natural rights of man." Prosperity will "naturally dispose men to humanity, to benevolence, and to justice." And then he formulates one of the most famous and characteristic doctrines of the Enlightenment: "No bounds have been fixed to the improvement of the human faculties; the perfectibility of man is absolutely infinite; the progress of this perfection, henceforth above

the control of every power that would impede it, has no other limit than the duration of the globe upon which nature has placed us."

In his final chapter Condorcet draws a tempting picture of the future (by which he means our time). As knowledge spreads, slavery will decrease among classes and among nations; "then will come the moment in which the sun will observe free nations only, acknowledging no other master than their reason; in which tyrants and slaves, priests and their stupid or hypocritical instruments, will no longer exist but in history and upon the stage." Woman will be emancipated from man, the worker from the employer, the subject from the king; perhaps, even, mankind will unlearn war. And Condorcet concludes passionately: "How admirably calculated is this view of the human race to console the philosopher lamenting the errors, the flagrant acts of injustice, the crimes with which the earth is still polluted! It is the contemplation of this prospect that rewards him for all his efforts to assist the progress of reason and the establishment of liberty. He dares to regard these efforts as part of the eternal chain of the destiny of mankind; and in this persuasion he finds the true delight of virtue, the pleasure of having performed a durable service which no vicissitude will ever destroy. . . . This sentiment is the asylum into which he retires, and to which the memory of his persecutors cannot follow him; he unites himself in imagination with man restored to his rights, delivered from oppression, and proceeding with rapid strides in the path of happiness; he forgets his own misfortunes; . . . he lives no longer to adversity, calumny, and malice, but becomes the associate of these wiser and more fortunate beings whose enviable condition he so earnestly contributed to produce." —What courageous optimism! what idealism! what a noble passion for humanity, and for truth! Shall we scorn more the naïve enthusiasm of Condorcet or that intellectual sloth

and moral cowardice which have held us back from realizing his prophecies?

Behind these splendid philosophies lay the Commercial and Industrial Revolutions. Here were machines, new marvels; they could produce the necessaries, and some of the luxuries of life at an unprecedented speed, and in undreamed-of quantity; it was only a matter of time when all vital needs would be met, and poverty would disappear. Bentham and the elder Mill thought, about 1830, that England could now afford universal education for its people, and that with universal education all serious social problems would be solved by the end of the century. Buckle's *History of Civilization* (1857) stimulated the hope that the spread of knowledge would mitigate human ills. Two years later Darwin spoke; the secularization of the modern mind was enormously advanced, and the idea of a coming Utopia replaced not merely the geographical heaven, but the legendary golden past. Spencer identified progress with evolution, and looked upon it, to a certain point, as an inevitable thing. Meanwhile inventions poured from a thousand alert minds; riches visibly grew; nothing seemed hard or impossible to science; the stars were weighed, and men accepted bravely the age-long challenge of the bird. What could not man do? What could we not believe of him, in those happy days before the War?

II

Of course there had been some philosophic doubts of progress long before the Great Madness came. Fontenelle, in his *Dialogues of the Dead* (1683), had pictured Socrates and Montaigne discussing the question—presumably in hell, where all philosophers go. Socrates is anxious to hear of the advances that mankind has made since his fatal cup; he is astounded to learn that men are still brutes, incapable

of dying without metaphysics. Montaigne assures him that the world has degenerated; there are no longer such powerful types as Pericles, Aristides, or Socrates himself. The old philosopher shrugs his shoulders. "In our days," he says, "we esteemed our ancestors more than they deserved; and now our posterity esteems us more than we deserve. There is really no difference between our ancestors, ourselves, and our posterity. *C'est toujours la même chose.*" And Fontenelle's summary is judicious: "The heart always the same, the intellect perfecting itself; passions, virtues, vices unaltered; knowledge increasing."

"The development of humanity," said Eckermann, "seems to be a matter of thousands of years." "Who knows?" replied Goethe, "perhaps of millions. But let humanity last as long as it will, there will always be hindrances in its way, and all kinds of distress, to make it develop its powers. Men will become cleverer and more intelligent, but not better, nor happier, nor more effective in action, at least except for a limited period. I see the time coming when God will take no pleasure in the race, and must again proceed to a rejuvenated creation." "The motto of history," says Schopenhauer, "should run: *Eadem, sed aliter*"—the same theme, but with variations. Mankind does not progress, said Nietzsche, it does not even exist; or it is a vast physiological laboratory where a ruthless Nature forever makes experiments; where some things in every age succeed, but most things fail. So concludes Romantic Germany.

About 1890 Arthur Balfour suggested, in his genially devastating way, that human behavior and social organization are founded not on thought, which progresses, but on feeling and instinct, which remain almost unchanged; so he explained the apparent failure of our increased knowledge to give us greater happiness or more lasting peace. "He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." "In all the world," said Anatole France (if we may believe Brousson),

"the unhappiest creature is man. It is said, 'Man is the lord of creation.' My friend, man is the lord of suffering."

The socialist critique of modern industry did some damage to our faith in human progress. The endeavor to make people vividly realize the injustices of the present took the form of idealizing the content and peacefulness of the forgotten past. Ruskin, Carlyle, Morris, Kropotkin, and Carpenter painted pictures of the Middle Ages that made one long to be a serf attached to the soil and owing to some lord a share in one's product and one's wife. Meanwhile the liberal critique of modern politics, exposing corruption and incapacity in almost every office, made us doubt the divinity of democracy, which had been for a century our sacred cow. The development of printing and the Hoe press resulted rather in the debasement of the better minds than in the elevation of the worse; mediocrity triumphed in politics, in religion, in literature, even in science (Nordic anthropology, barn-yard eugenics, Viennese psychology, pragmatist philosophy). The "art" of the moving picture replaced the drama; photography drove painting from realism to cubism, futurism, *pointillisme* and other symptoms of cultured neurosis; in Rodin sculpture ceased to carve and tried to paint; in Strauss and Ravel and Scriabine music began to rival the delicate melodies of Chinese pots and pans. And finally came the War.

We discovered then how precariously thin our coat of civilization was, how insecure our security, and how frail our liberties. War had decreased in frequency and had increased in extent. Science, which was to be the midwife of progress, became the angel of death, killing with a precision and a rapidity that reduced the wars of the Middle Ages to the level of college athletics. Brave aviators dropped bombs upon women and children, and learned chemists described the virtues of poison gas. All the international amity built up by a century of translated literatures, co-

operating scientists, educational exchanges, commercial relationships, and financial interdependence melted away, and Europe fell apart into a hundred hostile nationalities. When it was all over it appeared that the victors as well as the fallen had lost the things for which they had fought; that a greedy imperialism had merely passed from Potsdam to Paris; that violent dictatorships were replacing orderly and constitutional rule; that democracy was dying, or dead. Hope faded away; the generation which had lived through the War could no longer believe in anything; a wave of apathy and cynicism engulfed all but the youngest and least experienced souls. The idea of progress seemed now to be one of the shallowest delusions that had ever mocked man's misery, or lifted him up to a vain idealism and a monstrous futility.

III

Perhaps, nevertheless, progress is real?

"If you wish to converse with me," said Voltaire, "define your terms." What shall we mean by "progress"? Subjective definitions will not do; we must not conceive progress in terms of the spread of any one religion, or any one nation, or any one code of morals; an increase of kindness, for example, might scandalize our young Nietzscheans. Is an objective definition possible—one that would hold for any individual, any group, even for any species? Let us provisionally define progress as increasing control of the environment; and let us mean by environment all the circumstances, external and internal, that condition the realization of desire. Progress is the domination of matter by form, of chaos by mind and purpose. Spencer was right and Huxley was wrong; evolution and progress are one; they are both of them the conquest of the environment by life.

Put in this way, the problem of progress in man is sim-

plified almost to a platitude. By common consent, human knowledge is increasing; and by common consent knowledge is power; the power of man over his environment grows visibly year by year. What shall we say of this argument?

We must guard against loose thinking. We may not compare the worst (or the best) of our age with the selected best (or worst) of all the past. If we find that our philosophers are slighter than Plato, our sculptors less than Angelo, our painters inferior to Raphael, our poets and composers a little short of Shakespeare and Bach, we need not despair; these stars did not all shine on the same night. Our problem is whether the total and average level of human ability has increased, and is increasing.

That it has increased since the earliest known state of man is hardly to be doubted. Under the complex strains of city life we take imaginative refuge in the quiet simplicity of savage days; but in our sober moments we know that this is a romantic flight-reaction from our actual tasks; like so many of our youthful opinions, this idolatry of barbarism is merely an impatient expression of our adolescent maladaptation. A study of such savage tribes as survive on our sophisticated planet shows their high rate of infantile mortality, their short tenure of life, their inferior speed, their inferior stamina, their inferior will, and their superior plagues. The friendly and flowing savage is like Nature—delightful except for the insects.

But the savage might turn the argument around and inquire how we enjoy our wars and our politics, and whether we think ourselves happier than the tribes whose names resound in the text-books of anthropology. The believer in progress will have to admit that we have made too much progress in the art of war; and that our politicians would have adorned the Roman Forum in the days of Milo and Clodius,—though we may consider Mr. Coolidge an appreciable improvement upon Nero. As to happiness, no

man can say; it is too elusively subjective to lend itself to measurement. Presumably it depends first upon health and then upon wealth. We are making sufficient progress in wealth. Our thousand fads of diet and drugs predispose us to the belief that we must be ridden with disease as compared with the men of simpler days; but this is an illusion. There is one test of health—and, therefore, in part of happiness—which is objective and reliable; we find it in the mortality statistics of insurance companies, where inaccuracy is ruinous. In some cases these figures extend over three hundred years; in Geneva, for example, they show an average length of life of twenty years in 1600, and of forty years in 1900. In the United States, in 1920, if we may believe Professor Irving Fisher, the tenure of life averaged fifty-three. This is incredible, if true. Taking the figures for granted, we may conclude that if life is a boon at all, we are unquestionably progressing in the quantity of it which we manage to maintain.

Having made these admissions and modifications, let us try to see the matter of progress in that total perspective which is philosophy. When we look at history in the large we see it as a graph of rising and falling cultures—nations and civilizations appearing and disappearing as on some gigantic film. But in that irregular movement of countries and that chaos of men certain great moments stand out as the peaks and essence of human history, as the stairway of the progress of mankind. Step by step man has climbed from the savage to the scientist; and these are the stages in his growth.

First, *speech.* Think of it not as a sudden achievement, nor as a gift of the gods, but as the slow development of articulate expression, through centuries of effort, from the mate-calls of animals to the lyric flights of poetry. Without words, generalization would have been stopped in its beginnings, and thought would have stayed where we find it

in the brute. The infinite subtlety of the modern mind, as in an Einstein or an Anatole France, was made possible by the development of speech.

Second, *fire*. Fire made man independent of climate, gave him a greater compass on the earth, and offered him as food a thousand things inedible before. But above all it made him master of the night; it shed an animating brilliance over the hours of evening and the dawn. Picture the dark before man conquered it: even now the terrors of that primitive blackness survive in our traditions and perhaps in our blood. Our overspreading of the night with a million man-made stars has brightened the human spirit, and made for a vivacious jollity in modern life. We cannot be too grateful for the light.

Third, *agriculture*. Civilization was impossible in the hunting stage; it needed a permanent habitat, a settled way of life. It came with the home and the school; and these could not be till the products of the field replaced the animals of the forest or the herd as the food of man. The hunter found his quarry with increasing difficulty, while the women whom he left at home tended an ever more fruitful soil. This patient husbandry of the wife threatened to make her independent of the male; and for his own lordship's sake he forced himself at last to bend his back to the prosaic tasks of tillage. So woman domesticated man, as she domesticated the cow and the pig. His domestication, his taming, still goes on, and is far enough from being complete: he is born for hunting rather than for agriculture or industry; hence his cruelty, his orgies of violence, his restlessness, and his occasional relish for war. But woman and civilization are winning; the hunting propensities are weaker; the male is becoming a pacifist and a vegetarian, and discovers the pleasures of the home at the very time when his wife has exhausted them.

Fourth, *the conquest of animals*. Our memories are too

forgetful and our imaginations too unimaginative to let us realize the boon we have in our security from the larger and sub-human beasts of prey. Animals are now our playthings and our helpless food; but there was a time when every step from hut or cave was an adventure, and the mastery of the earth was still undecided between beast and man.

Fifth, *social organization*. Here too is a gift unfelt, because we are born within the charmed circle of its protection, and never understand its value till we wander into the disordered or solitary regions of the earth. God knows that our congresses and parliaments are dubious inventions, the distilled mediocrity of the land; but despite them we manage to enjoy a security of life and property which we shall appreciate more warmly when war or revolution shall have reduced us to primitive "liberty." After all, we must not excite ourselves too much about political corruption or democratic mismanagement; politics is not life, but only a graft upon life; under its vulgar melodrama the traditional order of society gently persists in the family, in the school, in the thousand subtle forces that change our native anarchism into some measure of co-operation and good-will. Without consciousness of it, we partake of a luxurious patrimony of social order built up for us by a hundred generations of trial and error, war and peace, accumulated knowledge and transmitted wealth. What ingrates we mortals are!

Sixth, *morality*. Only a disordered mind can suppose that there is an excess of morality in this world; despite the songs of Zarathustra we see no immediate need of men becoming "more evil." Let us congratulate ourselves on any moral improvement that appears in our race. We are a slightly gentler species than we were; capable of greater kindness, and of generosity even to distant peoples whom we have never seen, or who have been our recent enemies. We still kill criminals; but we are more uneasy about it, and

the number of crimes for which we mete out the ultimate punishment has rapidly decreased. We still exploit our immigrant labor, but we must soothe our consciences with "welfare work." Our prevailing mode of marriage, chaotic as it is, represents a pleasant refinement on marriage by capture or purchase, and *le droit de seigneur*. The emancipation of women, despite the biological problems which it entails, indicates a certain growing gentility in the once-murderous male. And love, which was unknown to primitive man, or was only a hunger of the flesh, has flowered into a magnificent garden of song and sentiment, in which the passion of a man for a maid, though vigorously rooted in physical need, rises like a fragrance into the realm of living poetry.

Seventh, *tools*. In the face of the romantics, the machine-wreckers of literature, the pleaders for a return to the primitive soil (dirt, chores, snakes, cobwebs, bugs), we sing the song of the tools, the engines, the machines that are liberating man. These multiplying inventions are the new organs with which we control our environment; we do not need to grow them on our bodies, as animals must; we make them and use them and lay them aside till we need them again. We grow gigantic arms that build in a day the pyramids that once enslaved a million men; we make for ourselves great eyes that search out the invisible stars of the sky, and little eyes that peer into the invisible cells of life; we speak, if we wish, with quiet voices that reach across continents and seas; and we move over the land and the air with the freedom of timeless gods. What more astounding romance could there be than the story of Icarus' dream and Leonardo's patient diagrams, and then that triumphant leap into the air by the modest and undiscourageable Wrights? Granted that mere speed is worthless: it is as a symbol of persistent human will that the airplane has its highest meaning for us; long chained, like Prometheus, to the earth, we have freed ourselves at last, and now we can look the sky-

lark in the face. . . . No, these tools will not conquer us. Our present defeat by the machinery around us is a transient thing, a plateau in our progress to a slaveless world. The menial labor that degraded both master and man is lifted from human shoulders and harnessed to the tireless muscles of iron and steel; power becomes cheaper than brute brawn; soon every waterfall and every wind will pour their beneficent energy into factories and homes, and man will be freed for the tasks of the mind. The slave will be emancipated not by revolution but by growth. The proletariat will not dictate, it will disappear.

Eighth, *science*. In a large degree Buckle was right: we progress only in knowledge, and these other gifts are rooted in the slow enlightenment of the mind. Here in the modest nobility of research and the silent battles of the laboratory is a story fit to balance the chicanery of politics and the futile barbarism of war. Here man is at his best, and through darkness and persecution mounts steadily towards the light. Behold him standing on a little planet, measuring, weighing, analyzing invisible constellations; predicting the vicissitudes of earth and sun and moon and witnessing the birth and death of worlds. Or here is a seemingly unpractical mathematician tracking new formulas through laborious labyrinths, clearing the way for an endless chain of inventions that will multiply the power of his race. Here is a bridge: a hundred thousand tons of iron suspended from four ropes of steel flung bravely from shore to distant shore and bearing the passage of countless men; here is poetry if your soul is not dead! Or this citylike building mounting audaciously into the sky, guarded against every strain by the courage of our calculations, and shining like diamond-studded granite in the night. Here shall you find new dimensions, and new elements, and new atoms, and new powers. Here in the rocks is the autobiography of evolving life. Here in the laboratories biology prepares to remake living organisms as

physics has remade the face of the earth. Everywhere you come upon them studying, these unpretentious, unrewarded men; you hardly understand where their devotion finds its source and nourishment; they will die before the trees they plant will bear fruit for mankind. But they go on.

Yes, it is true that this victory of man over matter has not been matched with any kindred victory of man over himself. The argument for progress falters here. Psychology has hardly begun to understand, much less control, the desires and actions of men. To-day we stand at the cradle of this new and hazardous science; we see it passing through psychoanalysis, behaviorism, glandular mythology, and other diseases of adolescence; and we might well despair of anything so harassed and muddled at its birth. But psychology will survive these storms and ills; it will be matured by the responsibilities which it audaciously undertakes. Three hundred years ago Francis Bacon, standing at the infancy of modern physics, predicted a thousand marvels to be found and formed by physical research. How moderate those predictions seem beside their multiple fulfilment! And what if psychology were entering now upon a like development; what if another Bacon should map its territory, point out the objectives of its attack, and the "fruits and powers" to be won: which of us, knowing the surprises of history and the courage of man, would dare to set a limit to the achievements that will come from our growing knowledge of the mind? Perhaps man, having remade his environment, will turn round at last and begin to remake himself?

Ninth, *education*. More and more completely we pass on to the next generation the gathered wisdom of the past. It is almost a contemporary innovation, this tremendous expenditure of wealth and labor in the equipment of schools and the provision of instruction for all; perhaps it is the most significant feature of our time. Only a child would

complain that the world has not yet been totally remade by our spreading schools, our free colleges, and our teeming universities; in the perspective of history this great experiment but begins. It has not had time to prove itself; it cannot in a generation undo the ignorance and superstition of a thousand years. But already the results appear, like the first green shoots of April's soil. Why is it that, broadly speaking, tolerance and freedom of the mind flourish more easily in the North than in the South, if not because the South has not yet won enough wealth to build enough schools? Who knows how much of our preference for mediocrity in office, and narrowness in leadership, is the result of a generation recruited from impoverished foreign lands, or too occupied with a primitive environment to spare time for the plowing and sowing of the mind? What will the full fruitage be when every one of us knows the happiness of school-days, and finds an equal access to the intellectual treasures of our race? Consider the instinct of parental love, the profound impulse of every normal parent to raise his children beyond himself; here is the biological leverage of human progress, a force more to be trusted than any legislation, tenoned and mortised in the very nature of man. Adolescence lengthens now with every generation; parental care increases as blind fertility disappears. We begin more helplessly, and we grow more completely towards that higher man who struggles to be born out of our imperfect and half-darkened souls. "The young are fortunate; they will see great things."

Tenth, *writing and print*. Again our imagination is too weak-winged to lift us to a full perspective; we cannot vision or recall the long ages of ignorance, impotence, and fear that preceded the coming of letters. Through those numberless generations men could transmit their hard-won lore only by word of mouth from parent to child; if one generation forgot, or misunderstood, the weary ladder of knowledge had to be climbed anew. Writing gave a new permanence to the

achievements of the mind; it preserved for thousands of years, and through a millenium of poverty and superstition, the wisdom found by philosophy and the beauty carved out in drama and poetry. It bound the generations together with a common heritage; it created that Country of the Mind in which, because of writing, genius need not die.

And now as writing united the generations, print, despite the thousand prostitutions of it, can bind the civilizations. It is not necessary any more that civilization should disappear. It will change its habitat: doubtless the soil of every nation will refuse at last to yield its fruit to improvident tillage and careless tenancy; inevitably new regions will lure with virgin soil the lustier strains of every race. But a civilization is not a material thing, inseparably bound, like an ancient serf, to a given spot of the earth; it is an accumulation of technical knowledge and cultural creation; if these can be passed on to the new seat of economic power the civilization does not die, it merely makes for itself a new home. Nothing but beauty and wisdom deserve immortality. To a philosopher it is not indispensable that his native city should last forever; he will be content if its achievements shall be passed on, to form part of the permanent possessions of mankind.

Already it is possible to transmit imperfectly a body of culture from one civilization to another, as once it was transmitted from age to age. Australia and New Zealand need not begin at the bottom; they can share in the civilization of the motherland to a degree utterly impossible before the telegraph and the printing press. We are witnessing a new species of parental care exercised by one civilization over another. But it was by parental care that man outgrew the ape; perhaps by a similar solicitude a civilization can enshrine its values in a fresh form and a newer scene before it decays in the place of its birth. Now that dancing wires and leaping waves bind all the world electrically into an

intellectual community, it will be a little harder for the accidents of time to destroy the cultural inheritance of the human race.

We need not worry, then, about the future. We are weary with too much war, and in our lassitude of mind we listen readily to a Spengler announcing the downfall of the Western world. But this arrangement of the birth and death of civilizations in cycles of 1800 years is a trifle too exact; we may be sure that the future will play wild pranks with this mathematical despair. There have been wars before, and wars far worse than our Great one. Man and civilization survived them; within fifteen years after Waterloo, defeated France was producing so many geniuses that every attic in Paris was occupied. Never was our heritage of civilization and culture so secure, and never was it half so rich. Let us do our little share to preserve it, augment it, and pass it on, confident that time will wear away chiefly the dross of it, and that what is finally fair and noble in it will escape mortality, to illuminate and gladden many generations.

LAW, LIBERTY, AND PROGRESS *

By HENRY W. FARNAM

RAILING at law and law-makers has become of late one of our popular national sports. The attack is sometimes aimed at federal legislation which seems to invade the rights of the States; sometimes at all legislation, whether state or federal, which seems to restrict the personal liberty of the railer. Some of the critics resort to invective, some to sarcasm, some to paradox, and now anyone who advocates a law for social betterment does so at his peril. He is liable to be classed with promoters of nostrums and cure-alls and may even be stigmatized as an idealist.

The writer is not blind to the folly of trying to reform the world. He is quite conscious of the unwisdom of many of the efforts to reform small parts of it. He ranges himself at the very outset with those who say that we have too many laws, both state and national. He would like to see conduct regulated more by manners and custom and less by law. When law is resorted to, he believes the presumption, in case of doubt, to be in favor of state as against federal action. But to say that we have too many laws is a truism which gets us nowhere, unless we can agree upon some principle of elimination. To complain of too many laws is like complaining that there are too many automobiles on the roads. Every automobilist who is not interested in the motor-car business would doubtless subscribe to this doctrine. But, if he is asked which automobile he would eliminate, he will certainly not remove his own. As every automobilist will make an exception in his own case, the universal assent to

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the proposition that we have too many automobiles has no meaning, because it connotes something different to each one who uses it. The same is true of law. Those who are most vigorous in denouncing the multiplicity of laws are the last ones to surrender the particular law in which they are interested. We have the *reductio ad absurdum* of the slogan "too many laws" and "no more amendments" in the case of those who, while waxing indignant at the multiplicity of constitutional amendments, would yet favor an amendment of their own, limiting amendment. It is time that those who would express an opinion on the very important subject of legislation should follow the method to which we owe all scientific progress and study causes by the observation of facts, before they indulge in denunciation or pillory those whom they consider guilty of political heterodoxy.

Let us look then for the cause of legislation and ask, first of all, why do we have any laws? Why do we not let each one do as he pleases, capture his food and his raiment and his women wherever he can and keep them until a stronger takes them from him? The reason is that in the end man can get much more out of life by an orderly system of production and exchange and by observing certain standards of conduct. Thus property rights and family rights are recognized, and, if they are to be secured, those who violate them and prefer a more primitive type of existence must be restrained or invited to go elsewhere. Robbery and homicide have, therefore, become taboo between individuals of every civilized political unit or state, though still recognized as proper and even praiseworthy between states acting as corporations.

The great mass of our civil law and many of our criminal laws have to do with either the family or economic relations, and concern the production, exchange, consumption, and distribution of wealth, including its transmission from one generation to another. Law reflects, either as effect or cause,

the economic system which it is made to support. Obligations were insisted upon under the feudal system which are as inapplicable to a capitalistic system as the law of a capitalistic system is to communism. All law must adapt itself to the economic conditions of time and place. A pastoral people requires one set of rules, an agricultural, another, an industrial, a third.

Now, the peculiarity of modern law is that it has had to adapt itself to changes in the technique of wealth production and distribution more revolutionary than any known to have taken place in any similar period of the world's history. Our economic life has changed more in 150 years than in the previous 1,500 years, perhaps in the previous 5,000. These changes are familiar to every educated person. Their reaction on legislation is not always understood. It has been peculiar and almost paradoxical. When the "industrial revolution" struck England in the eighteenth century and began to be anticipated in France, industry was based upon the guild system. But the legislation which supported it, such as the Statute of Apprentices of Elizabeth in England, blocked the way to the factory system and prevented the utilization of the enhanced productive power which now became possible. Hence Adam Smith and the Physiocrats stood for freedom of industry and commerce as epitomized in Gournay's phrase "laissez faire, laissez passer." "Hands off" thus became the slogan of most economists for nearly a century, and some of them still repeat it.

And yet within a very few years the factory system produced evils so flagrant that nothing but legislation could stop them. In the words of Gibbins, there was "a fearful spread through the factory districts of Manchester of epidemic disease owing to the over-work, scanty food, wretched clothing, long hours, bad ventilation, and over-crowding in unhealthy dwellings of the work people, especially the children." To remedy the worst of these evils Parliament

passed in 1802 the first factory act. Though this soon became a dead letter, and though for many years it was impossible to arouse the interest of the ruling classes in the suffering of the children and women, yet through the persistency of a few men who saw farther than their contemporaries—"professional reformers" as they would now be called—other acts were passed. Peel's act became the forerunner of a long series of laws in all of the industrial nations of the world, designed to check the evils which were found to accompany the new industrial system. Thus, while the modern economic era was ushered in by a demand for the repeal of laws, its progress has been a prolific source of new legislation. In a short article it is impossible to enter into a full enumeration of the many changes commonly included under the general term progress, which have stimulated legislation. It will suffice to mention some of the more familiar types.

One of the most important of these changes is the revolution, not only in industry but in our daily life, caused by mechanical and technical inventions. Half a century ago the main stress was laid upon the changes in industry and labor conditions effected by such things as the steam-engine, the power loom, the steamship, and the railroad, but the more recent advances, such as the development of hydro-electric power, the gasoline engine, the airplane, the movie, the telephone, and the radio, have influenced the daily life of everyone, whether engaged in industry or not. Traffic on the highways has been revolutionized by the automobile as much as long distance travel was revolutionized by the railroad, and with it have come accidents necessitating the examination of drivers, the registration of cars, and innumerable traffic rules which, drastic as they seem, and violative of what seemed the fundamentals of personal rights in a horsedrawn age, still fall short of checking the evil. Accidents are increasing at an alarming rate, and deaths by

automobile figure prominently in our vital statistics. Even the harmless pedestrian is no longer allowed to indulge in Charles the Second's pastime of sauntering, but broad white lines show him where he must cross the street. He may not rest in peace if he is willing to get killed but goes to his grave branded as a "jay-walker."

Traffic regulations are cited as a type of law growing directly out of new inventions, because they are familiar and generally non-controversial. They are commonly accepted as necessary even by those who violate them. But the reasoning that applies to them applies to the legion of laws that come under the head of factory and safety legislation, such as laws requiring safety appliances, restricting the labor of women and children, prescribing precautions against fire and disease, not only in factories but in mines, in quarries, and on the sea.

Each new law in this long series had to overcome stiff resistance when first introduced, but few laws providing for better sanitary conditions, or for shorter hours of labor, or for the general welfare of workers have been repealed, though some have been modified in detail and some have been overthrown on constitutional grounds by our courts. In other words, it is fair to say that the general experience of mankind has justified the enactment of laws regulating the conditions of labor. The reason for this is obvious. New inventions and new methods have led to new evils, economic, sanitary, and social, which do not cure themselves and which have come so suddenly that there has been no time for the creation of a customary law, still less of social conventions, to deal with them. In the time of Queen Elizabeth, Sir Thomas Gresham observed that bad money drives out good money, and we have now learned that this so-called Gresham's law applies to many things besides currency. If two manufacturers are competing, and one can make money by employing labor under unsanitary conditions, his com-

petitors are almost forced to descend to his level, even though it may be for the interest of the employers as a group and of society in the long run to conform to higher standards. These higher standards can be maintained only by a general rule of action binding on all and made either by governmental authority or by the co-operative effort of some strong guild or association, just as the standard of the currency can be maintained only by outlawing coins below a certain weight and fineness. The ideal would undoubtedly be to have such rules self-imposed. To a certain extent, professional associations do establish standards. But it takes a long time to formulate them and much trouble to maintain them, and in most cases the only effective and practical measure, once granted the evil, is law. Self-help is clearly of no value where children are concerned, inasmuch as they have neither the physical nor the mental ability to organize for self-protection, and their only escape is to die young, as they did in the early days of the factory system.

But there are other evil incidents of technical progress not so generally recognized. New inventions not only introduce new dangers to life and health, they furnish new conveniences to criminals. Fire-arms, high explosives, improved drilling tools are familiar examples. The automobile has encouraged crime by furnishing the most handy means both of reaching distant hunting grounds and of making a quick get-away. It also has become one of the common objects of theft, doubtless because it supplies its own transportation. The automobile accounts for a good deal of the bold defiance of law by professional criminals.

Apart from mechanical inventions, our age has witnessed truly marvelous progress in business organization. Adam Smith thought that in his day there were only four kinds of business—banking, insurance, canals, and water-works—to which the principle of the joint-stock company was applicable without a monopoly grant. To-day it has become

almost the normal form of organization for every business from railroads and steel mills to lunch counters. Even families are now occasionally incorporated. Abuses have grown up in connection with the enormous power wielded by large corporations, and no method of checking them has as yet been devised excepting legislation. Many of these laws are still on trial, many of them have doubtless been ill-judged, but any fair-minded observer must concede that, in view of the great power developed by corporations, nothing but legislation could have imposed the checks which have curbed the abuses of that power. Many of those who now criticise the drastic and sometimes unwise provisions of such laws seem to have quite forgotten the abuses which led to them.

The progress of science is another active stimulus to social legislation, not only because it has introduced, with new power, new possibilities of abuse, but also because it has taught us the social reactions of things which were formerly supposed to concern only the individual. With beneficent anæsthetics like opium and cocaine, science has opened the door to demoralizing drug habits and necessitated laws against drug pedlars. With a wider knowledge of the causes of disease, things once thought innocuous are now known to be harmful both to the individual and to society. Laws are made for lead factories as the result of what science has taught us regarding lead poisoning. Engineering works are put under supervision on account of what science has taught us regarding the caisson disease. Anti-spitting rules and compulsory vaccination are more familiar examples of the same tendency.

Science discovered that the terrible disease known as "phossy jaw" was caused by the use of white or yellow phosphorus in the manufacture of matches. Science also discovered that by substituting sesqui-sulphide of phosphorus the process could be made innocuous to the workers, and

that the lives of many children who were poisoned by putting matches in their mouths could be saved. But the sesquisulphide process cost a little more than the old process, and no single manufacturer could afford to use it unless his competitors used it. State law in such a situation would be of no avail, unless all of the States could be induced to pass an identical law on the subject, because it would be so very easy for the industry to move from States having strict laws about it to States having none. The end could be, and was ultimately, accomplished by imposing a federal tax on the use of white phosphorus to prevent its use, just as state bank notes have been driven out of circulation by the tax laid upon them. But the bill, though finally passed, met with the same fallacious arguments which are now so popular in other fields. We were told that it was paternalistic; that it was a usurpation of federal power; that it was a violation of personal liberty. It did, undoubtedly, violate personal liberty. It violated the liberty of the manufacturer to use the cheapest process he could find, but it safeguarded the liberty of girls in the shop to work without being exposed to a cruel and often fatal disease. It violated the liberty of the father to let his children play with poisonous matches, but it saved the liberty of the child to live. It gave a new duty to the federal government, but there is not a State among the forty-eight that has been deprived of any power or privilege, or whose citizens are not benefited, by the passage of the law. Indeed, the reasons which induced our government to prohibit the use of poisonous phosphorus, had, long before the act of 1912 had been passed, led the principal match-producing nations of the world to unite by treaty in the suppression of phossy jaw, so that the problem was recognized as international. This example is cited to show how industrial hygiene and preventive medicine have proved the need of laws which would not have been understood, and which would have been generally resented half a

century ago. They are still resented as a violation of personal rights by people who have not learned the reason for passing them.

The prohibition law is another case in point, and I make no apology for referring to it. Drunkenness was recognized as an evil as far back as the days of Noah, but was considered a matter for family or neighborhood control. The principal intoxicating drinks in Europe for many centuries were wine, or beer, and wine was commonly diluted with water. But science introduced the art of making distilled intoxicants of high power and low price. In the early part of the eighteenth century London gin shops advertised that people might get drunk for a penny, and that clean straw in comfortable cellars would be provided for customers. This was a great boon for the individualist, but even Merry England saw that this kind of debauchery was not very useful to the wife and children of the drunkard, and passed the gin act of 1736. This statute, like many another, gave rise to riots and illicit trade, and was repealed after seven years. But other restrictive acts were passed in England and generally throughout the civilized world. In the nineteenth century the improved methods of business organization, the great joint-stock company, and the novel advertising technique gave a new power to the traffic in intoxicants. Science had progressed in the meantime and taught us that most of the popular beliefs regarding the benefits to health of alcohol rest on an illusion, while in the economic field it was recognized as a powerful cause of waste, pauperism, and crime, and a serious handicap to production. These things were brought out more than a quarter of a century ago by the Committee of Fifty. Long before National Prohibition had become a reality, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers required total abstinence for its members in the public interest. Since that time, the speeding up of all traffic through the automobile, enhanced by the diffusion of

wealth, which has brought the motor car within the reach of millions who never owned a horse, has increased the social menace, even of mild intoxication, a thousandfold. We cannot enjoy the automobile and have unrestricted drinking. Hence the United States is not the only country which has increased its restrictions. More severe laws have become almost universal.

Prohibition may be, and doubtless is, open to objections, but some tightening of the lid was bound to come as the inevitable consequence of technical and scientific progress. The act restricting the sale of alcoholic beverages in Quebec, the most "liberal" law of the kind in Canada, would have seemed impossibly drastic a few years ago. Only Bolshevik Russia has returned to the unrestricted use of vodka, after some years of inefficient effort at control, and celebrated the event, according to the press dispatches, by an orgy of drunkenness.

With the progress of science, we are bound to have more and more invasions of the liberty of the individual in the interest of the common weal. Some of the proposals may be unwisely framed. The machinery for executing them may be, and often is, inadequate. The laws may fail to take account of the indirect effects which almost always accompany any new regulation of life. But to ignore the reason for such laws merely reveals the ignorance of the objector.

Another cause of legislation lies in the increase of population, which is generally regarded as a sign of progress, but also creates new problems. There is no acute tenement-house question where each settler can get for the asking a farm of 160 acres and plant his house in the middle of it. It is the congestion of population in our cities which causes the housing problem and leads to laws specifying how tenement-houses shall be built, in order to provide for light, air, and safety against fires. It is the general growth in population which has involved the threatened exhaustion of

our lumber supply, and necessitated laws providing for increased protection against forest fires, and for re-forestation in the interest of future generations. The whole conservation movement, with the legislation that accompanies it, is the result in the main of an increase in population.

The popular diffusion of wealth which has been so remarkable in our country, involving high wages, short working hours, and more leisure for the masses, also creates new problems. Traffic on the highways is a very different thing in these days of "Fords" and "Stars" from what it was in the equine era or even in the early automobile era. The increase and diffusion of wealth have put a wonderfully convenient but dangerous machine into the hands of a growing number of young and inexperienced people, to say nothing of criminals and degenerates, who endanger the safety of others unless restrained. The surplus revenue enjoyed by many offers a new temptation to swindling schemes, and requires laws against fraudulent stock promotions. Legislation is the price which we pay for our greater wealth.

This cursory review shows that the innovations, fundamental and unprecedented, which constitute modern progress, such as technical improvements, business organization, scientific discovery, the increase in population, and the diffusion of wealth, to mention but a few examples, inevitably create new problems with which the old laws were unable to cope, and call for new regulations in order to secure their enjoyment by the people as a whole. Unless we recognize this basic fact, we cannot discuss legislation with intelligence. If mankind had the wisdom to develop and enforce social inhibitions to prevent these abuses, legislation would be unnecessary. But mankind has never had, and probably never will show, such foresight. In many cases, the mass of the people are not aware of the evils until instructed by others, and even if they know them, there is no time for new social habits to form. So rapidly do inventions and discoveries

crowd upon us that "manners" cannot keep pace with them. Public opinion itself, as far as it is articulate, is strongly influenced by great commercial interests which can carry on an active propaganda either for or against a certain measure through straight advertising, through the press, the movies, and even the radio. Constant reiteration plants a false idea in the minds of people who have no ability to look up the facts for themselves. History itself has been distorted by this kind of publicity. The mere omission of an important piece of information may be used by those interested to influence public opinion. We had a striking illustration of this at the time of the meeting of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union in Scotland in the summer of 1925, when those who controlled the radio refused to broadcast the speeches of the President, Miss Gordon, and Lady Astor, unless they would eliminate all reference to prohibition.

Even when people are aware of an evil, united and voluntary action is almost impossible. This is shown in the history of the Consumers' League. When that society was formed, it had what seemed a rational and practical programme. The evils of long hours and unsanitary conditions in the work of women and children were recognized, and made a strong appeal to the sympathies, especially of women. It seemed natural to suppose, therefore, that if women as purchasers would insist on buying only things which were made under good sanitary conditions, the pressure of public opinion would remove the evil through the simple operation of the oft-invoked law of supply and demand. But it did not, and the Consumers' League has found by actual trial that only legislation will get results. This experience has all the value of a laboratory experiment to show the difficulty of controlling widespread social evils by voluntary action.

What has been said refers mainly to legislation in the public interest, or what is commonly called social legislation,

because that is the kind which is to-day most frequently attacked. Nothing has been said regarding the vast amount of legislation which has a purely commercial motive, and which is intended to line the pockets of those who promote it. Nor has much been said regarding the extent to which many of the abuses which need correction are themselves the outcome of this kind of legislation. In fact, much of what we call "progress" has been promoted by laws which aimed only at increasing production and profits, but ignored the social evils which followed. Our protective tariff was deliberately intended, in the words of Hamilton, to give employment to children "of tender age." The development of our railroads, with the abuses of power which led to state and federal regulation, was made possible only by legalizing joint-stock companies with limited liability and the power of eminent domain. Our great combinations popularly called "trusts" could not have existed without state laws directly and deliberately encouraging them, but doing little or nothing to control them.

To one who has studied social and economic history realistically and who has been trained in the careful verification and interpretation of facts, much of the current discussion of legislation has a singularly unreal and archaic sound. Instead of evidence, we are treated to catchwords and question-begging epithets. People who have every reason to maintain respect for law for the protection of their own property rights are willing, under the irritation of some law which they dislike, to indulge in wholesale denunciation of law-makers as a class and give aid and comfort to criminals. Even men of high academic standing are not above throwing out sweeping expressions of opinion as if they were facts and giving us slogans for arguments.

The most over-worked of all of these slogans at present is "liberty." Let us stop a moment to see what that word means. Obviously it means absence of restraint. It is, there-

fore, a negative, abstract term. It is so abstract that, unless qualified, it means nothing. At a given time and place such a qualification is often added by implication. To most of the early Puritans, liberty meant freedom to worship God according to their consciences. To some of their descendants it means freedom to buy a cocktail. In fact, there may be as many different kinds of liberty as there are possible restraints to be negatived. There is physical liberty or freedom from the restraints of disease and physical weakness. A cripple or an invalid is not physically free. There is mental and moral liberty or freedom from the inhibitions of ignorance and habit. The illiterate man is not free in a reading and writing society. The slave to a drug habit is not really free, because his will power is fettered. There is economic liberty or freedom from the restraints of poverty which prevent a man from entering the market as a real competitor for goods or wages. In short, like the spirits which set the swine of Gadara rushing down a steep place into the sea, our liberties are legion, and legal liberty or freedom from the restraints of government is only one of them. Yet it is the one which is usually singled out for discussion, as if it were the only one.

Now, many of our legal restraints on liberty are imposed solely because they make other forms of liberty possible. Physical liberty has been promoted by compulsory vaccination laws which have nearly eliminated what was once a scourge of humanity, yet are still criticized by many. Mental liberty has been promoted by compulsory education laws which have forced parents to send their children to school. Economic liberty has been promoted by labor laws which make the wage-receiver more efficient and prevent the stunting of his growth and strength by over-work in childhood or in unsanitary surroundings.

The test, then, of every law which restricts personal liberty is this: Does it make for liberty in the larger and real

sense? This test can only be applied by a careful study of the facts. To try to discredit a proposed law by resorting to phrases and catchwords is simply to muddy the stream of thought and to give us heat when we need light. It is a mere platitude to condemn a law because it infringes personal liberty. There are few laws which do not. Yet many people repeat this objection to laws which they dislike with as much confidence as if they had uttered an idea, when they have only expressed an emotion.

We are supposed to live in the age of science, but those who apply the methods of science are a small minority. When public questions are concerned, opinion is still swayed by political doctrines. As William G. Sumner said twenty years ago: "Doctrines are the most frightful tyrants to which men are ever subject, because doctrines get inside a man's own reason and betray him against himself." "The people acquiesce in the doctrine and applaud it because they hear the politicians and editors repeat it, and the politicians and editors repeat it because they think it is popular. So it grows."

Some doctrines have become a veritable fetish. Writers who would look upon human sacrifices as barbarous are quite willing to sacrifice the lives and health of women and children to the cult of a political doctrine. So obsessed are they with the evils of excessive legislation that they overlook the greater evils of corrupt and ineffective enforcement.

Many doctrines come to be used in a sense quite foreign to the ideas of those who originated them. "Laissez faire" was in the early days the watchword of those who favored progress in opposition to vested interests. At present it has its most vociferous disciples among the spokesmen of the vested interests that, having profited by the legislation of the past, now say, "hands off." The modern liberal is often liberal only to himself. He is sometimes a conservative motoring under last year's number plate. His party name, like

the gaudy labels which cover his baggage on his return from his annual trips to Europe, records, not the place to which he is going, but the places which he has left behind. What is proclaimed as the faith of a liberal often looks, when applied, like the creed of a tory.

Liberty, especially personal liberty, makes a strong appeal to all of us, because we are all selfish, and the term personal liberty means to each of us the liberty to do what suits his personal tastes. But our Constitution was not adopted to secure absolute liberty. With the felicity of diction which marks this wonderful document it aims to secure "the blessings of liberty." If liberty is to be a blessing and not a curse, it must be a liberty which subserves, not the crude egotism of the individual, but the "general welfare." It must be a liberty promoting civilized progress under the restraints of law.

THE MUCKER POSE *

By James Truslow Adams

This borrowed title expresses better than any I have been able to devise for myself a problem which has recently been put to me by several of my American friends, men who on account of both their profession and positions are familiar with the more cultured portion of the American scene. The question which they put is one that I have been hesitatingly asking myself as I contrast that scene on successive returns from abroad with the one very obviously to be observed in this respect in France or England. "Why," they ask, "is it that a gentleman in America nowadays seems afraid to appear as such; that even university men try to appear uncultured; and that the pose of a gentleman and a scholar is that of the man in the street?" A few nights ago another friend of mine, a literary editor of some importance in New York, complained in the course of the evening's talk that the verbal criticism of many of the writers whom he knew had descended to the moronic classifications of "hot stuff," "bully," "rot," and so on. These writers, often meticulous in the artistry of their own work and thoroughly competent to criticize acutely and intelligently that of others, appeared afraid to do so lest they be considered as literary poseurs. The real pose in their cases was in talking like news-agents on a railroad train; but that appeared to them to be safe, whereas vague danger lurked in conversing as would any intelligent French or English critic.

The mucker-poseurs do not content themselves with talk-

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ing like uneducated half-wits. They also emulate the language and manners of the bargee and the longshoreman, although where the profanity of the latter is apt to have at least the virture of picturesqueness, the swearing of the mucker-poseur is apt to be merely coarse. A member of a most distinguished family and a young graduate of one of our best known Eastern universities was overheard the other day in his university club in New York describing his new position in the banking world. The nearest to analysis or description of his work that this young scion of American aristocracy with every social and educational advantage could reach was to tell his friends that it was "the God damnedest most interesting job in the world." Both among men and women of the supposedly cultivated classes such profanity is much on the increase. I know of a man who has recently declined to take foreign visitors to his club for luncheon or dinner any longer on account of the unfortunate impression which would be made upon them by the hard swearing of the American gentlemen, mucker-poseurs, at the surrounding tables. One of the finest scholars in the country, a man who once had distinguished manners, has not only become extremely profane but exceedingly addicted to smutty stories, both, apparently, in the effort to make himself considered a good mixer and as a bid for popularity. If one wishes to acquire an extensive and varied vocabulary of the most modern sort, one has merely to watch the young ladies of the mucker-poseur type playing tennis at Southampton or Newport.

Again, the mucker-poseur aims to act like the lowest of muckers when he—and frequently she—gets drunk. Drinking in this country has ceased to add any charm or grace to social life. On a recent sailing from New York on the *Aquitania* at midnight I counted twelve women first-cabin passengers brought on board, all so drunk that they could

not get up the gangway without help. Many years ago, when I was a small boy of twelve, I attended "Field Day" at one of the most exclusive private boarding schools in the East. In the course of the day an address was made by an old graduate on the subject of alcohol. To the surprise and horror of the clerical head of the school, the good-natured but somewhat inebriated speaker said nothing to condemn drinking but he threw out the comment, which is all I can now recall of his speech, that "when you boys do drink, remember always to get drunk like gentlemen." That is something which our present generation of drinkers have completely forgotten. They act in country clubs in a way which would have been considered a disgrace to the patrons and patronized in a disorderly house of a generation ago. It is not a question of a mere decline in manners but of consciously striven-for pose.

In the case of the young this is more understandable, just as it is more international. I am not here concerned, however, with (or at) the vagaries of the younger and, in so many respects, admirable generation. I am concerned with their elders, men who have lived long enough to have developed personalities of their own, men who appreciate the value of cultivating both mind and manners. Why should they be afraid to appear as cultured gentlemen and assume as a protective coloration the manners and level of thought of those who are beneath them?

The question would be a futile one unless we believed that manners and culture possess genuine significance, a significance for society as a whole as well as for the individual. It is all too evident that a large proportion of the dwellers in our United States do not believe so, but there is a large minority which does. Not to do so argues a failure to think things through and ignorance of history and human nature. This article deals with the contemporary attitude of many

believers, and we can but glance briefly, before passing to them, at the non-believers.

II

One of the most suggestive methods of modern study has been the comparative. By the use of none other, however, are the unwary and the untrained so likely to come to logical grief over a *non sequitur*. The comparative study of habits and customs has revealed that both moral and social conventions have varied from age to age, from place to place, and from race to race. Immediately the unwary and untrained jump to the conclusion that because there appear to be no eternal or universal standards of morals and manners there is, therefore, no value in a local, temporary, and but slowly changing one—a conclusion by no logical possibility to be drawn from the premises. The result of this particular and, at the moment, very popular *non sequitur* has been to cause in many persons a headlong jettisoning of their whole cargo of morals, manners, and conventions, and the bringing about of a muckerly chaos which arouses mirth or terror according to the temperament of the social observer.

It would seem as though no sane person with a knowledge of the past of his own species and any adequate insight into human nature could fail to believe in the absolute need of *some* standards, *some* established values to save us from a derelict wallowing about in the welter of sensations, impulses, attractions, and repulsions which form so much of this strange dream we call life. The standards, the values, will undoubtedly alter from time to time and from place to place; but that does not invalidate the need of having some of them at any one given time and place. Even the now much scorned minor conventions have their effective influence upon con-

duct, remote or proximate. A story is told of an English gentleman who was sent out as governor of an island where the entire population save for his sole self was black and savage. He dressed for his solitary dinner every night as carefully as though he were about to take a taxi to the smartest residence in Park Lane. He did so not from habit but from a knowledge of human nature. "If," he said, "I should drop this convention of civilized society, I should find myself some day having dropped one and another of the more important conventions, social and moral, and lower myself to the level of the blacks whom I govern. Evening clothes are far more important here than they ever were in London."

As for the second point, lack of culture, it is most evident in the extreme slovenliness in America in the use of the English language. There is, of course, some slang which is not slovenly but which has been born in some flash of genuine insight; and the language is always being enriched by absorbing many such words from below, much as the English aristocracy is by marrying or admitting commoners. But this is not true of the vast mass of slang words and cheap and easy expressions which are intellectually slovenly and nothing else; and anyone habitually using them impairs the keenness of his mind as much as he would the strength of his body by lolling in a hammock all his life. There is no question but that the use of slang, hackneyed phrases, and clichés worn smooth make for intellectual laziness, and if constantly used blur the sense of discrimination. The very first step toward a cultivated mind is the development of the ability rationally to discriminate, to distinguish between varying values and qualities. It is not easy, and most of us Americans rarely achieve it in the cultural field. I have often been struck by the different replies one receives from an American and a Frenchman if you ask them what

sort of person so-and-so is. The American will usually find himself helpless and toss off a mere "good scout," "a great guy," "a good egg," whereas the Frenchman, with a moment's reflection, will give you in half a dozen sentences a sharply etched sketch of the man's distinctive characteristics, or what he believes to be such, and classify him accurately as to type. To describe anything accurately—book, picture, man or woman—so as to bring out their unique individual qualities, calls for mental exercise of no mean order. One has to train one's self to do it and keep in training; yet the ability to distinguish, if one of the first steps toward culture, is also, in its higher forms, one of its most perfect fruits. If one dodges every call for discrimination, if one gets no farther in describing a book than "hot stuff," one loses the power after a while even if one ever possessed it. Slovenly language corrodes the mind.

These few observations as to manners and culture are well enough understood by any cultivated person who has had social and intellectual training and who has thought things through. He knows that there are both values and dangers in life, that some things are more valuable than others, and that if he has achieved any such social and intellectual training he cannot lower himself to the general level again without risk. If manners and culture have no value, there is no question involved, but if they have—and we shall now assume that they have—the man who possesses them is above, in those respects at least, the vast mass of men who do not possess them. Why then should he pretend not to, and assume the manners and mental lazzaronism of the crowd? It may be that there is no answer to the question, but as I find those better qualified than myself asking it, it is worth pondering over, and I have come to think that there may be three fundamental influences at work in America which will help us to solve it. One is democracy as

we have it, another is business, and the third is the extreme mobility of American life.

III

In civilization no man can live wholly to or for himself, and whoever would achieve power, influence, or success must cater to the tastes and whims of those who have the granting of these things in their hands. In a democracy, speaking broadly, those who have the power to grant are the whole people; and the minds and manners of the people as a whole are of necessity below those of the chosen few who have risen above the average level by gifts of nature or happy opportunity. Every social class everywhere has always had its own standards of morals, manners, and culture. When such classes are separated by wide social or economic chasms, the only influences they exert upon one another are apt to be negative. Each lives in a world of its own, supported by the only public opinion for which it cares, that of its own class. Each also tends to react against the manners or morals of the other. The aristocrats of an earlier day looked down upon the common people and were more than ever satisfied with their own codes. The common people, in turn, feeling themselves despised, bolstered up their egos by despising the manners and morals of the class which looked down upon them. Much of the Puritan movement in England and elsewhere has here its roots. By no possibility could an ordinary laborer attain to the manners, social ease, or knowledge of the world of a duke. Ergo, the laborer by unconscious mental processes well understood by modern psychology, asserted his own worth by denying worth to the qualities of the classes above him. He could not have the manners of a duke, therefore, those manners were undesirable anyway. He could not travel and he could not gain the most valuable sort of education, that of associa-

tion with great or cultivated men, therefore, such things were of no importance. So long as the classes remain separated, as I said above, their influence upon one another is largely negative, but when class distinctions disappear in a democracy the mutual influences of members of those former classes or their vestiges in later generations become as complex in their action as the currents where tide and river meet.

The effects of democracy in America have been emphasized by three factors not present in any of the great democracies of Europe. In the first place, the Americans started almost wholly fresh. Here were no thousand-year-old institutions and forms of government and society to be reckoned with as impediments. America was a clean slate. The settlers did indeed bring with them habits, information, and memories gained in the old world, but they brought them to a wilderness.

In the second place, America has been built up exclusively by the middle and lower classes, from which practically all of us have descended. Scarcely a man has ever come and settled here who did not belong to one or the other; and the most distinguished American families form no exceptions. Every class in history has had its good and bad attributes which have varied with class, country, and period. The English middle class, upper and lower, from which the character of America, with some modifications, has essentially been built up, had admirable qualities but it lacked some of those enjoyed by the aristocracy. For our purpose here we need mention only one. The genuine aristocrat insists upon being himself and is disdainful of public opinion. The middle class, on the other hand, has always been notoriously timid socially. It rests in terror not only of public but even of village opinion. If the religious refugees of New England be held an exception, it may be noted that the genuine ones were far fewer than used to be supposed, and

that as a whole the New England immigration may be considered as part of the great economic exodus from England which took thirty thousand Englishmen to Barbados and little St. Kitts while only twelve thousand were settling Massachusetts. Religious refugees have formed an infinitesimal part of American immigration as compared with the economic ones.

The third great influence upon American democracy has been the frontier, whose line was lapped by the waves of the Atlantic in 1640 and after retreating three thousand miles to the Pacific was declared officially closed only in 1890. In the hard rough life of the frontier manners and culture find no home. As Pastorius, the most learned man who came to America before 1700, said, "never have metaphysics or Aristotelian logic earned a loaf of bread." When one is busy killing Indians, clearing the forest, and trekking farther westward every decade, a strong arm, an axe, and a rifle are worth more than all the culture of all the ages. Not only has the frontiersman no leisure or opportunity to acquire manners and culture but, because of their apparent uselessness, and in true class spirit, he comes to despise them. They are effete, effeminate, whereas he and his fellows are the "real men." The well-dressed, cultivated gentleman becomes the "dude," object of derision, who, so far from exerting any ameliorating social or intellectual influence, is heartily looked down upon; and culture itself is relegated to idle women as something with which no real man would concern himself.

These are some of the special attributes of American democracy, and of any democracy in a new land, which it shows in addition to those it would show in any case merely as democracy. In America it was slow in gathering into its hands the reins of power. For many generations the English aristocratic tradition in part survived, and it may be recalled that we were a part of the British Empire for a longer

period than we have been independent. In general, the "appeal to the people" throughout the colonial period and the years of the early republic was an appeal to "the best people" only. The first two presidents, Washington and Adams, were as little democratic in doctrine as they were by nature. Jefferson's doctrinal democracy was largely offset in practice by his being an aristocrat to his finger tips by nature, and it was not until Andrew Jackson that "the people" in the democratic sense came into their own. At his inaugural reception in the White House his followers climbed upon the silken chairs in their muddy boots to get a look at him, rushed the waiters to grab champagne, broke the glasses, and in the joy of victory gave a number of ladies bloody noses, and even the President himself had to be rescued from his admirers and hurried out through a back door. This historic episode may be taken to mark the turning-point in American manners. These people had made a president. Thereafter their tastes would form one of the national influences.

IV

It is this new democracy, a hundred times richer and a shade less raw, which is in the saddle to-day. What has it done in the way of influencing manners and thought? Leaving all else aside, even at the risk of drawing a false picture, we shall consider only those points which may help to answer our first question. For one thing, then, it has knocked the dignity of its elected officials into a cocked hat. Leaving out of the scene many of its chosen, such as the mayor of Chicago or its favorite, Bryan, it forces men to play the mountebank and, whatever the character of the man himself, to appear as one of "the people." Washington was a very human man but he never forgot that he was a gentleman. He was adored by his soldiers, but he won their deep affec-

tion without ever for a moment losing the dignity of his character and manner. One has only to imagine what would have happened had a group of his men shouted "Atta Boy, Georgie!" to realize the gulf between his day and ours. When John Quincy Adams was president, he declined to attend a county fair in Maryland, remarking privately that he did not intend that the president of the United States should be made a side-show at a cattle fair. To-day, the people insist that the president be a side-show; and Roosevelt, with amused understanding, in his cowboy suit and his rough-rider uniform, used his "properties" as does an actor. Even the supremely conventional Coolidge had to dress up in a ten-gallon hat and chaps, although utterly out of character, and looking so. Just as I write these lines, my attention is called to an announcement in large type in this morning's *New York Times* that it will publish next Sunday "photographs of Herbert Hoover in workaday clothes and a panorama of his ranch." So he, too, is cast for the comedy. Democracy cracks the whip, and even the most conservative of candidates and officials must dance. In the campaign of 1916 it is said that Hughes was politely asked to shave his beard to suit the people. He balked and consented only so far as to trim it. But then, he lost the election.

The people want officials in their own image. Such men as Elihu Root, Joseph Choate, or John Hay are rarely elected, only appointed. To get anywhere in elective politics one must be a "good mixer," and to be a good mixer one must shed a good part of one's culture and a good part of one's manners. Dignity to a considerable degree must be discarded. One must conceal one's knowledge of English and learn the vernacular, except for "orations." Henry Adams, when he became a newspaper correspondent in Washington, said that he had to "learn to talk to Western congressmen, and to hide his own antecedents." It is what every gentleman who desires to take part in elective public life

on a large or small stage in the country to-day has to do to some extent except for happy accidents.

Our democracy has fostered education, at least to the extent of almost fabulously increasing the numbers of the reading public. What has been, for the purpose of the present argument, the effect of that? There has been one effect, at least, germane to this discussion. It has greatly lowered the tone of our public press. Such newspaper men as I know agree with me that there has been a most marked decline even in the last twenty years, and they agree with me as to the cause. In the old days a newspaper was largely a personal organ, and what appeared in it reflected for good or ill upon the editor who was known by name to all its readers. In New York the *Sun* was Charles A. Dana. The *Tribune* was Horace Greeley. To-day we know no editors, only owners. The newspaper of to-day aims only at circulation, and with every increase in circulation the quality has to be lowered. The case is well known of the purchaser a few years ago of what had been one of the country's most distinguished journals, who told his staff that thereafter they would have to "cut the highbrow" and write down to the level of the increased public he intended to go after. First the "yellow press," then the tabloids, taught the older newspapers what fortunes awaited those who would stoop to pick them up by catering to the masses. One of the worst tabloids has a circulation of a million copies a day. A newspaper depends on its advertising for its profits. Advertising quantity and rates depend on circulation. Increased circulation spells decreased quality. There is the vicious circle which has been drawn for us by the huge mob which has become literate but not educated.

The discovery of the possibilities of mass circulation has caused the advertisers to raise their demands. Some will not advertise at all in journals with a circulation of less than half a million. Advertising is withdrawn from those journals

which heroically venture to maintain their quality at the expense of not increasing their circulation. Financial ruin usually results. The people are evidently getting the kind of papers they want but in doing so they are depriving the cultured class of the sort *they* want, and used to get before America became so "educated." We get foreign cables about the Prince of Wales dancing with Judy O'Grady, or the doings of sex perverts in Berlin, and the treatment of our domestic news is beneath contempt. The other night I examined what used to be one of the leading papers not only in New York but in the whole country and I found no headline on three consecutive pages which did not refer to scandal or to crime. It has been said that the new reading public has not interfered with the old, that there are simply vast numbers of new readers of a different type who are being supplied with what they want. That is not wholly true, and the competition of the new market has had a heavily detrimental influence on the older journals. To-day if a man wishes to succeed in a journalistic career on the daily press he has to scrap even more of his qualities as a gentleman and a scholar than he has to in a career of politics.

The democratic spread of education has also had detrimental effects in other ways. The necessity of finding instruction for the enormous numbers who now go to school, high school, and college has caused a demand for teachers which has far outrun the supply of those qualified to teach. Great numbers of these teachers have even less social and cultural background than have their students. Under them the students may learn the facts of some given subject, but they gain nothing in breadth of culture or even in manners. It is an old story that Charles Eliot Norton once began a lecture at Harvard by saying, "I suppose that none of you young men has ever seen a gentleman." The remark was hyperbolic, as was intended, but it is only too likely to-day that many young men can go through some of our newer

"institutions of learning" without seeing at least what used to be called a gentleman. In the professions, more particularly medicine and law, complaint is rampant that they are being swamped by young men who know only the facts of the profession (when they know those) and have no cultural, ethical, or professional standards. A few such could be ignored. When they come, as they are coming now, in shoals, they lower the tone of the whole profession and, without standards themselves, force an unfair competition upon those who try to maintain them.

V

Perhaps the greatest pressure on the individual to force him to be wary of how he appears to others is in business, for the overwhelming mass of Americans are in the varied ranks of business of some sort or another. One who has reached the top and "made his pile" may, perhaps, do more or less as he pleases, subject only to milder forms of social pressure; but for those on the way the road is beset with pitfalls. Nearly every man wants to make himself popular with his employers, his fellow-workers, his office superiors, or his customers. These are made up of all sorts of men, but the sprinkling of gentlemen and scholars among them is so slight as to be almost negligible for the purpose of helping one's advancement. In America, to an extent known nowhere else, organization is used for every purpose. It is hardly too much to say that there can hardly be an American who is not a member of from one to a dozen organizations, ranging from Rotary, Lions, Kiwanis, Red Men, Masons, Mechanics, the Grange, and dozens more, to Bar Associations, Bankers' Clubs, and social and country clubs innumerable. Some of the larger corporations, notably the banks and trust companies in New York, now have clubs made up entirely of members of their own staffs, with

obvious intent. In many lines of business the effect produced by one's personality at the annual "convention" is of prime importance. For business reasons it is essential that men should be at least moderately popular at all such organizations or meetings. On an unprecedented scale, tacitly understood but not openly acknowledged, there is competition for personal popularity. In many lines, such as stock brokerage where the service is almost wholly personal, it is needful to "play with your customers," the necessity varying not with their social congeniality but with the size of their account. In salesmanship of all sorts the results of the "personal approach" are, of course, of the first importance.

In order to gain popularity with a very large proportion of business men, many of whom have to-day risen from nothing to riches since the War, one thing is fundamentally necessary. You must never appear to be superior even if you are. Too perfect an accent in English may be almost as dangerous as a false one in Latin used to be in the House of Lords. To display a knowledge or taste in art or literature not possessed by your "prospect" may be fatal. On the whole, it is safest to plump yourself down to his level at once whatever that may be, to talk his talk, and only about what he talks. This pressure of the majority on one's personal tastes was amusingly exemplified to me the other day when I was looking for a house to rent in a pleasant Jersey suburb. In the house shown me—as is the case in all the suburbs I know—there was nothing to mark where my lawn might end and my neighbor's begin. All was as open to the public gaze as the street itself. I thought of delightful English or French gardens, surrounded by hedge or wall, screened from the public, where one could putter absurdly over one's plants, read one's book, or have one's supper as much to one's self as in the house. In fact they are out-door rooms, infinitely more attractive than the American "sun parlor." I knew well that no such attempt

could be made here, but, nevertheless, I remarked to the "realtor" that it would be pleasant to have a hedge and privacy but I supposed it could not be done on account of the neighbors. "I say No," he answered with pained surprise, "if you are going to be 'high hat' you won't last long here." Just so, and so many things in this country are "high hat" which in other lands simply make for sane and cultivated living that it is no wonder that the business man whose car and cellarette, if not bread and butter, depend so often on his popularity, has to walk warily.

Just why having a garden-wall, speaking one's native tongue correctly, or being able to discriminate in matters of art or literature should be the Gallic equivalent of "high hat" would puzzle a Frenchman, but so it often is in the land of the free. And no one knows his way about the land of the free better than the business man. The pressure may vary with his position and the kind of business he is in, but in general he will soon discover that in any business where personal contact is a factor, the people with whom he deals and upon whose good will he has to lean will insist upon his not being too different from themselves. In Greenwich Village a man may wear a flowing tie and a Spanish hat but it would be suicidal for a bond broker. One has to conform or one is lost. Our two most successful business men are perhaps John D. Rockefeller and Henry Ford. Rockefeller says it is a "religious duty" to make as much money as you can, and Ford has informed us that "history is bunk." The one standard of success in business—and perhaps its stark and easily grasped simplicity is what attracts many Americans—is the amount of money you make from it. There are no foolish nuances. Most Americans are business men. Whatever ideals they may have had in college, and to a considerable extent whatever manners they may have inherited or acquired, they begin to shed, unless their niche is an unusually sheltered one, when the real nature of the

excoriating modern business competition dawns upon them. Little by little as they "learn the game" they conform to their customers or associates.

VI

Another characteristic of American life is its extreme mobility. People move up and down in the social scale and round about the country like bubbles in a boiling kettle. Social life everywhere here is in constant flux. I left Wall Street, where I was in business, and a certain suburb where I then lived, fifteen years ago. To-day the personnel of "the Street" as I remember it is almost as completely changed as are the symbols on the ticker. In the suburb where I once knew everyone, at least by name, I know scarcely half a dozen households. People are forever making or losing money, arriving in new social sets, living in Pittsburgh or a mining camp one year and in Los Angeles or St. Paul the next. This has a marked effect on social independence. When a family has lived for many generations in the same place, or, as have many county families in England for centuries, they acquire a social position almost wholly independent of their individual members at a given time. Indeed, a member is almost an accident and may be as erratic and independent as he pleases. He still remains a so-and-so of so-and-so, known to all the countryside. An old hereditary title accomplishes the same result. Here and there in New England villages or in the South there are families who approximate this happy condition, but in the constant movement of the life of most Americans it is necessary for them to depend wholly upon the effect of their personalities and bank accounts. A man whose family has lived in the "big house" in a small Massachusetts town for a century or two is sufficiently "somebody" there almost to be independent; but should business require him to move to Kalamazoo he is

nobody until he "shows them." The social reputation, immunity, and freedom which long residence in one place gives without effort or thought has to be built again from the ground up, and warily, when one moves to another town where they know not Joseph. One joins the organizations in the new town, and, again, one conforms. To begin in a new place by being "different" is dangerous; to begin by being too superior, even if actually, unconsciously, and with no wish to appear so, may be fatal. Like myself, had I gone to that Jersey suburb and made a little privacy round my garden, the newcomer might be voted "high hat" and not "last long."

In assuming the "mucker pose" the gentleman and scholar does not, of course, descend as low as the "mucker" but he does, in self-defense, for the sake of peace and quiet, for business success, and for the sake of not offending the motley crowd of all sorts whom his neighbors are apt to be in the seething, changing society everywhere to-day, shed enough of his own personality not to offend the average. He avoids whatever others may think "high hat" in manners or culture as he would the plague. Like Henry Adams he will find himself hiding his antecedents if they happen to be better than the neighbors'.

This possible answer to my friends' question does not necessarily indict democracy and American life. Both have brought new values into the world of other sorts. I am merely pointing to one of the possible losses. For it *is* a loss when a man deliberately uses worse manners than he knows how to use, when he tries to cover up his intellectual abilities, or when he tries to be average when he is above it. A business-democracy has accomplished a great task in levelling up the material condition of its people. It may be asked, however, whether there is no danger of a levelling down of manners and culture. Perhaps the new values gained offset the old ones in some danger of being lost, but it may, even in

America, be left to one to question, to ponder, and to doubt. Is the mucker pose really forced on one? People adopt it, evidently, because they think it is the thing to do and essential to make them quickly popular. It does not always work, even in business. A dignified man of science was recently explaining to an applicant for a position some new research work he had been doing. The young Ph.D. was intensely interested. When the scientist concluded he asked the flower of our highest university training what he thought of it. "Hot dog!" was the immediate and enthusiastic answer, which, in this case, promptly blasted the young man's career in *that* laboratory. It would not have done so generally, however, and we come back to business as conducted to-day, and the character and background of our business leaders as, perhaps, the main contributing cause of forcing the mucker pose.

We can prate as we like about the idealism of America, but it is only money success which really counts. What are ideals or culture or charming manners as compared with business? What do two leaders of opinion at this moment tell us, one from the Pacific and the other from the Atlantic coast? Mr. Hoover, in his address replying to the welcome given him by the people of San Francisco, told them that the most precious possession of their great city was—what? —*their foreign trade!* In New York, the *Sun* in its editorial explaining its intention to support the Republican party, admitted that the prohibition question is "a live campaign topic," and that present conditions may be "intolerable" and "a morass of lawbreaking," but asks whether it is well to risk loss of prosperity for the possible reform of those conditions. In America to-day business life is not the basis for a rational social life but social life is manipulated as the basis for an irrational business one. One makes acquaintances and tries for popularity in order to get ahead downtown. To an unprecedented extent the people who have

money in all lines of business are newcomers from far down in the social scale, men with no culture and no background, and often no manners. We may note our new class of multi-millionaire landlords who have built fortunes out of shoe-strings since the War. Two of our now greatest industries have been wholly evolved in the last two decades, and one certainly does not look for culture among the kings in the motor and moving-picture trades. The "people" who came into political power under Jackson made a huge grab at economic power under Grant, but it has been reserved for the present to "make the world safe for democracy." The old class which had inherited manners and culture as essential to an ordered life has abdicated mainly for mere lack of funds. In business for the last decade it has been for the most part the conservatives, who had much to lose, who have lost, and the reckless who have won.

Business may explain the mucker pose, but it may be asked whether those who adopt it are not traitors to all that is best in the world and which has been so hardly built up. An impoverished aristocrat may sell his title in marriage for one generation to rehabilitate his house, but Americans who sell their culture and their breeding to truckle to the unbred in business, who shed these things of the spirit for motor cars and all the rest of the things of the body, are taking refuge in a yet more ignominious surrender. They may thus pick up some of the golden drippings from the muckers' tables, but they do not gain the respect of the muckers whom they imitate and may yet awake to the fact that they have properly forfeited even their own.

BACK TO THE TOWN; OR, THE RETURN TO HUMAN NATURE *

By Jesse Lynch Williams

I met Ernest Thompson Seton one day crossing Fifth Avenue. "How are you?" I asked.

"Oh, pretty well," he replied, "for a man who has been in New York for two months. How are you?"

"Oh, pretty well," said I, "for a man who has *not* been in New York for two months," and gaining the sidewalk in safety we parted, still friends.

It is all in the point of view. There is much to be said for his feeling in the matter. Indeed, I, for one, will gladly admit that entirely too much has been said, of late, about the "love of nature" and not enough about the love of cities. The cry of "Back to the farm!" reverberates from all strata of society. "The return to nature" is celebrated in hundreds of books. Dozens of magazines are devoted to every conceivable phase of country life from "Chickens I Have Chased and Cherished," to "How I Built my Formal Garden for Fourteen-Fifty," "Bungling the Bungalow," "Sleeping-Bags and How to Get Out of Them," and other fascinating advice in publications edited by city men in tall office buildings.

It is, of course, a wholesome movement—when it doesn't move too far. But we are running the country into the ground, as we do most of our enthusiasms in America. Even a love of nature can become an unnatural love. It is now a fashionable fad to manifest passionate interest in "The Flirtations of the Chippy-Bird," "The Domestic Worries of the Woodchuck," "The Characteristic Poses of the Screech-

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Owl," and "The Left-hind-foot Print of the Skunk"—to quote a few wild titles I have known.

So far as I can make out, it is right and proper to be keen about a city, provided it is built by the dear little beaver, but to be interested in one constructed by your own species indicates that you are cockney with no soul for "the real things of life." To be of the elect you must look down on the sky-scraper and look up at the ant-hill. In short, love nature only so far as it does not include human nature.

Well, of course, every one has a right to his own tastes, and if you prefer the haunts and habits of birdies and bunnies to the haunts and habits of men and women, you can snub your own genus all you like and nobody will object. But why take on so about it? Some of these nature rhapsodists are as bad as the commuters who sleep out on the porch all night and talk about it all day, or those individuals who can't sleep well anywhere and then assume a virtuous air because they get up early—and arouse the whole household.

Cultivate intimacies with the cunning little squirrels on the tree-tops, if you enjoy it. Toady to the tree-toad, if you really like him. Call them all familiarly by their Latin names, if it makes you feel good; only don't look down on us humble members of your own family simply because we are not climbers too. It's so snobbish. Besides, it is a pity to make the nice, innocent tenderfoot discontented with his lot, city or suburban. I have been in the woods with nature-climbers. Most of them are as awkward and out of place there as a woodsman in a drawing-room.

The joke of it is that what most of us really like about "our furred and feathered friends" is their resemblance to ourselves. The beaver city, for example, or the subway of the field-mouse, is thrilling because it reminds us of similar goings-on of our own. The wild animals known by Ernest Thompson Seton and introduced by him to a large circle

of admirers—including myself—have proved such universally acceptable acquaintances simply because they are just regular fellows. Whether true naturalists, like him, or near-naturalists, like his imitators, indignantly resent the imputation or not, the popular interest in nature is simply an interest in human nature after all! Such being the case, why not go higher up and satisfy it at first hand?

Now, in sheer self-defense, lest I be cast out at this point as a human-nature faker, I make haste to insert that I have no personal animus against "God's great outdoors." I am not in the least prejudiced against the furred and feathered crowd. I gladly agree that "nature is wonderful." I have frequently sat upon the hardest rocks in order to commune with her, and have been known to "look up at the stars" until I got a crick in my neck. I love the brooklets, I love the treelets, I love the flowerlets so long as I don't have to weed them, and I am extremely fond of birds, preferably ducks done not over eleven minutes. I shoot as many as luck and the law allow once or twice every fall.

Indeed, I spend more time in the country than do certain of my sentimental friends who tell me about it; over half the year, in fact, and the greater portion of that period in "the real country," "the heart of nature," "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife"—or, in more natural language, ten miles from the railroad and five from the nearest telephone, a remote spot where there are few marks of the beast, meaning man, and many signs of our four-footed friends, the beasts.

But for the other half of the year I am not only willing but anxious to be hemmed in by brick and stone walls in the heart of the city; to get in close touch with the crowd's ignoble strife, to follow the human trail, to catch the scent of gasolene, to hear telephones ringing, taxis tooting, and all the rattle, rush, crash, bang that is different from the Simple Life and the Silent Places. The more different, the better.

I enjoy ordering a dinner at a restaurant with the orchestra playing as well as cooking one in camp with the mosquitoes singing. I don't like to boast, but I deem some of my two-footed friends fully as worthy of me as the misunderstood skunk. I like to observe the annual migration of the dear little furred and feathered creatures to Fifth Avenue. It does my soul good to gaze at the opera stars. I am entranced by the characteristic poses of the actress. I take a keen interest in the mating habits and nesting haunts of the genus *homo,* and similar nature-studies.

In short, I'm not above mingling with the human flock and beholding vanities, vulgarities, kindness, cruelty, capitalism, climbing, goodness, grafting, posing, piety, and the rest of our own wild life. For I make bold to affirm, without fear of successful contradiction, that, among others, ours is also quite an interesting little species, even though we do say so ourselves.

Therefore, go ahead and glorify God's great outdoors to your heart's content, only do not bar off what is still generally rated as God's noblest work, made in His own image. It seems so blasphemous.

II

It is not of the city as a siren I would sing. Why extol the ancient and obvious fascinations of the mad metropolitan whirl, as it is called? Its advantages in the way of "art, music, and the drama," or the fox trot, are too well known already, especially to people out of town who are given to discovering that "New York is a great place to visit, but I'd hate to live there."

No. My song of the city is pitched in a lower key, tuned for those who do live in cities—and perhaps wish they did not. For the delectation and, peradventure, edification of many who are dreaming of retiring permanently to the

idyllic joys of a little place in the country "beyond the commuter's zone" (as I once dreamed until I tried it and woke up), I would here set down in plain terms some of the less appreciated advantages of a little flat in the city; the peace, the quiet, the simplicity, the solid comfort; the benefit to the children; the freedom from interruption during the hours dedicated to work, the infinite opportunities for variety in your hours of play. And, most welcome surprise of all, the great saving in expense.

Of course, to live grandly while "in town for the opera season," as so many of my friends' characters do in their novels of New York life, must be, I should think, almost as costly to them as it is impressive to me, and at best rather noisy withal. For example, to sleep with all the windows open, as I do, must be difficult when they open on Fifth Avenue where the motors shriek all night and the buses come up like thunder. No wonder so many palaces and chateaux along the Avenue are boarded up this winter, while the municipal lodging-houses are crowded to overflowing. Comparatively few persons, however, are compelled to have homes on the Avenue, and to the vast majority, apparently, neither of these great extremes is typical of "New York life."

But to be tucked away in a snug little flat near the towering top of a tall apartment house on a quiet cross street, looking serenely down upon the teeming town with its towers, steeples, domes, and bridges melting in the distant haze, its noise and turmoil reaching your eerie retreat only as a muffled hum, a throbbing stimulant to work by day, a sweet soporific for rest by night—this is to know the joys of true privacy and the luxury of deep sleep. Out in the country, one is usually awakened at dawn by one's bird neighbors saying "Cheap, cheap," though it is not, or by the bark of our intelligent four-footed friends devouring the morning paper.

It is not continuous sound but sudden noises that crash through one's dreams and one's nerves. Nor is utter silence the most soothing thing in the world. We merely assume that it is. Like most traditional beliefs it unfortunately is not so. Any child knows better; our earliest and dearest memories, like those of the billions now asleep forever, are of a lullaby.

Nor is the writer the only one who can sleep better in cities than anywhere else, save at sea. Ask your neurologist. Not from the noisy town but from the silent farm comes the greater relative proportion of our insane.

I emphasize this first and all-important advantage of city life, because whatever else a home may become it should ever be a sweet haven of rest. Much can be said for the artificial excitements and extravagant gratifications of country life, but it cannot be denied that plain, old-fashioned health is one of "the real things of life," and to cultivate good habits of sleep is a primal necessity, whereas to cultivate hardy perennials is a highly evolved luxury. It is in beds, not in flower-beds, that we spend a third of our existence.

Of course, for the other basic needs—food, shelter, and warmth—no one who has ever tried a winter in the country can question the superiority of the city. Food is not only of a finer quality and far greater variety at the metropolitan markets, but considerably lower in price than out in the country where it comes from. For, owing to our modern improvements in production and distribution, nearly all products are first sent in to the city centres and then distributed among the rural districts, and the ultimate consumer pays the double freight.

I remember a place I once rented on Long Island for the summer. Near at hand were the market-gardens which had made Long Island famous. My mouth watered as I beheld luscious berries, delicious melons, fat lima beans, succulent salads, and potential shortcakes, all so accessible that I

could have stolen them. But I soon found that I could not even buy them until they had first taken a trip to the hot, dusty city and back again—what was left of them. By that time the only thing that had not drooped was the price.

Yes, I admit, in all fairness to Nature, that one should grow such things oneself; and I have done so since I acquired my own "little place in the country." But in my own little flat in the city I can enjoy, even in winter, fresh vegetables, salads, and fruits which in the country are either prohibitive in price, or, like sea-food if your country place is inland, not quite fresh enough at any price. Thanks to the recently established municipal markets—to which the old-fashioned middle-man naturally objects—not a few but many may now secure that wholesome variety in diet and that real pleasure in eating which modern science has happily demonstrated to be a duty to our well-meaning metabolic process.

I classify food with sleep as one of "the real things of life," and heartily believe in appreciating both natural privileges to the full. But if by any chance you have a puritanic objection to enjoying your meals and consider eating beneath you, the matter may be regarded in this light: In the city, so much less time, attention, and money need be devoted to this necessary concession to the carnal nature of man, that one is enabled to double one's energy and opportunities for church work, charity, culture, and uplift. Catering and housekeeping can be reduced to their simplest terms with a *rôtisserie* right around the corner, a *pâtisserie* on the next block, and a delicatessen shop in between. French and Vienna bakeries supply crisp rolls and bread of every shape, size, and flavor fresh every morning with the newspaper. And incidentally, in the city one need never endure that tragedy so common to country life—breakfast without the morning paper.

Now, as for warmth, I am not of those who maintain that

it is impossible to heat a country house. I myself have been warm in the country frequently; on both sides at once. All that is necessary during a cold snap is to have plenty of heating plants in the cellar, plenty of fireplaces in the rooms above, keep them all well stoked, and run when you cross the hall.

Similarly, by having plenty of windows and keeping them all open one can keep cool enough in a steam-heated apartment house. I have no odious urban comparison to make here, and generously neglect to mention the difficulty of getting and keeping good servants in the country in winter. I will merely say that such problems as furnaces, gardens, garages, snow-shoveling, taking down screens and putting up storm-windows, erecting glass inclosures and laying plank walks, do not enter into the truly simple life of the modern apartment house, where the water-pipes never freeze and you have no roof to leak.

III

So much for man's improvements on Nature, which is the proper task of civilization and true culture. But what of God's free gifts of sunlight, air, and water?

One of the pleasantest advantages of wintering in New York, in my humble opinion, is not the bright lights of Broadway, but God's pure sunshine. The average city house, squeezed in between similar houses, does not, I admit, get much more of this free gift than a tent pitched in a canyon. But why camp in a canyon?

If your home sweet home is a flat sweet flat, perched well above adjacent roofs and turned broadside to the south, it will be flooded with more sunshine than any country place I have yet seen—not in half the rooms at a time, but in nearly all of them all the time, from sunrise to sunset, without even the bare branches of trees to interfere in the least

with this glorious germ-destroying element so important to health in winter. One cannot have too much sunshine in the home, and, as intimated above, to live in a house is not compulsory in the city as in the country. Even persons of enormous wealth can afford flats, for they now run as high as twenty thousand dollars a year; perfectly good places to rough it in during the hardship of war-time in winter when Mediterranean cruises must be sacrificed.

As for the all-important element of water, I am glad to say that sometimes it is just as good in the country as in the city. For example, in each of the two places I have been comparing it is perfect, and requires no filtering even for drinking purposes. The only difference I can detect is this: In my apartment, water, like heat, is included in the rent, while down in the quaint, old-fashioned village on the rural edge of which I enjoy the privilege of paying an immodest tax-rate, this prime necessity of life is owned and controlled by a quaint, old-fashioned private monopoly. Water is meted and metered out to the helpless victims at so much per thousand gallons, the board of health having placed a ban on wells. A mathematical friend of mine in the seat of learning there has estimated that the price of a bath equals the price of a beer, thus putting a premium on uncleanliness, if not on inebriety.

But let us be just. Air is as free in the country as in the city, and when, as sometimes happens, you can get your township to oil the near-by highway where tireless touring-cars stir up picturesque and permeating clouds of dust, I should say that the air in the country is much purer than the atmosphere of cities; yes, even in the bright and clean up-town districts around the Park in New York. The city hasn't all the advantages nor all the real things of the simple life. Let us avoid a partisan spirit.

If you happen to be one of those cranks who require regular outdoor exercise in order to keep well and happy, there

is, of course, no comparison. The outdoor life is one of the chief advantages of the city in winter.

I happen to be one of those cranks myself. I cannot maintain my self-respect throughout the winter unless I get in a good long walk every day. But mid the pastoral scenes of God's gray country, when night approaches and your work is done, you sally forth into mud-puddles or stumble over frozen ruts in the quaint but by this hour quite dark highways and hedges; or else you flounder into snow-drifts, beautiful snow-drifts. The view may be wonderful but you cannot even watch your step.

Now, in man's great outdoors of the city they manage these things better for us. Close at hand lies the beautiful Avenue, stretching in undulating grace for miles in both directions; always interesting, never dark, and invariably cleared for action within twenty-four hours of the hardest blizzard. Sparkling in the sun or glistening in the rain, brilliant and crowded at noonday, or opalescent and mysterious at night, it is ever a refreshment to the weary spirit and a stimulation to a dull mind. From early in the day when rosy-cheeked children march sedately off to school, till earlier the next morning when their deserving parents come skidding gayly home from supper-parties, it presents a thousand varied moods to him who in the love of human nature seeks communion with her visible forms:

Con men, clergymen; heiresses, actresses; fast people, slow people; good people, bad people; people you know, people you'd like to know, and people you don't want to know—but all of them interesting to look at, to think about.

Here you can even walk alone without being bored. No long, uneventful stretches of bleak, wintry landscape, where nothing moves, not even the train of thought. No benumbed and self-centred trees holding out pathetic frozen branches for sympathy. Impossible to be introspective here. Fall into a brown or blue study and you are likely to be run over.

Thought is brought to the surface by mental massage. No time to dwell upon your beloved self. So many more interesting things to think about. And the changing scenes unfold more rapidly than a moving-picture reel.

Here, facing the park, are the palaces of the doges, the invisible rulers of our democracy, it is said—until recently, it is also said. In either case, their monuments remain, marble ones, pink in the sunset glow, or soft stone, pleasantly gray-white. So very good, some of them are too, as well as sumptuous, especially certain of the more recent ones. Whether they make comfortable sleeping quarters for those within or not, they make glad the heart of those without. The passer-by can enjoy, free of charge, the thrill born of beauty, whether it be in nature, like the sunset through the trees across the park, or in art, like a cornice in perfect scale.

Let us be grateful to our distinguished American architects for giving Wealth the opportunity for self-expression in such charming forms. If the exquisite refinement and noble serenity of certain of the newer homes of our newer aristocracy of riches suggest the personalities of the owners, as domestic architecture is supposed to do, then all I have to say is that the muck-rakers did not know what they were talking about and ought to have been sued for criminal libel.

Here and there are very different houses, belonging to the stodgy period of brownstone and curlicues, looking as much out of place now as mud splatters on a white satin evening gown. Still others are not distinguished at all, even for ugliness. But they all look assured, as if saying: "At any rate, we're on the Avenue."

Down by Saint-Gaudens's superb equestrian statue of Sherman at the main entrance to the park, where grooms are waiting for living riders who to them are of more importance, we suddenly enter a more vivid atmosphere, a more populous zone. The region of great hotels, with laugh-

ing youth scudding in for tea and dancing. Of clubs with men dropping in for cocktails and a bit of gossip. A suffrage shop with women dropping in for speeches and a bit of work. Art stores with windows that make you stop and look. Smart shops with windows that make you stop again.

And so on down, past Madison Square, and through the crowded loft district to that peaceful island of the blessed in the stormy sea of commerce, the historic Washington Square quarter. Here we find houses that are really homes, old enough to be mellow, lived in enough to have character, and architecturally unconscious enough to have charm. "This is the part of town I love the best of all." And here stands the noble arch from which the Avenue springs.

I am well aware that there are many who do not enjoy a walk of this sort, and some who wish they never had to look at such things at all. They, however, are usually of that small segment of the city born here and their ancestors before them. The country-bred convert is likely to be the most ardent zealot of all.

Mind you, I do not say that one cannot pound over frozen roads or splash through mud lurking in the shadow for your unwary feet. I did it for years. And years. Excellent exercise. I merely say that most people in the country don't do it. They prefer to hibernate till the tennis-courts are ready and the putting-greens are rolled. Or else they take to dancing. The bane of country life in America is dancing and gambling. It is the effete fondness for indoor sports like the tango and auction bridge that is driving many of us back to the homely virtues of Fifth Avenue. So few of my men friends would walk with me and still fewer of my women friends would dance with me, except as a gracious sacrifice. And I believe in the emancipation of woman.

True, in a city of this size there are plenty to trot with them that trot, but also—and here is the point—plenty to walk with them that walk. Not a few but plenty of all sorts,

including even your own! Plenty, if you prefer, to play squash with you, and indoor tennis and basketball and handball, to name a few vigorous forms of exercise for the most part unobtainable in the country. But I shall not dwell on this. There are advantages in being able to swim every day during a blizzard, in gymnasium swimming-pools; to skate every day during a February thaw, in the ice-rinks, instead of only when it suits the whim of nature out in the country. But I would emphasize only the normal, natural means of keeping fit, "the real things" of outdoor life within the reach of all who own two legs—except those who must hibernate or dance.

IV

So much for a few of the simple, wholesome diversions of the pioneers in this back-to-the-town movement—the return to human nature. But life, as has been well said, is not all pleasure. A man's first duty is to his family.

In my case, I went to the country chiefly for my children's sake, and now largely for the same reason I have sought the quiet retreat of the city.

The business of childhood is education and growing. The country is the best place in the world for these two infant industries as long as they need protection. But when children are developed enough to be fit for competition, it is well to remove them from the contaminating influences of a small town. Gentle reader, have you ever lived in a small town? If so, you know what I mean. True, big towns include wickedness also, worse wickedness and more of it. Great cities have greater extremes of everything, including unworldliness. But in great cities it is not so inevitable to be confronted with everything as in the concentrated life of small towns.

Whatever may be said of primary instruction in the coun-

try, certainly of secondary education one can find in large cities the best there is for children not yet old enough to go away to boarding-school. Your boys can be placed under the care of the greatest boy experts in the world all day long from breakfast until nightfall. The parents can then have a chance at them, but not to the extent of undermining the good influences of the day. Mental experts in the morning who teach them how to work; physical experts in the afternoon who teach them how to play.

"Humph!" said a satirical bachelor friend of mine whom I had taken to the athletic field to see a group of healthy youngsters enjoy themselves at basketball under the eagle eye of their physical instructors, "I didn't need any one to teach me how to play when I was young." He heartily approved of devoting thousands of dollars for college football coaching in order to develop a winning team for his alma mater—eleven sturdy athletes who are developed enough already—but to employ skilled experts for the all-important plastic period of boyhood, and for training all of them, not just a picked few, in nerve, skill, and clean sportsmanship, seemed to him a modern fad.

I let him have his little joke, because bachelors are always incorrigibly reactionary in regard to women and children. Meanwhile, instead of playing when and where, or if, they please, "after school"—with indiscriminate food and fights in various back yards—these boys were competing in a field equipped expressly for that purpose, and in charge of men who have made a life-study of such work. When angry passions arise, too high to be calmed down, the belligerents are made to put on the gloves and fight it out fairly, with a master to act as referee. From personal experience with the old hit-or-miss method of physical education, and from personal observation of the new, I prefer the latter.

For family life there is still, I know, a lingering prejudice against a flat because it is flat, or on the ground that it is

not on the ground. To choose your home on high where the air is pure is supposed to hurt the sacred atmosphere of home, and rooms distributed horizontally, it seems, lack the virtue of those placed vertically.

Personally I'd rather take my exercise out of doors than by climbing stairs; though if you do not want to live on the level, there are plenty of apartments that are duplex. In any case, it must be admitted that the home unites the family closer when it's in an apartment. It is as compact as life on a steam-yacht, yet without any motion, except that of the elevator, which makes it easy to get out, a desirable thing at times, though utterly impossible when cruising.

Another cherished tradition about apartment-house life is its alleged lack of privacy. If anything, I should say, there is too much. I met an old friend of mine down-town the other day, a man I'm very fond of but had not seen for a long time. "Where are you living this winter?" I asked. For answer he gave me my own address. We had been sleeping under the same roof for two months but neither of us suspected it. Entirely too private. Imagine living within a square mile of a friend in the country for half the winter without discovering it!

Soon after I arrived in town, a child was born not far from here; about thirty feet away, to be exact. I never should have known it if I had not by chance seen it mentioned in the paper. Who could ask for better or more proper privacy than that? I have never seen the happy parents, so far as I know. I cannot even remember their name. The chances are that I shall never meet them. But I do not care very much—neither do they.

Is that bad? Not at all. In the country one might pretend to care, but in the city flowers come from your friends, not your neighbors. You have no neighbors in the city, and that is one of its great advantages. No neighbors, no gossip.

And yet, should sudden disaster reach me from fire or a

motor accident, those same stony-faced individuals who pass me in the vestibule without a sign of recognition would, I believe, rush to my aid. But your friendships, your intimacies, are more likely to be on the true basis of mutual liking and common interests, not on the accidental circumstance of propinquity and a common postman. So there can be more naturalness in the city, less artificiality than in the country, where you answer for your conduct not to your conscience or your God, but to your neighbor.

And so, for work, for play, for privacy, and the great blessings of happy home life, there is no place like the simple city—until you get too much of it, like the country. When spring comes and the notes of the pianola are wafted in through the open window all day, the plaintive call of the tom-cat all night, then it is conceivable that one may look at the matter in a very different light.

As a matter of fact and scientific seriousness, the return-to-nature movement is the human expression of the immemorial migratory instinct, which man has by no means lived down. But in the revulsion from too much city life we should not forget that migration works both ways. It is just as natural for birds to fly south in the fall as north in the spring. And consider the dear animals, the non-hibernating animals. A friend writes from Wyoming that there was a band of twenty thousand elk last winter down in Jackson's Hole, south of the Yellowstone Park; fifteen hundred of them are shown in one photograph. During the warm season they all scatter out among the timbered ridges of the mountains. But remember, oh, remember, faithful lovers of nature, that in the winter months the gregarious instinct brings them down from the mountain fastnesses to the closely crowded stamping-grounds of the flats.

RECENT GAINS IN RELIGION *

By Harry Emerson Fosdick

The widest imaginable diversity of judgment must be expected in the discussion of such questions as are involved in our subject. Scientists may reach a fair consensus of opinion as to the gains, losses, present estate, and prospects of science, but no such unanimity can be approached in a realm like art. The question whether art is progressing or degenerating is so much a matter of like and dislike, prejudice and predilection, tradition and esthetic theory, that the opinions of any one man must be taken with a whole salt shaker and even then qualified in view of his personal bias. Religion in this regard, as in others, is much nearer akin to art than to science, and to say whether religion is advancing or retrogressing and in what particulars its gains and losses consist should be a tentative and modest expression of personal opinion. The Catholic and the Protestant, the fundamentalist and the modernist, the premillennialist and the social reformer, the authoritarian and the experimentalist, the theist and the humanist will not see the same facts with the same eyes.

On only one point would they all be likely to agree: religion in the United States is in a badly muddled state and will have a difficult time getting out.

Intellectually religion has faced a rapid accession of new knowledge issuing in a new world-view utterly diverse from the outlook on the universe implied in the Bible and the

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classic creeds. The new astronomy, the reign of natural law, evolution, the new physics, chemistry, psychology—how rapidly the scene has shifted until the world-view today is one which would have been unimaginable to any Biblical writer or to any classic council of the church! One often wonders what would have happened had the Protestant Reformation been postponed until after the modern scientific movement was under way so that the new religion could have phrased itself naturally in terms of the new world-outlook. In that case, we might have been spared part of our problem. What actually happened, however, was that Copernicus was an incredible "astrologer" to Luther; the Westminster Confession, latest of the classic creeds, was written before Newton broached the law of gravitation; and in general, historical Christianity, both Catholic and Protestant, has been set in terms of a world-view now outmoded and unbelievable. The resulting demand for adjustment and restatement has plunged Western Christianity into intellectual turmoil.

Ethically the rapidly changing situation induced by the mobile movements of Western civilization has fairly run the church's authoritative codes off their feet. Authoritative codes are cut to fit a stable society, but when society swiftly grows,—especially if it grows hunchbacked and bandy-legged,—the task of recutting the conventions is disconcerting. Something like that has happened in our Western world. Science has handed us not only new ideas to digest but new powers to handle, and in an unprecedented economic civilization with family problems, international problems, racial problems which our old codes do not obviously fit, questions about what is right and what is wrong rise in bewildering array. Religion, in consequence, is ethically confused. It speaks no united and convincing word. Even on matters like the family—obviously in desperate straits in the United

States—where religion's most intimate ethical concerns center, it fumbles for its message, and to its people, wanting seriously to know what is right under these puzzling conditions, it commonly substitutes the gusto of special pleading for intelligent leadership.

Institutionally the estate of Western Christianity is a disgrace. Most Christians, Catholic and Protestant, conservative and liberal, would in one tone of voice or another admit that. There are plenty of historical reasons for our sectarian divisions but contemporary reasons or even excuses are difficult to find. The various Protestant denominations—over a hundred and fifty of them in the United States—are for the most part specializing in irrelevant details utterly remote from this generation's real interests. The result is that, while modern life in every other realm is rapidly changing its organization with a view to meeting contemporary problems, religion remains organized around shibboleths as outworn as Guelph and Ghibelline and symbols of loyalty as antiquated as the roses of Lancaster and York.

Let this brief summary suffice to represent religion's multiplied difficulties in many diverse realms. Intellectually chaotic, ethically confused, organizationally antiquated—such is the appearance of religion to many folk today. Their reactions to this view may be triumphant scorn of religion, grieved disappointment over it, or wistful desire to have it back again in vital, fruitful form, but, whether with nonchalance or regret, multitudes in the churches and out of them feel that religion is losing ground.

To endeavor, therefore, a statement of religion's gains may be not simply encouraging, but a useful contribution to the balanced truth about a very complicated situation. Certainly the whole story of Western Christianity is not exhibited in a narrative of its losses, difficulties, and failures. To one, at least, who intimately and constantly lives inside

the problem, the prophetic, promising elements in the situation outweigh those factors which the defeatist emphasizes.

II

For one thing, the readjustments of religion's thought to the modern world-view are going on at a much more rapid rate than the casual observer, especially if he is an outsider, commonly suspects. What he takes as typical of the churches is the fulminations of militant fundamentalists, the sustained pretense that the clergy are custodians of magical sacraments, the surrender of state legislatures to the foes of evolution, the medieval theological deliverances of ecclesiastical conventions, the pronouncements of organizations like the Supreme Kingdom and the Ku Klux Klan, the antisocial attitude of the premillennialists, and even the assertions of Voliva of Zion City telling the world over the radio that the earth is flat. Such crass ignorance in the churches as these and similar factors indicate is not to be minimized. It is present, it is sometimes prevalent, and it is always serious. Moreover, it is interesting and its exhibitions make news for the papers. But such factors are not the determinative elements; the future is not theirs.

One indication of this is the collapse of the late controversy between fundamentalists and modernists. It was obviously a rear-guard action. It largely concerned matters which were not even interesting to modern intelligence and which had really been settled long ago. Its immediate occasion was the correct apprehension on the part of the conservatives that liberalism was gaining and must be ejected from the churches if the status quo was to be maintained. As a matter of fact, liberalism has not been ejected from the churches. It never was more sure of its standing ground within them than it is now.

I am under no illusion as to the present situation. The

era of comparative good feeling which now follows the unpleasant days of battle does not represent anything that can be remotely construed as the victory of progressive ideas and policies. It means simply that after a convulsive endeavor to drive the liberals from the churches the liberals still remain. They are supported by too strong and too growing a body of opinion to be dislodged. Where ejection has taken place or disgusted individuals have decided no longer to break their heads against some denominational stone wall, the creative religious spirit of the time has already prepared for them other agencies of service such as community churches, where they continue, often with increased happiness and usefulness, to serve their cause. For the most part, however, within rather than without the traditional churches the movement goes on which, valuing as much as ever our fathers did the spiritual experiences that lie at the heart of Christianity, is rethinking and restating them in terms congenial with the modern mind.

This movement goes deeper, reaches farther, spreads more rapidly than most folk imagine. One reads with astonishment, for example, the pronouncements of the societies for the advancement of atheism, in which they vehemently deny the existence of a kind of God in whom multitudes of loyal churchmen long since ceased believing. Many similar assailants of religion pride themselves on modernity, but are obviously unaware of what has been going on in the thinking of Christian scholars and Christian ministers, to say nothing of Christian laymen, in the last quarter of a century. Each new generation that comes up in the churches tends to make more sure and rapid this change from the medieval world-view to the modern universe as the matrix for religious thought. In part consciously and deliberately, in part involuntarily and unwittingly, this shift proceeds. The mythological elements of historic Christianity are often not so much attacked as forgotten; like fairy stories they

are crowded to the fringe of the church's consciousness by things that vitally matter. Less and less is it possible to believe in a bifurcated universe where a supernatural realm overlays a natural realm and occasionally erupts into it. To be sure, this radical change from trafficking with the miraculous and supernatural to spiritualizing the interpretation and use of the natural is difficult. The same sentiments, conservatisms, ignorances, and prejudices which bind popular thinking to narrow nationalism long after internationalism has become the prime necessity of civilization also binds religious thought to its accustomed trellises. But in one case, as in the other, the future belongs to the new and larger view.

III

A second gain, companion to the first, is to be found in the fact that the nature of religion has grown more clear and its discrimination from accessory entanglements has been made more possible by our modern knowledge. In the light of present information all such prophecies of religion's demise as old disbelievers once indulged in are obviously nonsense. Never was it more clear that religion is ineradicably rooted in human nature. Reduce it even to its simplest terms and it still means devotion to those concrete spiritual values, goodness, truth, beauty, love, which the human soul recognizes as suprapersonal and in consecration to which life finds its true meaning. To serve these values is to live a religious life, and to believe that these values reveal the creative Reality, God, behind and in the universe is religion's central faith. Sciences may come and go but religion so rooted will persist as long as the race does. It may appear in Protean forms but it is as indestructible as earth, air, fire, or water. That has grown more plain, not less, as

psychology has probed deeper into the secrets of the spirit. There is no excuse now for identifying religion's future with the fortunes of its artificial adhesions—opinions, cults, rubrics, and institutions.

Because this is true, a great deal of the world's best religion exists outside religious organizations and often does not call itself religious at all. Only a narrowly ecclesiastical mind will find that fact disconcerting. It is rather something to rejoice over and count upon. It is because religion, even when it is unrecognized as such, is so indispensable a function of human life at its best that the churches have any chance at all. No wise minister thinks of himself as set to inoculate men with religion. He knows that men are religious; that a completely irreligious man, if such exists, is an insane anomaly; that human life is meaningless animal existence except as it serves spiritual values; and that the human mind will never permanently consent to think that spiritual values are a fortuitous accident born of atoms going it blind in a godless universe. He knows that when he does his work well he is working with and not against the deepest streams of human nature.

Such freedom from the obsession that any creed, cult, church or canon law constitutes religion, such humanizing of the religious experience, is a great gain. Religion so conceived is too vital to be exhaustively represented by any mental or institutional formulation. Religion creates such expressions and discards them as men wear clothes and cast them off. Religion is an indispensable way of life and it would persist though every historic form of it which we have known were quite outgrown.

This fact grows increasingly clear and to any one interested in religion it should be encouraging and liberating. It leads not to irreverence toward past expressions of the spirit but to just appreciation of them, and it prophesies a

future for the religious life beyond any dreams that static and conventional conceptions ever made possible.

IV

The gains of organized religion are much more difficult to see. There is evident reason for the common habit of speaking respectfully about religion and disrespectfully about its institutions. In general one cannot read the opinions of objective and unprejudiced minds or listen to the conversation of the intelligent without perceiving a serious belief, sometimes apprehensive, sometimes content and satisfied, that organized religion is losing ground.

Nevertheless, all the facts are by no means on one side. Contrary to a prevalent idea, Protestant church membership in the United States in the ten years between 1915 and 1925 increased slightly more rapidly than did the population. The truth is that when all criticisms are acknowledged, the churches, for all their mistakes, futilities, and failures, are functioning with so much usefulness that, in a time when ever fewer people go to church from a sense of duty, they continue to thrive and grow. Ministrations to personal character, saving influences thrown around the family and the children, encouragement to faith in God and the spiritual meaning of life, without which existence grows tawdry and sordid—these and other indispensable services they do actually render to multitudes so that in watching the spectacle one's impression is not so much disheartenment as wonder. If these belated, split, and often obscurantist spiritual agencies can so persist and function, what could be done with really effective churches! When all has been said that can be said against the churches, it is noticeable that apparently nobody wishes to live in a community without one.

Moreover, if it be true that there is nothing on earth so powerful as an idea whose hour is come, the end of some

of the worst features in the present churches will surely arrive. The ideal of a united church of Christ has flashed on the minds of men and it cannot be unflashed. Some leaders work toward this goal in overhead ways, convening ecumenical conferences to discuss the problems of unity; some work toward it through practical coöperation, as in the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, or in organizations like the Christian Associations, where special sectarian affiliations are forgotten; some build community churches comprehending all sorts of old alignments within their fellowship, or take denominational congregations, dissolve their exclusive features, and make them inclusive communions welcoming Christians without regard to creed, sect, or ritual.

This movement toward inclusive churches is on, and nothing can stop it. It will gather momentum as it proceeds. In view of the futility of overstocked towns with poverty-stricken, struggling churches, disgraced, to start with, by the pettiness of the reasons behind their separation, it seems likely that practical support will increasingly drift to comprehensive communions and that belated forms of denominational organization will gradually be starved out.

So far from being discouraged, therefore, one who sees what is afoot is confident that great days are ahead. The issue will not be settled simply by idealists following the vision of Christian unity. In part it will be forced by lack of practical support for antiquated forms of organization which reduplicate each other and by their very existence sin against the whole code of efficiency that is America's Bushido. It may seem caustic but it is true: one of the great gains of the churches today is the certainty that so many of them will perish from inanition.

This conspiracy of ideals luring from before and pressure compelling from behind is the hope of the situation. It is at work everywhere in the churches. Long ago, for example,

wise missionary leaders became aware that the whole theory and program of foreign missions needed to be restudied and reformed. Now, however, it not only ought to be done but must be. China has forced the issue. When ideals pull and compelling circumstances push, at least some movement is fairly well assured.

I am under no illusion about the difficulties which beset the endeavor to achieve a united Christian church. My confidence is placed in the local movements of individual congregations toward inclusiveness rather than in large overhead endeavors to achieve, by a tour de force, union on the basis of common creeds, common views of the sacraments, and common ideas of holy orders. I foresee that an attempt is likely to be made to unite all Christians in an organization which will start by accepting the Apostles' and the Nicene Creeds as the basis of theology, and will go on to center the union in certain historic views of the sacraments and the episcopate. I am sure that such a union, if it succeeds at all, will leave out much of the most virile strength of the Christian churches. That basis of union is hopelessly askew and nothing permanently secure can be built upon it. We must get together, if we do at all, on community of purpose and not on unanimity of opinion.

With all the difficulties clearly in mind, however, the prospect is exciting. What the churches need most is leaders. Says one student of affairs: "At no time in Christian history has the leadership in matters of religion been more ignorant than it is today in Protestant America." A mitigating element is the fact that the same writer makes a similar charge against the present leadership in journalism, and others are equally severe on education. The truth is that the genius of our generation is scientific, mechanical, inventive, so that in the twentieth century the best brains are being drained into that channel as in the thirteenth they were drained into Franciscan saintliness, Dominican learning, or Renais-

sance art. Such a situation is not permanent, but it is serious. Religion and education, art and literature, all suffer. Personally, I expect the moral necessities of the situation to cause an inevitable reaction which will mean a revival of spiritual life, a renaissance of religion, and a new access of leadership from among the best brains and the best characters of the nation. Under present circumstances, were that to come, the achievement of a single decade might quite remake the churches.

V

A final gain is indicated by the fact that no organization, not even the churches, can permanently keep live people excited about dead issues. Every one with his eyes open knows that tremendous problems face our civilization and, in spite of the familiar misuse of religion as a means of retreat from real difficulties into fantasy or as a defense mechanism to make things seem all right when they are all wrong, the fact is inescapably pressed home on increasing numbers of people that unless religion functions as a practical savior in human affairs mankind must slough it off along with other useless encumbrances.

This necessity of testing religion by its ethical consequence has been emphasized by the Christian social movement associated with the slogan "Back to Jesus." It is easy to caricature that movement. In unintelligent hands it undoubtedly has resulted in distorted pictures of Jesus which have made him, not a true citizen of the first century, as he was, but a modernist of the twentieth century, which he was not, and it has sometimes found not so much what Jesus actually did teach as what the writer hoped he did. Nevertheless, the movement has done incalculable good. It has called the urgent attention of the church to the ethical ideals of Jesus. It has made clear the towering fact that the re-

ligion of Jesus was not primarily something to be believed, although great beliefs were associated with it, nor something primarily to be felt, although warm emotions were involved in it, but something to be done, a program of action, and a way of life. This insight has involved a disturbed conscience on the part of all who have achieved it. For neither in personal habits, economic practices, nor international relationships are we living by Jesus' method nor are we often even trying to or conceiving it possible.

In spite of the perverse and wicked substitution of petty questions for real problems, of which the churches are commonly guilty, nothing can keep the Christian mind and conscience from turning ever more urgently to these really important centers of attention. Two tremendous questions face modern Christianity: faith in God, which is the only theological problem now much worth discussing, and the application of Jesus' principles to personal and social life, on which the continuance of Christianity crucially depends.

It is a promising gain to discover where the real questions are. I do not see how any one can read what intelligent Christians now are writing or know what unwritten things they anxiously are thinking without seeing that Canute could more easily have stayed the sea than obscurantism can keep the Christian mind and conscience of today and tomorrow from facing its great problems. Personally, I think it probable in consequence that the twentieth century, before it is through, will see a renaissance of spiritual life in general and of religion in particular, accompanied both by constructive social reformation and by a synthetic philosophy which will gather up the mass of new mental materials into a coherent whole and give life once more a unified interpretation and meaning. At any rate, I am confident that the alternative to that is the collapse of Western civilization.

Religion is too deep and elusive to have its gains and losses catalogued. Religion is mysticism—being strengthened

with power through God's Spirit in the inward man; it is ethics—the wrestling of man's ideal with man's actual; it is metaphysics—the assurance that not dirt but personality is the final interpreter of the Eternal. Any one endeavoring to say whether religion waxes or wanes may well end with an ancient and wise comment on the ways of the Spirit: "The wind bloweth where it will, and thou hearest the voice thereof, but knowest not whence it cometh, and whither it goeth."

SCIENCE AND THE FAITH OF THE MODERN *

By Edwin Grant Conklin

A book was published in this country two years ago bearing the striking title, *Science Remaking the World*. Fourteen well-known scholars contributed chapters on subjects ranging all the way from electrons to evolution, from industries to food, medicine, and public health, all showing how man is gaining control over his environment. But science is remaking the world in much more fundamental ways than in these practical and material respects. It is remaking not only the outer world in which we live, but also the inner world of our thoughts and ideals. It has brought about the greatest intellectual revolution in human history, a revolution that concerns the origin, nature, and destiny of man himself—and thoughtful men everywhere are inquiring what the results are likely to be.

Many distinguished authors, scientists, philosophers, and theologians have attempted recently to analyze present tendencies and to forecast the future, with results that range all the way from ecstatic visions of optimists to the dismal lucubrations of pessimists. Apostles of sweetness and light and eternal progress have been more than matched by the "Gloomy Dean"; Haldane and Thomson have been answered by Russell and Schiller. Ancient mythologies have been revived in the titles of modern Sibylline Books that set forth the future of mankind as symbolized by Dædalus, Icarus, Tantalus, and Prometheus.

Many advocates of the old philosophy and theology of

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supernaturalism and tradition attribute the present disturbed state of the world to science, which they say has been undermining the old foundations of the social order, and they call upon all men everywhere to repent and to return to the old faith. On the other hand, many advocates of science and the new knowledge maintain that for persons of mature minds, the old, naïve faith of childhood and of the childhood age of the race is gone, and gone forever, and that the only hope for the progress of mankind lies in more knowledge, newer and better faith, and not in a return to old beliefs.

Let us briefly compare some aspects of the old faith and the new knowledge and then inquire what is the duty of forward-looking men in this age of intellectual, social, and religious unrest.

I

The old cosmogony, philosophy, and theology sought comfort, satisfaction, and inspiration rather than unwelcome truth. It magnified man by making him the climax and goal of all creation. It placed the earth, man's home, at the centre of the universe. The sun, moon, and stars were created to give light to the earth. All things were made to minister to man's welfare. Man himself was created in the image of God, perfect and immortal. By his first disobedience he fell from his high estate and

> Brought death into the world and all our woe.

But the promise was given that ultimately evil should perish and good should triumph. The great Drama of Humanity ran from Paradise Lost to Paradise Regained, from initial perfection to final perfection.

In this old philosophy and theology supernaturalism was universal; there was no proper conception of nature and of

natural law. The earth was peopled not only with godlike men but also with manlike gods, angels, spirits, witches, demons. Some supernatural being was responsible for every phenomenon. The movements of sun and stars, the return of the seasons, wind and rain, lightning and rainbow, volcanoes and earthquakes, plagues and pestilences, were willed by some supernatural being. All nature was the expression of wills, big or little, good or bad.

The old ethics was based primarily on the will of God, supernaturally revealed in code or book, and to this certain rules were added from time to time by Church or State under divine guidance. Right was what God approved, wrong was what He forbade, and if ever doubts arose with regard to these there were not lacking those who would interpret the will of God. Man himself was a free moral agent. No bonds of heredity or necessity rested on his mind or soul. He was the architect of his own character, the arbiter of his own destiny. All good was the result of good will, all evil of evil will, and good would be rewarded and evil punished either in this life or in an eternal life of bliss or torment.

There was enormous satisfaction in this view of the universe and of man. It not only glorified man, explained evil, and promised redemption, but it was a great stimulus to efforts for betterment and a source of high ideals and aspirations, and undoubtedly its commands and sanctions worked powerfully to preserve the ethical code. Furthermore, there was admirable directness and positiveness in the old ethics regarding right and wrong, truth and error, freedom and responsibility, rewards and punishments. There was no hazy middle ground between these, no relativity of truth or right or duty to confuse the mind. Things were absolutely true or false, completely right or wrong. This old faith with its specific commandments was especially well suited to immature minds. In the childhood of the individual and of the race there is need of authority and obedience before it is

possible to appeal to reason. Childhood is predominantly the age of obedience, adolescence of imitation and example, maturity of reason and judgment. The results of permitting children to grow up as their nature and judgments dictate are perilous for the children and annoying to the neighbors. One such harassed neighbor asked the mother of some children of nature how she expected them to become civilized, and she said, "Oh, we are relying on the germ-plasm"; upon which the unscientific neighbor eagerly asked: "Where do you get it?"

Heredity, or the germ-plasm, determines only the capacities and potentialities of any organism. In every individual there are many capacities that remain undeveloped because of the lack of stimuli suitable to call them forth. These inherited potentialities are both good and bad, social and antisocial, and it is the purpose of education to develop the former and to suppress the latter. In the heredity of every human being there are many alternative personalities. Education is chiefly habit formation, and good education consists in the formation of good habits of body, mind, and morals. It is the duty of parents and teachers to guide children in this respect, to replace unreason by reason, selfishness by unselfishness, and antisocial habits by social ones. To trust to germ-plasm is to forget that heredity furnishes capacities for evil as well as for good, and to disregard the universal experience of mankind.

Society is compelled to repress many of the primordial reactions and instincts of the natural man. Our whole culture rests upon the suppression of antisocial impulses and the cultivation of social and moral reactions. If such reactions are to be built into character and become "second nature," they must be cultivated early, preferably in the home, and ethical teaching must be clear-cut and authoritative. The old ethics, when wisely inculcated, was admirably suited to this purpose. It did develop men and women of high moral char-

acter, and to a large extent it forms the foundation of our present social systems.

II

Contrast with this older philosophy, theology, and ethics the newer revelations of science. The man of scientific mind seeks truth rather than comfort or satisfaction. He would follow evidence wherever it leads, confident that even unwelcome truth is better than cherished error, that the permanent welfare of the human race depends upon "the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men," and that truth alone can make us free. Science is not an esoteric cult and scientific methods are not mysterious or magical processes. Huxley once defined science as trained and organized common sense, and scientific methods of inquiry are only the careful and accurate methods that are used by intelligent people everywhere in the affairs of every-day life. These methods consist in observation, comparison, analysis, and generalization. Every sensible person uses these methods in his business or profession, and in his judgments of men, policies, and institutions. It is only in its greater accuracy that the scientific method differs from those in universal use. It is true that no scientific observation, comparison, analysis, or generalization is ever complete or perfect; it is true that in science, as well as in all affairs of life, we deal with probabilities of a higher or lower order rather than with certainties; it is true that all generalizations are theories rather than facts and that all scientific knowledge is relative and not absolute. But in spite of these limitations, no other method of inquiry has been found as reliable as the scientific method.

It would seem incredible, were it not an actual fact, that any one should object to the use of such methods of inquiry regarding the origin and nature of man, society, govern-

ment, ethics, religion, the Bible, or anything else; but, alas! there are thousands, if not millions, of people in this country, some of them educated and intelligent with respect to things with which they have had experience, who refuse to apply common-sense methods of inquiry to such subjects, who characterize those who do this as atheists, blasphemers, dishonest scoundrels, and who denounce science and scientists for laying impious hands on sacred things which must never be studied by the methods of common sense.

To those who refuse to apply scientific methods of inquiry to the study of man and society, cosmogony and theology, ethics and religion, but who base their whole conception of these upon ancient traditions or unreasoning emotions, science has no message; they neither understand the language nor appreciate the methods of science. But to the increasing number of those who recognize that man, society, and human institutions are proper subjects of scientific investigation, and who also realize that neither authority, tradition, nor prejudice is a safe guide in the search for truth, the question may well arise as to what effect the scientific study of these subjects will have on human ideals, aspirations, and conduct. Accordingly, these remarks are addressed to those only who accept the methods and results of science in their application to man but who are concerned that mankind shall grow not only wiser but also better as the ages pass.

The methods and results of science have shaken to their foundations the old cosmogony and philosophy. It is now universally recognized that the earth is not the centre of the universe, but a mere dot in a mediocre solar system whirling through immeasurable space. Man is only one of some millions of species of living things on the earth, and although in mind and soul he is the paragon of animals, it is becoming increasingly certain that the traditional views

regarding his supernatural creation and divine perfection are no longer tenable. On the contrary, the sciences of geology, biology, psychology, sociology, and anthropology are furnishing an ever-increasing amount of evidence that the body, mind, and society of man are products of evolution. The old philosophy of universal supernaturalism is giving place to a philosophy of universal naturalism; everything that has been scientifically analyzed is found to be natural—that is, orderly, lawful, causal—and many men of science claim that "nature is everything that is." Belief in an anthropomorphic God, a big man in the skies who made us little men in His own image, established society, ethics, and religion by His commands, and governs the world as a human autocrat, is rapidly yielding place to more idealistic conceptions.

It appears probable that the universe and man are subject to immutable natural laws; that causality is universal in the living as well as in the lifeless world; that the entire man, body, mind, and soul, develops from a germ and is the product of heredity and environment; that will itself is no exception to universal causality, since it is merely a link in the chain of cause and effect, being itself the effect of preceding causes and the cause of succeeding effects; that freedom is the result of intelligence acting as cause; that intelligence is the capacity of consciously profiting by experience; that instincts and emotions are causally related to body functions; that society, ethics, and even religion are based primarily on instincts, emotions, reaction patterns, and ductless glands.

Some of these conclusions are tentative and may be modified by further research, but there can be no doubt as to the general trend of the scientific study of man and his activities. These conclusions, or others of a similar nature, are now accepted by most of the recent investigators in human biology, psychology, and sociology. The application

of science and the scientific method of observation and experiment to human behavior has revealed much concerning the physiology of mind as well as the hidden springs of action, the unconscious complexes that determine our constitutional hopes and fears, our prevailing loves and hates, our delusions and failures, and "the sin which doth so easily beset us." Recent studies indicate that there is also a physiology of ethics, and that our conceptions of right and wrong, of good and bad, are associated with particular body functions, reaction patterns, and instincts. In short, man himself, in all of his manifold complexities and activities, is a part of Nature.

These studies and conclusions have raised serious apprehensions on the part of many friends of science and violent opposition on the part of some adherents of the old order, who hold that the guesses of "science falsely so called" are destroying the foundations of religion, ethics, and all that is most valuable in human life. On the other hand, many Christian scientists who have been convinced by the evidence of the essential truth of these new discoveries, are equally certain that truth and goodness and beauty, faith and hope and love, reverence and aspirations and ideals are just as real and as desirable as they ever were, and that religion and ethics remain secure whether the old traditions stand or not.

There can be no doubt that science has given us grander conceptions of the universe than were ever dreamed of in former times. Contrast the old cosmogony with the revelations of modern astronomy, physics, and geology; the old conception of the creation of the universe in six literal days with our present conceptions of the immensity and eternity of natural processes; the old views of the special creation by a supernatural Workman of every one of a million different species of animals and plants, beasts of prey and their vic-

tims, parasites and pests, with the scientific view that animals and plants and the universe itself are the results of an immensely long process of evolution!

Even in its revelations concerning man, science is giving us not only truer but also grander views than the old ones. There is sublimity in the conception of man as the climax of vast ages of evolution, as the highest and best product of this eternal process, as the promise of something better still to be. The evolution of man from lower forms of life is not degrading but inspiring. Nature and human history love to proclaim the fact that a humble origin does not preclude a glorious destiny. "The real dignity of man consists not in his origin, but in what he is and in what he may become."

So far as the substitution of natural law for chance or caprice is concerned it has been a great gain not only in our conceptions of the world but also with regard to our inmost selves, for it means order instead of chaos, understanding in place of confusion. If all our activities are the results of natural causation, it means that the will is not absolutely free, but practical people have always known that freedom is relative and not absolute; that we are partly free and partly bound. We know that we are able to inhibit many reactions, instincts, and forms of behavior and to choose between alternatives that are offered. But this does not mean that such freedom is uncaused activity; on the contrary, science shows that it is the result of internal causes, such as physiological states, conflicting stimuli, the remembered results of past experience or education, all of which are themselves the results of preceding causes. Conscious will is not "a little deity encapsuled in the brain" but intelligence acting as cause, while intelligence in turn is the capacity of consciously profiting by experience.

But however we may explain that which we call *freedom*, it is plain that for practical purposes it exists, though in

varying degrees in different persons or in the same person at different times, and that it entails a corresponding degree of *responsibility*. The universality of natural law does not destroy ethics or the basis of ethics; on the contrary, it places morality upon a natural, causal, understandable basis. Furthermore, it leads to a more rational view of human behavior and to a more sympathetic attitude toward the criminal or the offender. As long as men regarded non-ethical conduct as the result of absolutely free will, or of an evil spirit within man, it was logical enough to exorcise the demon by torture and in general to "make the punishment fit the crime" rather than make it fit the criminal. But an understanding of the fact that non-ethical conduct is causal rather than capricious and is the result of natural rather than supernatural causation leads society to look for and to correct these causes rather than to seek vengeance or retribution. Indeed, the only justification for punishment of any kind is the correction of the offender or the protection of society; there is no longer any place in civilized society or in a rational theology for retributive or expiatory punishment.

A study of human history and pre-history shows that there has been a wonderful development of ethics and of religion. There is no satisfactory evidence that these were handed down from heaven in perfect form, but there is abundant evidence that they, in common with all other things, have been evolving and that this process has not yet come to an end. Much of the ethics and religion of the Old Testament was condemned by Christ and would not be tolerated in civilized society to-day. Some of the ethical codes and religious practices current to-day will probably be considered barbarous in times to come.

Variations and mutations are the materials of the evolutionary process and they occur in all possible directions; some of them are progressive, many are retrogressive, but

only those that are fit survive. The present is apparently a period of great social, ethical, and religious mutation, and many of these are certainly retrogressive; but let us hope that the decent instincts and the common sense of mankind will see to it that these retrogressive mutations do not survive.

Whatever the ultimate basis of ethics may be, whether divine commands, intuitions and instincts, utility or pleasure, the content remains essentially the same: however much codes and practices may change, our ideals and instincts remain much the same from age to age. Whether written on tables of stone or on the tables of our hearts, the "cardinal virtues" are still virtues and the "deadly sins" are still sins. The deepest instincts of human nature cry out for justice, truth, beauty, sympathy. Ethics that is based on pleasures of the highest and most enduring sort, on pleasures of the rational mind, the better instincts, refined senses, is not different from the ethics of the divine command to "lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven." These are "the enduring satisfactions of life." The new ethics of science does not essentially differ in content from the old ethics of revelation, and the commandments of a God within are no less binding than those of a God without.

Nevertheless, the decline of faith in the supernatural origin of man and of ethics, the decreasing fear of hell or hope of heaven, and the increased freedom of thought and action brought about by science and education have led, in some instances, to a general weakening of the ethical code. When increasing freedom carries with it an increasing sense of responsibility and duty it never endangers progress, but when liberty degenerates into license it marks the beginning of social and moral decay. Freedom is one of the principal goals of human endeavor, but the best use man can make of his freedom is to place limitations upon it. We can be safely

freed from external restraints only in so far as we replace these by internal inhibitions.

Partly as a result of this increased freedom from the old restraints, but largely as one of the terrible aftermaths of the World War, lawlessness, immorality, and selfishness seem to be more than usually evident throughout the world today. The war gave social sanction to murder, arson, and theft; it unchained the wild beasts in men that long had been restrained; it glorified acts which in times of peace would have been abhorred; and it is no wonder that we are now reaping the whirlwind. Grafters in high office and bandits in high-powered cars are preying on society. Lawlessness and selfishness are wide-spread. Social solidarity has diminished; races and nations are suspicious or antagonistic; many political parties, churches, labor-unions, social classes are split up into warring factions. Jealousy, suspicion, intolerance, hate, and war are preached from some pulpits and from many platforms and presses. The war that we fondly hoped was to end wars, has apparently only ended peace.

The new freedom which recently has come to women, and which is in the main a progressive change, has led to some bizarre views in these later days. Some of its radical advocates are demanding that it shall mean freedom from all sex distinctions and restraints, except such as are purely personal and voluntary—freedom from marriage and reproduction and the care of children; abolition of the family with its cares and responsibilities; state subsidies for such women as are willing to be mothers and state infantoria for the rearing of all children. Less extreme and therefore more dangerous tendencies are seen in the acceptance of pleasure as the sole basis of ethics and the interpretation of the ethics of pleasure as the satisfaction of animal appetites for food, drink, and sex. The reaction from undue sex repression has led to the opposite extreme of sex exploitation. Obscene

literature and plays are not only tolerated but justified and patronized by many leaders of public opinion. In several universities student publications have been suppressed recently by the authorities because of indecency or blasphemy. Free love, trial marriage, easy divorce are widely preached and practised. We vigorously condemn and forbid polygamy in Utah but easily condone worse practices nearer home. The question of the old catechism, "What is the chief end of man?" is now answered by multitudes of people: "To glorify pleasure and enjoy it while it lasts." They say frankly: "I have but one life to live and I propose to get the most pleasure possible out of it. Why should I think of social progress or of posterity? What has posterity done for me? Let us eat, drink, and be merry—for to-morrow we die." Yes, persons who live as mere animals die as the beast dieth; they deserve no immortality on earth or anywhere else. Whether we believe in religion or not, our better instincts revolt against such ethics. We are more than brutes and cannot be satisfied with the pleasures of brutes. We may not accept the old ethics of supernaturalism and tradition, but we cannot adopt the ethics of pigs and hyenas.

III

What is the remedy for this condition? Fundamentalists think that science in general, biology in particular, and the theory of human evolution most of all are responsible. They would, therefore, prescribe by law that the latter may not be taught in tax-supported institutions. But if state legislatures are to decide that evolution shall not be taught, they should also eliminate the teaching of all subjects which furnish evidences of the truth of evolution; they should forbid the teaching of morphology, physiology, ecology, paleontology, genetics, comparative medicine, comparative psychology, and sociology. Indeed, there are few subjects that

are now studied and taught by comparative and genetic methods that should not be banned. If the farmers of Tennessee and Kentucky can decide what may be taught in biology, they can also decide what may be taught in mathematics, as indeed one sufferer from interminable decimals proposed when he introduced a bill to fix by law the ratio of the circumference to the diameter of a circle at exactly 3.

I have been assured by persons who are very orthodox in faith but very heterodox in spelling and grammar, that "Evolution is all rot"; that it is "leprocy" (sic); that "the heads of evolutionists are full of mud" (their own, of course, being full of "monkey"); and that "God hath chosen the fools of this world to confound the wise," leaving it in doubt as to who is which. Mr. Bryan's characterization of scientists as "dishonest scoundrels" shows the same unrestrained emotionalism as the antivivisectionists show when they call animal experimenters "inhuman fiends." Antievolution, antivivisection, antivaccination, and antiscience are all the outgrowths of extreme emotionalism, recklessness in handling facts, and an utter ignorance of the value of scientific evidence.

Fundamentalism, if logical, would demand the abolition of the teaching of all science and scientific methods, for science in general and not merely the theory of evolution is responsible for the loss of faith in the old traditions. It is folly to attempt to promote education and science and at the same time to forbid the teaching of the principal methods and results of science. The only sensible course would be to abolish altogether the teaching of science and scientific methods and to return to ecclesiasticism. The Church once told scientists what they could think and teach, and now state legislatures propose to do it. Such methods of resisting change have always failed in the past and are foredoomed to failure now.

The real problem that confronts us, and it is a great problem, is how to adjust religion to science, faith to knowledge, ideality to reality, for adjustment in the reverse direction will never happen. Facts cannot be eliminated by ideals and it is too late in the history of the world to attempt to refute the findings of science by sentimental objections or supposed theological difficulties. If science makes mistakes, science must furnish the cure; it can never be done by church councils, state legislatures, nor even by popular vote.

The only possible remedy for the present deplorable condition is not less but more and better science and education; science that recognizes that the search for truth is not the whole of life, that both scientific reality and religious ideality are necessary to normal, happy, useful living. We must keep our feet on the ground of fact and science, but lift our heads into the atmosphere of ideals. "To the solid ground of Nature trusts the mind that builds for aye." Education from the earliest years must teach love rather than hate, human brotherhood rather than war, service rather than selfishness; it must develop good habits of body and mind; it must instil reverence, not only for truth but also for beauty and righteousness.

"Where there is no vision, the people perish." Man cannot live by bread alone; he must have ideals and aspirations, faith and hope and love. In short, he must have a religion. The world never needed a religion of high ideals and aspirations more than it needs it now. But the old religion of literalism and of slavish regard to the authority of church or book, while well suited to some minds, cannot serve the needs of those who have breathed the air of science. Must all such be deprived of the benefits of a religion which they need and be forced into a false position of antagonism to religion as a whole because they cannot accept all the literalism, infantilism, and incidentalism of so-called funda-

mentalism? The fundamentalists, rather than the scientists, are helping to make this an irreligious age.

IV

Science has destroyed many old traditions but it has not destroyed the foundations of ethics or religion. In some respects it has contributed greatly to these foundations:

1. The universality of natural law has not destroyed faith in God, though it has modified many primitive conceptions of deity. This is a universe of ends as well as of means, of teleology as well as of mechanism. Mechanism is universal but so also is finalism. It is incredible that the system and order of nature, the evolution of matter and worlds and life, of man and consciousness and spiritual ideals are all the results of chance. The greatest exponents of evolution, such as Darwin, Huxley, Asa Gray, and Weismann, have maintained that there is evidence of some governance and plan in Nature. This is the fundamental article of all religious faith. If there is no purpose in the universe, or in evolution, or in man, then indeed there is no God and no good. But if there is purpose in nature and in human life, it is only the imperfection of our mental vision that leads us sometimes to cry in despair: "Vanitas vanitatum, all is vanity." No one can furnish scientific proof of the existence or nature of God, but atheism leads to pessimism and despair, while theism leads to faith and hope. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

2. Science leaves us faith in the worth and dignity of man. In spite of weakness and imperfection, man is the highest product of a billion years of evolution. We are still children in the morning of time, but we are attaining reason, freedom, spirituality. The ethics of mankind is not the ethics of the jungle or the barnyard. In the new dispensation men will no longer be restrained from evil by fear of hell or hope of

heaven, but by their decent instincts and their high ideals. When love of truth, beauty, goodness, of wife, children, humanity, dies in us our doom will be sealed. But it will not die in all men; the long-past course of progressive evolution proves that it will live on, somewhere and somehow.

3. Science leaves us hope for the future. Present conditions often seem desperate; pessimists tell us that society is disintegrating, that there will never be a League of Nations, that wars will never cease, that the human race is degenerating, and that our civilization is going the way of ancient Egypt, Assyria, Greece, and Rome. But though nations have risen and fallen, and cultures have waxed and waned, the major movements of human history have been forward. After civilization had once been attained, it never completely disappeared from the earth. The torch of culture was handed on from Egypt to Greece and from Greece to Rome, and from all of these to us. One often hears of lost arts and civilizations of the past, but the best elements of any culture are immortal.

The test of biological variations and mutations is whether they lead to increasing fitness, and the test of all social and moral mutations and revolutions, such as those of to-day, is whether they lead to increasing perfection and progress. The great principle of the survival of the fit has guided evolution from amœba to man, from tropisms and reflexes to intelligence and consciousness, from solitary individuals to social organizations, from instincts to ethics, and this great principle will not be abrogated to-day or to-morrow. It is the "power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness." Man can consciously hasten or hinder this process, but he cannot permanently destroy it. He can refuse to take part in it and can choose to be eliminated, but the past course of evolution for millions of years indicates that somewhere and somehow this process will go on.

The evolutionist is an incorrigible optimist; he reviews a

billion years of evolution in the past and looks forward to perhaps another billion years of evolution in the future. He knows that evolution has not always been progressive; that there have been many eddies and back currents, and that the main current has sometimes meandered in many directions; and yet he knows that, on the whole, it has moved forward. Through all the ages evolution has been leading toward the wider intellectual horizons, the broader social outlooks, the more invigorating moral atmosphere of the great sea of truth.

What progress in body, mind, and society; what inventions, institutions, even relations with other worlds, the future may hold in store, it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive. What does it matter if some men refuse to join this great march onward, what does it matter if even our species should become extinct if only it give place to a better species! Our deepest instincts are for growth; the joy of life is progress. Only this would make immortality endurable. Human progress depends upon the increase and diffusion among men of both knowledge and ethics, reality and ideality, science and religion. Now for the first time in the history of life on this planet, a species can consciously and rationally take part in its own evolution. To us the inestimable privilege is given to co-operate in this greatest work of time, to have part in the triumphs of future ages. What other aim is so worthy of high endeavor and great endowment?

ON RESPONSIBILITY *

By John Grier Hibben

There is much loose and confused thinking about the nature of responsibility. Not only are there innumerable instances of persons holding positions of trust who are evading evident responsibilities, but also of those who would seek to justify themselves in such a course. The latter are like the figures in Nast's famous cartoon of the Tweed Ring, who are all standing in a circle, and each one pointing aside with his thumb to his neighbor as the responsible person. It is the old story of the other man. There are many circumstances in life where it is convenient to shift the responsibility upon some one else; and whenever one sets himself to defend a convenient course of action, he cannot always see straight and think clear. Even though he may succeed in convincing himself, nevertheless if in this process there is any element of self-deception, he is perilously near the danger line.

There are no fallacies so subtle as those which insinuate themselves into our reasonings at a time when our interests are involved. Therefore when we seek to free ourselves of the burden of responsibility in any situation, we must be peculiarly on guard, that we do not allow ourselves to become ensnared in the toils of those artificial distinctions and plausible explanations, which when stripped of their verbal dress appear in their nakedness as contemptible subterfuges.

One of these convenient ideas which serve as a kind of natural anæsthetic to conscience is the belief that any re-

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sponsibility which is divided is thereby lessened. The director of a corporation may content himself with the comforting thought that where many are jointly responsible, his share of the common obligation after all cannot be regarded as very serious. And it is in this idea that a very fundamental error lies. For responsibility is by its nature something intensive and not extensive. It can be divided among many, but it is not thereby diminished in degree. On the other hand, when by the ordinary processes of arithmetical division one number is divided by another, the result is only a small part of the original amount. It is always a lessening process. But the idea of responsibility cannot be expressed in any such quantitative terms. Dividends can be divided into separate parts, but responsibility cannot. Responsibility can never be conceived in the light of a magnitude. It belongs to the class of things which, when divided, each part is equal to the whole.

Responsibility in this respect is like pleasure which, when shared, is not lessened, but rather increased, as Bacon long ago pointed out. The same quality we find in the rewards of honor, or of fame it may be, which come to the many who have served in a common cause and rejoice in a common victory. Thus the glory of the whole is each one's share. It can be divided among many without loss. So, also, the appreciation of beauty in nature or in art shows no diminishing returns, although the number who experience the joy of it may be increased without limit. This, also, is the characteristic feature of responsibility. Parents share the responsibility of their child, but the complete responsibility and no half measure of it rests upon each. The director of a bank or an insurance company shares the responsibility of his position with his colleagues on the same board; but the shared responsibility is not a per capitum portion, but the whole.

This is not a new doctrine; it comes to us with an imme-

morial sanction. But it seems to have been forgotten in recent years. "My share of the responsibility is but slight," is a common phrase which may be heard on all sides at the present day. If one would thus seek to minimize his sense of obligation as regards that which may be placed in his keeping as a trust, he should not forget that his share of responsibility is not a part, but the whole, undiminished and untransferable. He may have others associated with him, it is true, but his individual responsibility cannot be shifted upon them. He must meet it in the full rigor of its demands, and regard himself as though alone in the discharge of his duties.

There is also the fallacy of the delegated responsibility. It is impossible for one at the head of large business interests, for instance, to give his personal attention to every minute detail. He finds himself naturally compelled to delegate much of the work of supervision and of administration to others who act in the capacity of his deputies. Otherwise the business of life would be impossible. This is indeed a commonplace of every-day business routine. But because some one else may assume the responsibility, he is not wholly relieved of it. He passes on the duty of actually performing some specific work, and yet the obligation still rests with him not to do the task, it is true, but at least to see that it is done. We cannot afford to ignore the customary judgment that the act of the agent is the act of the principal. We cannot take it for granted that the mere transfer of responsibility to another assures a satisfactory discharge of all the duties which it involves. We do not dare to shut our eyes to the fact as to whether such duties are fulfilled or not, on the ground that the responsibility now rests upon another and not upon ourselves. It is his responsibility, but it is also ours. A person who is at the head of a large business enterprise cannot be omnipresent or omniscient; but he is responsible for the kind of men who are his partners in respon-

sibility, and also for the atmosphere which pervades his business, for the general morale of the service, for the discipline that is enforced, for the prevailing policy and method pursued, and for the spirit and tone which characterize all departments, however various they may be. Division of labor is not a dissipation of responsibility. He who is responsible for a particular task is relieved of that responsibility only when there is evidence that the given work has been done. The head of a corporation should devise certain methods by which such evidence can be regularly forthcoming, so that when any cog in any wheel may chance to slip, the fact may be at once apparent at the central seat of responsibility.

There is, of course, such a thing as a serial responsibility, as I would style it, that is, where a number of persons in turn assume the responsibility for a certain task, each contributing his share to its accomplishment, and then pass on the full responsibility to some other. This is illustrated in the sending of a registered package. Each one in the series does his part in the process of forwarding it, and receives a signed acknowledgment that another has relieved him of his particular duty and of all responsibility connected with it. The ordinary business of life, however, cannot always be so nicely adjusted. Responsibility appears more often in an indefinite and diffused form, in which many persons are involved, and no one at any time carries the full burden alone. There is no way of escaping responsibility of this kind as long as we remain within the area of its pervading power. We dare not hang about the outer edge of this region, hoping to reap the possible rewards, and yet think to evade all blame or loss in the event of untoward results. There are many who thus endeavor to hold their course along some such imaginary line, so that they may shrewdly keep within it to share the honor or dividends which may accrue, and yet be able to swerve to the other side of it whenever the

area within may become the storm center of indignant protest and recrimination.

There is another fallacy which many fall into of securing freedom from responsibility by the assumption of a convenient ignorance. A candidate, for instance, may not choose to know the detail of method and of policy pursued by a campaign committee in charge of his interests. The members of the committee in turn deem it wise to have him kept in ignorance. It is generally understood that whatever happens, he is to know nothing about it. The comforting theory is that no responsibility can attach to a person concerning an act of which he is ignorant. This is doubtless true, provided he is not purposely ignorant. A person may not be held responsible for failure to see some obvious circumstance when his eyes are shut; but he is responsible for his eyes being shut when they ought to be open.

There are men who know that certain results could not possibly be accomplished without certain definite means being used; and yet consent weakly to profit by these results on the ground that they do not know explicitly the character of the means used to attain them. It is a lame excuse. We are responsible not only for that which we see and hear, but also for that which may be implied in the things seen and heard, and which we are compelled to recognize as the necessary consequence of them. It is not merely the actual situation in which we find ourselves, but also the logic of such situation that must be interpreted and judged by us as to the measure of our responsibility for them. It must be remembered that the very ground of our responsibility is the presupposition that we are in complete possession of our reason. How absurd, therefore, to narrow the range of responsibility by excluding the obvious inferences which the reason of any man of ordinary intelligence must surely recognize. If a campaign committee, for instance, expends large sums of money, it stands to reason that the one in whose

interests it has been raised must know that revenues are not created by magic. Merely to choose not to know, is to ignore a definite responsibility and thereby assume an indefinite one. It is like signing a blank check to an unknown order for an unknown amount. The man who would rather not know what his friends are doing in his behalf should be held to strict account for his voluntary ignorance. No one can afford to have things done for him which he would scorn to do or be afraid to do himself.

There is also a very common feeling that any one can repudiate all responsibility in a given situation, if he will only declare forcibly and loudly enough that he does not regard himself as in the least responsible for the same. He may insist that he will wash his hands of the whole matter; but there are certain stains that cannot be thus removed. The hands may be washed; but they may not be made clean by the process. How often do men justify themselves when feebly yielding to the prevailing opinion of the many associated with them in some position of trust, by the ready excuse, that after all the majority must rule. It is true that the majority must rule; but it is equally true that the minority must often fight. A mere verbal protest followed by a quiet acquiescence is not sufficient when honor or honesty is the issue. An uncompromising attitude of opposition may have to be maintained until the court of last appeal is reached; that court may be a board of directors, or the stockholders, or public opinion, or in the regular course of legal procedure even the Supreme Court of the United States itself. Responsibility often means a fight to the finish.

We are responsible for our silence, for our inertia, for our ignorance, for our indifference—in short for all those negative qualities which commonly constitute the "dummy" directors,—those inconsequent personages who would enjoy the honor and the perquisites of their office without allowing themselves to be unduly burdened with its duties and cares.

The president of a corporation or a superintendent does not assume the responsibility vested in its board of directors; he merely represents that responsibility. And when they would implicitly assign all sense of their personal obligations to his keeping, they not only put themselves in a position to be easily fooled, but actually offer a ready temptation to such an one to fool them. They are thus doubly reprehensible; for the neglect of duty on the one hand and on the other for actually extending a virtual invitation for some one to use them as tools for unlawful ends. Not only the wreck of a business, but the wreck of a human being must be laid at their door who by a splendid capacity for negligence do thus expose another to the play of the most subtle temptations which can be conceived.

There is also the mistaken notion that we may escape certain responsibilities by simply not assuming them. There are some obligations, however, which we do not dare to refuse, and which indeed it is not possible to refuse. We have no choice in the matter. We cannot say in truth that we have no responsibility, for instance, for the general decency and good order of the community in which we live, merely because we have chosen to keep out of the village politics, and therefore, not being on the borough council or the board of health, it is none of our business if the laws of nature, of man, or of God are violated. It must be remembered that responsibilities of such a kind are not assumed by definite choice, but belong to us whether we will or not. Certain responsibilities we do not choose; they the rather choose us. If at times they seem to us vague and indefinite, it becomes our duty then to make them definite through some effort on our part. We are held to account not merely for doing the obvious duty that circumstance may urge upon us, but also for creating the circumstance which may give rise to a wholly new set of duties. We are not only responsible for lending our service to the cause which has a rightful

claim upon us, but also we may be responsible for the establishing of a cause to serve.

There are those who imagine that in certain relations of life there can be devised some natural substitute for the sense of responsibility. It is possible, of course, to establish a set of automatic checks upon an employee's activities, of such a nature as to reduce his personal responsibility to a minimum. Any failure in the performance of his duties is at once mechanically discovered by the various systems of time clocks, bell punches, cash registers, and the like. This is very well in all cases where the labor is that of simple routine. Mechanical activity can be checked by a mechanical device. Not so, however, as regards those duties which demand a higher order of capacity—such as that of sound judgment, a fine sense of discrimination, and the power of resourceful initiative. In all such matters there can be no substitute for the responsible personality. Man is a responsible being because of this very element of free activity in his nature which no mechanical contrivance, however ingenious, can ever gauge. We are all so dependent upon the integrity, fidelity, and efficiency of man in the more complex relations of life that we must at times, and often the most critical, trust in him implicitly. We do not proceed far in any undertaking without being aware that we are holding another responsible, or that some one is holding us responsible for those inevitable duties which arise out of the relations of man to man the world over. If a man would escape all responsibility he must place himself wholly outside of the relations of life; for life is responsibility. As we have seen, responsibility remains with us even though we may ask others to assume it; we share it with others, but our portion is the same; when we turn our backs upon it, we find it still facing us; we flee from it, and, however far it may be, we see it waiting for us at the journey's end.

A FREE MAN'S WORSHIP *

By BERTRAND RUSSELL

To DR. FAUSTUS in his study Mephistopheles told the history of the Creation, saying:

"The endless praises of the choirs of angels had begun to grow wearisome; for, after all, did he not deserve their praise? Had he not given them endless joy? Would it not be more amusing to obtain undeserved praise, to be worshiped by beings whom he tortured? He smiled inwardly, and resolved that the great drama should be performed.

"For countless ages the hot nebula whirled aimlessly through space. At length it began to take shape, the central mass threw off planets, the planets cooled, boiling seas and burning mountains heaved and tossed, from black masses of cloud hot sheets of rain deluged the barely solid crust. And now the first germ of life grew in the depths of the ocean, and developed rapidly in the fructifying warmth into vast forest trees, huge ferns springing from the damp mould, sea monsters breeding, fighting, devouring, and passing away. And from the monsters, as the play unfolded itself, Man was born, with the power of thought, the knowledge of good and evil, and the cruel thirst for worship. And Man saw that all is passing in this mad, monstrous world, that all is struggling to snatch, at any cost, a few brief moments of life before Death's inexorable decree. And Man said: 'There is a hidden purpose, could we but fathom it, and the purpose is good; for we must reverence something, and in the visible world there is nothing worthy of reverence.' And Man stood aside from the struggle, resolving that God in-

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tended harmony to come out of chaos by human efforts. And when he followed the instincts which God had transmitted to him from his ancestry of beasts of prey, he called it Sin, and asked God to forgive him. But he doubted whether he could be justly forgiven, until he invented a divine Plan by which God's wrath was to have been appeased. And seeing the present was bad, he made it yet worse, that thereby the future might be better. And he gave God thanks for the strength that enabled him to forego even the joys that were possible. And God smiled; and when he saw that Man had become perfect in renunciation and worship, he sent another sun through the sky, which crashed into Man's sun; and all returned again to nebula.

"'Yes,' he murmured, 'it was a good play; I will have it performed again.'"

Such, in outline, but even more purposeless, more void of meaning, is the world which Science presents for our belief. Amid such a world, if anywhere, our ideals henceforward must find a home. That Man is the product of causes which had no prevision of the end they were achieving; that his origin, his growth, his hopes and fears, his loves and his beliefs, are but the outcome of accidental collocations of atoms; that no fire, no heroism, no intensity of thought and feeling, can preserve an individual life beyond the grave; that all the labors of the ages, all the devotion, all the inspiration, all the noonday brightness of human genius, are destined to extinction in the vast death of the solar system, and that the whole temple of Man's achievement must inevitably be buried beneath the débris of a universe in ruins —all these things, if not quite beyond dispute, are yet so nearly certain, that no philosophy which rejects them can hope to stand. Only within the scaffolding of these truths, only on the firm foundation of unyielding despair, can the soul's habitation henceforth be safely built.

How, in such an alien and inhuman world, can so power-

less a creature as Man preserve his aspirations untarnished? A strange mystery it is that Nature, omnipotent but blind, in the revolutions of her secular hurryings through the abysses of space, has brought forth at last a child, subject still to her power, but gifted with sight, with knowledge of good and evil, with the capacity of judging all the works of his unthinking Mother. In spite of Death, the mark and seal of the parental control, Man is yet free, during his brief years, to examine, to criticize, to know, and in imagination to create. To him alone, in the world with which he is acquainted, this freedom belongs; and in this lies his superiority to the resistless forces that control his outward life.

The savage, like ourselves, feels the oppression of his impotence before the powers of Nature; but having in himself nothing that he respects more than Power, he is willing to prostrate himself before his gods, without inquiring whether they are worthy of his worship. Pathetic and very terrible is the long history of cruelty and torture, of degradation and human sacrifice, endured in the hope of placating the jealous gods: surely, the trembling believer thinks, when what is most precious has been freely given, their lust for blood must be appeased, and more will not be required. The religion of Moloch—as such creeds may be generically called—is in essence the cringing submission of the slave, who dare not, even in his heart, allow the thought that his master deserves no adulation. Since the independence of ideals is not yet acknowledged, Power may be freely worshiped, and receive an unlimited respect, despite its wanton infliction of pain.

But gradually, as morality grows bolder, the claim of the ideal world begins to be felt; and worship, if it is not to cease, must be given to gods of another kind than those created by the savage. Some, though they feel the demands of the ideal, will still consciously reject them, still urging that naked Power is worthy of worship. Such is the attitude

inculcated in God's answer to Job out of the whirlwind: the divine power and knowledge are paraded, but of the divine goodness there is no hint. Such also is the attitude of those who, in our own day, base their morality upon the struggle for survival, maintaining that the survivors are necessarily the fittest. But others, not content with an answer so repugnant to the moral sense, will adopt the position which we have become accustomed to regard as specially religious, maintaining that, in some hidden manner, the world of fact is really harmonious with the world of ideals. Thus Man creates God, all-powerful and all-good, the mystic unity of what is and what should be.

But the world of fact, after all, is not good; and, in submitting our judgment to it, there is an element of slavishness from which our thoughts must be purged. For in all things it is well to exalt the dignity of Man, by freeing him as far as possible from the tyranny of non-human Power. When we have realized that Power is largely bad, that Man, with his knowledge of good and evil, is but a helpless atom in a world which has no such knowledge, the choice is again presented to us: Shall we worship Force, or shall we worship Goodness? Shall our God exist and be evil, or shall he be recognized as the creation of our own conscience?

The answer to this question is very momentous, and affects profoundly our whole morality. The worship of Force, to which Carlyle and Nietzsche and the creed of Militarism have accustomed us, is the result of failure to maintain our own ideals against a hostile universe: it is itself a prostrate submission to evil, a sacrifice of our best to Moloch. If strength indeed is to be respected, let us respect rather the strength of those who refuse that false "recognition of facts" which fails to recognize that facts are often bad. Let us admit that in the world we know there are many things that would be better otherwise, and that the ideals to which we do and must adhere are not realized in the realm of matter.

Let us preserve our respect for truth, for beauty, for the ideal of perfection which life does not permit us to attain, though none of these things meet with the approval of the unconscious universe. If Power is bad, as it seems to be, let us reject it from our hearts. In this lies Man's true freedom: in determination to worship only the God created by our own love of the good, to respect only the heaven which inspires the insight of our best moments. In action, in desire, we must submit perpetually to the tyranny of outside forces; but in thought, in aspiration, we are free, free from our fellowmen, free from the petty planet on which our bodies impotently crawl, free even, while we live, from the tyranny of Death. Let us learn, then, that energy of faith which enables us to live constantly in the vision of the good; and let us descend, in action, into the world of fact, with that vision always before us.

When first the opposition of fact and ideal grows fully visible, a spirit of fiery revolt, of fierce hatred of the gods, seems necessary to the assertion of freedom. To defy with Promethean constancy a hostile universe, to keep its evil always in view, always actively hated, to refuse no pain that the malice of Power can invent, appears to be the duty of all who will not bow before the inevitable. But indignation is still a bondage, for it compels our thoughts to be occupied with an evil world; and in the fierceness of desire from which rebellion springs there is a kind of self-assertion which it is necessary for the wise to overcome. Indignation is a submission of our thoughts, but not of our desires; the Stoic freedom in which wisdom consists is found in the submission of our desires, but not of our thoughts. From the submission of our desires springs the virtue of resignation; from the freedom of our thoughts springs the whole world of art and philosophy, and the vision of beauty by which, at last, we half reconquer the reluctant world. But the vision of beauty is possible only to unfettered contemplation, to thoughts not

weighted by the load of eager wishes; and thus Freedom comes only to those who no longer ask of life that it shall yield them any of those personal goods that are subject to the mutations of Time.

Although the necessity of renunciation is evidence of the existence of evil, yet Christianity, in preaching it, has shown a wisdom exceeding that of the Promethean philosophy of rebellion. It must be admitted that, of the things we desire, some, though they prove impossible, are yet real goods; others, however, as ardently longed for, do not form part of a fully purified ideal. The belief that what must be renounced is bad, though sometimes false, is far less often false than untamed passion supposes; and the creed of religion, by providing a reason for proving that it is never false, has been the means of purifying our hopes by the discovery of many austere truths.

But there is in resignation a further good element: even real goods, when they are unattainable, ought not to be fretfully desired. To every man comes, sooner or later, the great renunciation. For the young, there is nothing unattainable; a good thing desired with the whole force of a passionate will, and yet impossible, is to them not credible. Yet, by death, by illness, by poverty, or by the voice of duty, we must learn, each one of us, that the world was not made for us, and that, however beautiful may be the things we crave for, Fate may nevertheless forbid them. It is the part of courage, when misfortune comes, to bear without repining the ruin of our hopes, to turn away our thoughts from vain regrets. This degree of submission to Power is not only just and right: it is the very gate of wisdom.

But passive renunciation is not the whole wisdom; for not by renunciation alone can we build a temple for the worship of our own ideals. Haunting foreshadowings of the temple appear in the realm of imagination, in music, in architecture, in the untroubled kingdom of reason, and in the golden

sunset magic of lyrics, where beauty shines and glows, remote from the touch of sorrow, remote from the fear of change, remote from the failures and disenchantments of the world of fact. In the contemplation of these things the vision of heaven will shape itself in our hearts, giving at once a touchstone to judge the world about us, and an inspiration by which to fashion to our needs whatever is not incapable of serving as a stone in the sacred temple.

Except for those rare spirits that are born without sin, there is a cavern of darkness to be traversed before that temple can be entered. The gate of the cavern is despair, and its floor is paved with the gravestones of abandoned hopes. There Self must die; there the eagerness, the greed of untamed desire must be slain, for only so can the soul be freed from the empire of Fate. But out of the cavern the Gate of Renunciation leads again to the daylight of wisdom, by whose radiance a new insight, a new joy, a new tenderness, shine forth to gladden the pilgrim's heart.

When, without the bitterness of impotent rebellion, we have learnt both to resign ourselves to the outward rule of Fate and to recognize that the non-human world is unworthy of our worship, it becomes possible at last so to transform and refashion the unconscious universe, so to transmute it in the crucible of imagination, that a new image of shining gold replaces the old idol of clay. In all the multiform facts of the world—in the visual shapes of trees and mountains and clouds, in the events of the life of Man, even in the very omnipotence of Death—the insight of creative idealism can find the reflection of a beauty which its own thoughts first made. In this way mind asserts its subtle mastery over the thoughtless forces of Nature. The more evil the material with which it deals, the more thwarting to untrained desire, the greater is its achievement in inducing the reluctant rock to yield up its hidden treasures, the prouder its victory in compelling the opposing forces to swell the

pageant of its triumph. Of all the arts, Tragedy is the proudest, the most triumphant; for it builds its shining citadel in the very center of the enemy's country, on the very summit of his highest mountain; from its impregnable watch-towers, his camps and arsenals, his columns and forts, are all revealed; within its walls the free life continues, while the legions of Death and Pain and Despair, and all the servile captains of tyrant Fate, afford the burghers of that dauntless city new spectacles of beauty. Happy those sacred ramparts, thrice happy the dwellers on that all-seeing eminence. Honor to those brave warriors who, through countless ages of warfare, have preserved for us the priceless heritage of liberty, and have kept undefiled by sacrilegious invaders the home of the unsubdued.

But the beauty of Tragedy does but make visible a quality which, in more or less obvious shapes, is present always and everywhere in life. In the spectacle of Death, in the endurance of intolerable pain, and in the irrevocableness of a vanished past, there is a sacredness, an overpowering awe, a feeling of the vastness, the depth, the inexhaustible mystery of existence, in which, as by some strange marriage of pain, the sufferer is bound to the world by bonds of sorrow. In these moments of insight, we lose all eagerness of temporary desire, all struggling and striving for petty ends, all care for the little trivial things that, to a superficial view, make up the common life of day by day; we see, surrounding the narrow raft illumined by the flickering light of human comradeship, the dark ocean on whose rolling waves we toss for a brief hour; from the great night without, a chill blast breaks in upon our refuge; all the loneliness of humanity amid hostile forces is concentrated upon the individual soul, which must struggle alone, with what of courage it can command, against the whole weight of a universe that cares nothing for its hopes and fears. Victory, in this struggle with the powers of darkness, is the true

baptism into the glorious company of heroes, the true initiation into the overmastering beauty of human existence. From that awful encounter of the soul with the outer world, renunciation, wisdom, and charity are born; and with their birth a new life begins. To take into the inmost shrine of the soul the irresistible forces whose puppets we seem to be—Death and change, the irrevocableness of the past, and the powerlessness of Man before the blind hurry of the universe from vanity to vanity—to feel these things and know them is to conquer them.

This is the reason why the Past has such magical power. The beauty of its motionless and silent pictures is like the enchanted purity of late autumn, when the leaves, though one breath would make them fall, still glow against the sky in golden glory. The Past does not change or strive; like Duncan, after life's fitful fever it sleeps well; what was eager and grasping, what was petty and transitory, has faded away, the things that were beautiful and eternal shine out of it like stars in the night. Its beauty, to a soul not worthy of it, is unendurable; but to a soul which has conquered Fate it is the key of religion.

The life of Man, viewed outwardly, is but a small thing in comparison with the forces of Nature. The slave is doomed to worship Time and Fate and Death, because they are greater than anything he finds in himself, and because all his thoughts are of things which they devour. But, great as they are, to think of them greatly, to feel their passionless splendor, is greater still. And such thought makes us free men; we no longer bow before the inevitable in Oriental subjection, but we absorb it, and make it a part of ourselves. To abandon the struggle for private happiness, to expel all eagerness of temporary desire, to burn with passion for eternal things—this is emancipation, and this is the free man's worship. And this liberation is effected by a contem-

plation of Fate; for Fate itself is subdued by the mind which leaves nothing to be purged by the purifying fire of Time.

United with his fellow-men by the strongest of all ties, the tie of a common doom, the free man finds that a new vision is with him always, shedding over every daily task the light of love. The life of Man is a long march through the night, surrounded by invisible foes, tortured by weariness and pain, towards a goal that few can hope to reach, and where none may tarry long. One by one, as they march, our comrades vanish from our sight, seized by the silent orders of omnipotent Death. Very brief is the time in which we can help them, in which their happiness or misery is decided. Be it ours to shed sunshine on their path, to lighten their sorrows by the balm of sympathy, to give them the pure joy of a never-tiring affection, to strengthen failing courage, to instill faith in hours of despair. Let us not weigh in grudging scales their merits and demerits, but let us think only of their need—of the sorrows, the difficulties, perhaps the blindnesses, that make the misery of their lives; let us remember that they are fellow-sufferers in the same darkness, actors in the same tragedy with ourselves. And so, when their day is over, when their good and their evil have become eternal by the immortality of the past, be it ours to feel that, where they suffered, where they failed, no deed of ours was the cause; but wherever a spark of the divine fire kindled in their hearts, we were ready with encouragement, with sympathy, with brave words in which high courage glowed.

Brief and powerless is Man's life; on him and all his race the slow, sure doom falls pitiless and dark. Blind to good and evil, reckless of destruction, omnipotent matter rolls on its relentless way; for Man, condemned to-day to lose his dearest, to-morrow himself to pass through the gate of darkness, it remains only to cherish, ere yet the blow falls, the lofty thoughts that ennoble his little day; disdaining the

coward terrors of the slave of Fate, to worship at the shrine that his own hands have built; undismayed by the empire of chance, to preserve a mind free from the wanton tyranny that rules his outward life; proudly defiant of the irresistible forces that tolerate, for a moment, his knowledge and his condemnation, to sustain alone, a weary but unyielding Atlas, the world that his own ideals have fashioned despite the trampling march of unconscious power.

THE PERMANENCE OF VALUES *

By Richard C. Cabot

I shall ask a question, give an answer, and then try to suggest why I believe it true.

What can give values permanence? For reasons that will soon appear, I am not going to try to say which values are permanent. But if one knows a "value"—that is, a good, an end, a goal, that one is perfectly sure is good and ought to be permanent—what can one do to make it permanent or to tend to keep it so?

By "values," as I have said, I mean nothing more than what some one desires. The good, the true, and the beautiful, progress, efficiency, freedom, self-expression, family life, economic soundness, love—those are some of the hundreds of things that you and I want, and that exemplify what I am talking about. I make no attempt to select those which are or ought to be permanent, but address myself wholly to the question.

My answer is: *The quality which can make values permanent is their interrelatedness one with another and with the whole.* In so far as they are interlocking, tied together in memory by people who do not forget any, combined as the notes in a chord of music, integrated as the nervous system integrates the activities of the body—in so far as they are a member of such a system, they will be, I believe, permanent. Now some attempts to prove this.

In the first place, I think it can be shown that *any single value* that we can name, *no matter how good, by itself tends to get arid and stale.* One can hardly any longer mention

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seriously Matthew Arnold's remarks about "sweetness and light." They were perfectly true in their time and place. But when one has wallowed for a time in sweetness and light one feels like saying, "Give me a hard fact with some bite to it—anything to get out of sweetness and light." On the other hand, if we have a reverence for a fact, as I do—for any fact, so far as it is a fact—still do we not recall some day in our lives when we have been so swamped in facts that we would give anything to find out what will redeem their factuality? We can get as tired of facts as we can of sweetness and light.

Or take two often alternating values. Some students in some colleges (contrary perhaps to your ideas of students) want to learn—for a time. But towards the end of college there comes a moment when they do not want any more learning, just as at the end of a good dinner we do not want any more food. That time may arrive before the end of four years, but in any case it arrives sooner or later. Then the student is eager to stop learning and get a job, to stop taking things in and begin to put out something. But later, after a certain number of years of giving out, people have a similar hunger to go back to school and learn some more, to stop giving out and begin to take in, so as to get the reservoir filled again.

One might interpret this as mere fickleness of human nature that swings from one extreme to another, and not as the interrelatedness and need of each value for all. But consider in a concrete case how we labor to make a particular value permanent, not by getting away from it (as by a swing of the pendulum), but by making it interlock and interweave with other values.

Take the value called "love." If you want to make love permanent, what are you going to do about it? You are going to summon every allied interest that you can find, and you need them all. You must have seen many instances

where two people start out in love and think they are going to keep their love alive forever just through loving each other. But love, to be permanent, has to draw into itself the other values: the value of reform, civic, social, institutional, personal (what deepens life more than to be working together for a good cause?); the value of beauty (how often have you felt in the face of some great beauty of nature or art how your love for another was deepened as you both faced that beauty); the value of learning together, hand-in-hand with the person you love. Isn't that the way to deepen and make permanent our love? Suffering, too, in a good cause, is a real value as I see it, an experience that we ought to desire in its proper place. Surely it is something that tends to make permanent the love of those who go through it together.

I have taken a value which we all agree is real and which we long to see permanent. Isn't it true that the way to make it permanent is to interlock it with all the other great values we can think of?

Or take science. I do not believe anybody can long keep alive the passion for knowledge unless he interweaves it with other human activities. One cannot dig very long at science without wanting to discuss with somebody, to get the stimulus of another personality, to print or speak. One of the greatest scientific men that ever lived, Louis Pasteur, told his students to "live in the serene peace of the laboratories." He seems to say that this holy grail of the striving for truth can there be preserved, enriched, and continued without any admixture of other human interests.

Was it so in Pasteur's life? No. Nothing ever stirred him more deeply or was more productive of new truth through his labors than the bite of a mad dog on a child. From that came years of furious work, suffering, disappointment, and final joy in the discovery of preventive inoculation for hydrophobia. Pasteur was intensely devoted to his family, and

drew his family body and soul into his scientific life. Some people think it was too much so, but certainly his family and his laboratory were almost one. Finally, nobody that I have studied had a more real religion than Pasteur, or better saw the interlocking of the finite and the infinite in daily life.

I have been a lover of music all my life. I know, as all of you who love music know, that you cannot keep on loving music unless you do something else with it. You have to understand it, to go into it, to see something of the personality who is speaking through that music (for all music is the spoken sentence out of the mouth of some personality), and back of that the age, the race, and the world-current from which he came. Artists are always longing to get themselves linked up with the rest of the world. Watts wanted to decorate railway stations. As I have seen artists, they do not want to think of themselves as people set apart, as a cult. They may talk about art for art's sake, but they do not want it exotic and separate. They want it mixed with all the other arts of decoration, dress, speech, love, locomotion, and so woven into all we do.

The unity of all values that are to survive, this integration of their survival, is suggested again when we recall the familiar experience, that if we care intensely for any one thing or person it makes us more able to care for any one or anything else. Lowell tells us that "love of all things flows from love of one," and to Emerson, "all things through thee take nobler form." In a rather spectacular form we see this at the time of an engagement in marriage. Whoso intensely loves another human being becomes at this moment more able to appreciate nature, literature, art, than ever before. The deepening of a single value strengthens our whole power of valuing, our central organ of valuing. Love called out in one field can be developed and then applied in other fields, because values are structurally integrated as the senses are

in the brain. We do not see or value with the eye, we see and prize with the mind. The proof of that is that different people facing the same objects see different things, differently, in correspondence with the minds that they bring to it—the man behind the gun, the mind behind the organ. There is no competition between the messages that come through the eye, through the ear, and through touch, because they all inform a single central mind.

Many of you had quoted to you, and probably many have spurned, an old line of Browning's which yet seems to me to have here its truth:

> Grow old along with me!
> The best is yet to be.

"How could a man write such a thing?" we say when we face old age as it is, and see people losing their eyes, their ears, their muscles, their brains. But what Browning meant, I think, is that because we can learn to value everything by valuing anything intensely, we become, as we grow older, capable of loving more people, more books, more works of nature and of art, more jokes, more jobs, so that in a sense "the best *is* yet to be" for as long as we can *in this sense* grow old, not by senility but by *loving with* all that one has learned.

Think of this in relation to your knowledge of Shakespeare. Your love for any single play is multiplied and illuminated by what you find in his other plays. If you read one new to you, you penetrate into its value with the force of all that you have cared for in the rest of Shakespeare. You care for any single work of Brahms with the whole range of your liking for the rest of his music. As our appreciation of particular works of Shakespeare is to our appreciation of the whole of Shakespeare, as the amount we are capable of caring for any single piece of music depends in part on how much we are able to care for the interrelated

works of the same master, so as we grow, learn, and work in any part of the world we increase our power to care for any other part. I believe people tend to get warmer, not colder, as they grow old, to appreciate more and to live less in the suspicious or pugnacious attitude which blinds our appreciation. One comes to recognize a single quality—what one might call *"world-quality"*—in many different lovable things of the world, in science, art, or action. This love of world-quality is religion.

So we can approach any unknown but possibly lovable object or person with all the strength of valuing which we have previously accumulated. Suppose there was discovered a new play by Shakespeare. Imagine yourself bending reverently over the book to start reading that new play. An onlooker might say, "This is mere hypocrisy—you don't know what you are going to see." In the same way I have heard people very cynical about the conversational phrase, "I am pleased to meet you," spoken to an utter stranger. But you *are* pleased to meet another member of this fascinating, puzzling human race that you have known so well already. You have found so much that is likable or interesting in human nature that you *are* "pleased to meet" another member of it even though you don't yet know him. I have often tried to think on what ground one can justify the smile, the bow, the attention, the polite words with which you greet any new person or new interest. I think this is the answer. Hope, faith, confident expectation take the hypocrisy out of it.

It is a common experience that when we have gone through anything especially vital to us, anything like the last War, the loss of some one dear to us, or a great failure in our own work, or a great success, we begin to see all the old familiar furnishings of the planet with somewhat different eyes. You go back to your fight for free speech, your reading of George Meredith, your tennis, or your playing of Bach,

your club work, or what you have previously seen in Millet, and you find something more, better. How could this be unless values come to a single center and get their permanence in that?

Values unite and are included in a person. If you know any man of science, or art, or other outstanding field of accomplishment, you notice that no matter what he has done he is bigger than that, bigger because that value and the other values are united in him. I am thinking of Stevenson. Think how the different expressions of Stevenson's personality interlock with each other to contribute to make the total personality who is greater than any or all of them. Think of Stevenson's verses in the light of his travels, think of his travels in the light of his verses, and of both in the light of his novels; or of his dealings with the Samoan people, or of his love for his father (despite bitter differences), or of his relation to his wife and the way he went after her, or of what he thought about Burns, or of the way he fought tuberculosis. When we call up Stevenson's personality we hold something that unites all these and more, as the notes are united in a chord. It is the personality of Stevenson, greater than any or all of his deeds, that gives us the unity which is the preservative of all the values in his work and life as we know them.

If there is a single value that we might all agree to be eternal I should say perhaps it is humor. What survived out of the Spanish War, what was eternally valuable in all that foolishness, except the writings of Mr. Dooley? No matter how tawdry that war was, Mr. Dooley's picture of it survives. Yet is there anything more mournful in this world than a professional humorist? Why? Because, like any other value in this world, humor cannot live by itself.

I should say, then, trying to make further practical application of my thesis, that when we face any supposedly valuable unit in human life: a court of justice, a hospital, a

family group, a settlement, or a factory, one ought to say, "How far has this bit of life succeeded in weaving into itself all the essential values of human life, or how far has it got off, stranded like the poor humorist who has to make jokes for a living? If we have any doubts whether the family is going to survive, isn't it because we have doubts whether into the family have been interwoven the great world-values that you and I believe should be there?"

I assume that this integration of values, this harmonious kingdom of values, is the glory of religion. And so, because of the peculiar make of this creature called man, we are restless until we can bring all that we love into its unity with God. How it amazed St. Augustine when he thought of it: "Man that bears about with him the witness of his mortality, yet would *he* praise Thee! He but a particle of Thy creation! Thou awakest us to delight in praising Thee, for Thou madest us for Thyself and our heart is restless until it repose in Thee."

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